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## THREE SIGNIFICANT ART SHOWS

SOROLLA, ZULOAGA AND THE MODERN GERMANS

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY



THE exhibition of modern German art recently held at the Metropolitan Museum has accomplished much more than the mere arousing of interest in the public mind. It has definitely changed a preconception of the art of a great nation—a preconception which, despite various opportunities for revision, had stubbornly held its own, and would hardly have given way without some such authoritative contradiction as the conjunction of many favorable conditions made possible at the Metropolitan. We are now all of us aware that cold classicism is no longer the "note" of German painting, and that superficial sentimentality is equally abjured. We are all of us aware that a new spirit of healthful energy is at work among the modern painters, and that their gaze is fixed upon the external world with a greater respect than was ever before shown for that "Nachahmung der Natur" so definitely cast aside by Goethe, and with a greater appre-

ciation of all that is included in naturalism conformed to the conventions of art.

To assume, however, that we are at last fully initiated in the different tendencies flowing into the one broad stream of æsthetic impulse which is cutting a new channel through the Teutonic temperament, would be a more or less stupid mistake. Even the many excellent and informing articles that have appeared in the current magazines on the subject of the exhibition have necessarily left much for future interrogation. If we glance at the principal names in the catalogue with the idea of recalling not only the parts played by their owners in the special little drama staged for our benefit, but the other sides of the activity of these artists which for one reason or another could only be shown in minor examples of their work, or which were not shown at all, we realize what a complex knot of individualities and influences it is with which we have to deal.

Adolf von Menzel, for example, was admirably represented in several di-



From the painting by Arthur Kampf, President Royal Academy of Art, Berlin. Copyright, 1908, by Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin  
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#### EMPEROR WILHELM II

rections. His famous "Théâtre Gymnase" is a monument to his wonderful power of fixing an impression permanently in his mind, as it was painted from memory many months after he had left Paris. His picture of "A Ball Supper" illustrates not only his delight in marshalling a great crowd upon his canvas, recording

innumerable characteristics clearly and surely in an astonishingly small space; but also his gnomish glee in setting down the weaknesses of human nature as he had plentiful opportunity to observe them in court life, the gobbling mass of greedy personages wearing almost the aspect of caricature. The two outdoor

scenes, "Building-Site with Willows" and "The Palace Garden of Prince Albrecht," are fine and dry in detail

work; and the collection of pencil drawings provided an invaluable chance for study of Menzel's draught-



From the painting by Prof. Wilhelm Leibl

#### DACHAUER WOMEN

and delicate in tone, showing a close notation of those facts of nature which can be studied separately and which are slow in changing. The handsome little *gouache* drawing of a knight in armor is a charming bit of water-color used with the solidity which also is the dominant characteristic of Hans von Bartels's remarkable

manship—his most important technical qualification for his art.

If, however, we had happened to see in place of these interesting works such a painting as "The Iron Foundry," we should have had another and almost contradictory impression of the painter. We should have seen an immense room in which horizontal



From the painting by the late Prof. Arnold Böcklin

Royal National Gallery, Berlin

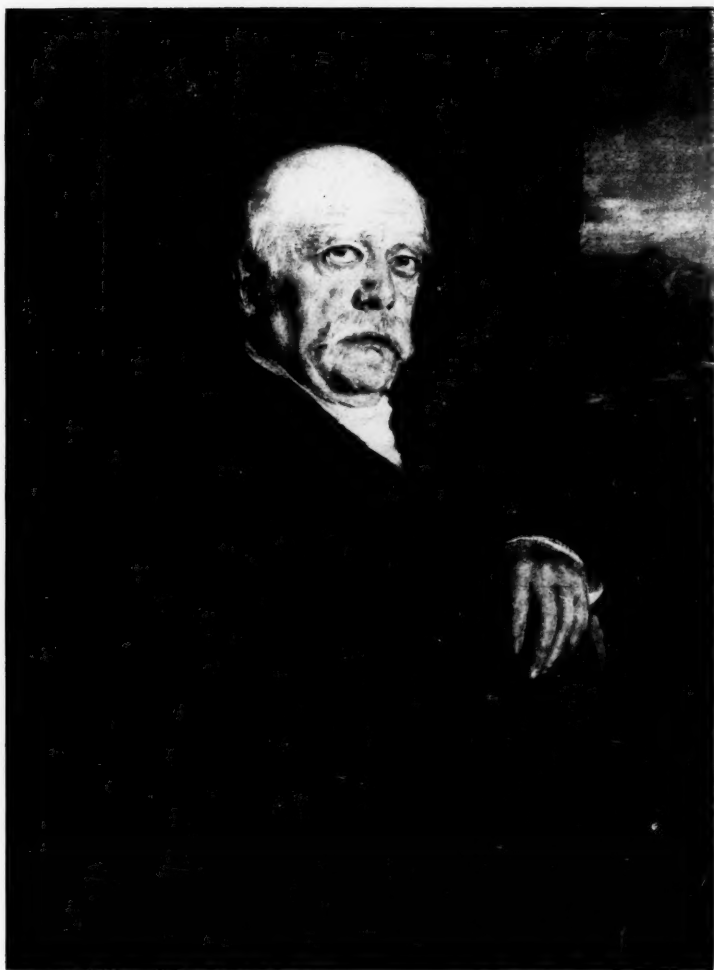
#### ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

and perpendicular bars gave opportunity for severity of construction and an architectonic nobility of effect, with swarms of human beings straining powerful muscles to the task of moving heavy pieces of metal. We should have seen the history of labor written without sentimentality, upon faces concentrated in expression and roughened by hard work, and upon forms sinewy and trained to quick motion and certainty of touch

by the daily necessity of such qualities. Behind a rude screen we should have discerned a little group of people eating their luncheon not less voraciously than the courtiers in the "Ball Room" picture, but with less fever of action, with a regular and business-like impulse instead, akin to that with which the stokers feed their fires.

If, added to this picture, we had seen others of a similar character,





From the painting by the late Prof. Franz von Lenbach

Property of Hugo Reisinger, New York

#### PRINCE BISMARCK

such as the "Forge at Hofgastein," a painting in *gouache* in the National Gallery at Berlin, the remarkable drawing called "Early Morning on the Night Express" and such a street scene as that "Morning of Ash Wednesday," which the painter observed from the window of his studio, we should have felt that he was an artist incapable of ridiculing life, and concerned not only with the

outer aspect of reality, but with the inner soul of things. Perhaps he was. Certainly his ironic comment upon the frivolities of the court expressed a temper of mind that might very well deepen and become grave when confronted with the actualities in the lives of the poor. In "The Iron Foundry" and its companions all that is cynical and withal suggestive of stereotyped con-

ceptions of art in "A Ball Supper" gives way to a noble ardor and energy, and the sentiment becomes as real and as moving as that revealed by Millet in his pictures of field labor. It is, however, sentiment of a totally different though perhaps not less salutary kind.

With Böcklin the case is somewhat the same, although in comparison with Menzel he was limited in his method of expression and in his field of interest, as the romanticist must ever be in comparison with the realist. He was represented in the exhibition by only three pictures—"At the Spring," a landscape with a nude figure; "Surging Sea," a composition of high rocks against which the foam of the imprisoned churning water beats and breaks, with a straight little figure in violet draperies standing on a ledge and leaning against the rock, touching the strings of a harp with one hand; and the "Self-Port-

these particular manifestations of his genius. The painter of the "Island of Death" worked under a more classic inspiration, and the painter of those stout nereids and gross monsters in the series of idyls of the sea had a much more robust fancy than we could discern in any of the Museum examples.

Leibl, on the other hand—that patient realist, inheritor of the noble German tradition, the tradition of Holbein and of Dürer,—although necessarily he was seen in only a few examples, was nevertheless seen whole. His "Dachauer Women" are painted with the specific competent craftsmanship, the fidelity to the thing seen, the technical intention, that gave the early German portraiture its air of profound sincerity. In Leibl's portrait of "Burgomaster Klein" and in the head of a young man we have, beyond this carefulness of execution, that delicate appre-



From the painting by Prof. Franz von Stuck

#### THE INFERNAL REGIONS

trait, with Fiddling Death"—a deep reading of the soul of man expressed in reasonably frank craftsmanship. But the Germans of Berlin and Frankfort and Munich know another Böcklin whom we hardly could divine from

ciation of the material handled by him, which allies his manipulation of pigment to Manet's. Mr. Moore reports Manet as saying, "I never could do anything but paint," and we feel in regarding the firm and



From the painting by Prof. Max Liebermann

Royal National Gallery, Berlin

#### A FLAX BARN AT LAREN, HOLLAND

fluent touch in these portraits that the German was not less a painter born, with all his capabilities concentrated in this one great talent. Could we have seen his "Cocotte," painted in 1869 from a French model, perhaps we should have recognized more clearly the perfection to which his method was capable of leading; but even that masterpiece would not have changed materially our conception of the character of his very great art.

Lenbach, too, was shown to us completely. We had in his "Bismarck" one of his most effective characterizations of the Chancellor, who might have said with Washington, "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck. No dray-horse moves more readily to his thill than I to the painter's chair." We had in his "Frau Knorr" a most agreeable testimony to his power of seizing upon a characteristic quality—in this case an aristocratic composure,—and carrying it as a colorist would carry his dominating color throughout his composition. His "Old Lady," devoid of the lovelier sentiment of age, showed, nevertheless, together with its shrivelled

skin, its keen glance of accumulated experience; and the vital sketch of Theodor Mommsen also concentrated in the eyes the living element of the portrait. This was Lenbach's special gift. His eyes were the spokesmen of the features; the rest remained immobile and inexpressive—the defect, no doubt, of a too assiduous effort to make pictures look like pictures instead of like nature.

With Max Liebermann we come more definitely within the circle of the modern tendencies. We know him as an apostle of light and movement; and it was in this rôle that he appeared at the Museum. His "Flax Barn at Laren," with its austerity of composition, its linear beauty and its cool pervasive light coming into the room through large windows, has a classic serenity and dignity which we do not think of the modern school as possessing in any country, perhaps least of all in Germany. Yet the gently moving air circulating about the quiet figures is of the essence of modernity; and we are reminded that Stevens, the Belgian painter, said that air indoors was much more difficult to paint than air out of doors. It is, however, a picture of less modern feeling, taking it all in all, than the



From the painting by Prof. F. A. von Kaulbach, Munich

RUTH ST. DENIS ("RAHDA")

little "Polo Players," which was hung in so retired a spot that many people did not see it. His simple, dignified old lacemaker (a picture which was hung but not catalogued) gave us an insight into his method of looking at the humble people of the world—a method free from sentimentality but not cold. To have seen these pictures

of Dr. Bode is to know Liebermann's essential quality; but it would, of course, have been interesting to see one of his pictures of people in groups out of doors—the "Beer Garden," for example, an early work of the eighties, which was exhibited in the Berlin Kunstlerbund a year or so ago: in this, air, sunshine and penetrating characterization play equal

parts. From such a picture one understands Herr Meier-Graefe's comment: "It is possible to appreciate Liebermann's wit only when one has given up liking Menzel's."

The picture that appears to have excited the most admiring attention during its exhibition at the Museum is Artur Kampf's "The Sisters," a study of joyous childhood recalling in its reserved color-scheme of silvery grays and violets, with bewitching notes of geranium red, Professor Kampf's devotion to the art of Velasquez, but showing a livelier sense of the irresponsible gayety of youth than the Spanish master was privileged to disclose in his charming babies weighted with royalty. Two portraits by Professor Kampf were also shown. One of them, of the German Emperor—painted especially for the occasion,—displayed a perfectly conventional feeling. In a subject picture entitled "Benevolence," representing a scene in which some people coming from the theatre were bestowing coins upon a little group of the poor awaiting their turn at a soup stall, we gained a hint of Kampf's interest in the passing show, and intelligent interpretation of the psychological contrasts between the poor and the rich; but of the remarkably varied nature of this genuine Rheinlander, penetrated with Rhenish culture and endowed with the energy of the Rhenish nature, we can have only a glimpse in any two or three or half-dozen of his works. In his admirable historical paintings of the time of Frederick the Great he seems to derive directly from Menzel, but in his wall decorations at Magdeburg he shows a greater imaginative power than Menzel's to reconstruct the past. In some of his portraits of women he is hardly less subtle than Baron von Habermann; while in such pictures as his "Sunday Afternoon," with its peasant boy playing on a harmonium under the trees for the pleasure of his old father and mother, he is as simple as Thoma himself—in fact, far more simple than Thoma, because so much more highly cultivated.

When, omitting all reference to the many intermediate masters, we come to the Munich school, which was represented by Muenzer and Leo Putz and Fritz Erler, if we have followed their work in their native country we perceive how delicate was the task of discriminating among the young "moderns" of Germany. The paintings of this school which were selected for the American exhibition revealed to us the freshness of outlook and the technical force of the little group of painters who proclaim themselves worshippers of Mother Earth. It did not by any means reveal to us the audacity with which they have attacked the conventions and proprieties of the older generation.

Thus we see that German art has not yet been wholly confidential with us despite the frankness of its greeting. One does not reach the stage of genuine intimacy readily without a greater intellectual sympathy than can exist between a race that is essentially subjective and one essentially objective in its point of view. If the ambitious exhibition of this year has taught us the desirability and interest of pushing farther into the study of an art that presents unique aspects for our consideration, it will have served an excellent purpose; and it is reasonable to hope that other exhibitions will follow that may help us to realize how far we still are from a just appreciation of modern European painting.

Two other exhibitions—at the Museum of the Hispanic Society—one of the works of Señor Don Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, the other of the works of Señor Don Ignacio Zuloaga, opened in one instance before, in the other immediately following, the closing of the German exhibition, attracted no less attention than that, although each was composed of the works of one man only. In the case of Señor Sorolla more than three hundred and fifty canvases were shown, including a large number of the sketches and studies made by the painter as notes for his larger pictures. It is obvious that, however varied may be



From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

#### LIGHTHOUSE WALK, BIARRITZ

the accomplishment of Señor Sorolla, there is little probability of our having missed many phases of it. If we had the good fortune to visit the exhibition a number of times, his art has become a part of our mental equipment, and hereafter we shall be able to think of him as one of the moderns whom we know as we know our Rembrandt or Corot, by his special and personal ideal, which we have traced and tested not in a

few of its forms of expression, but in many.

The son of humble parents, and a native of Valencia, with a precocious talent for drawing and painting, Señor Sorolla was early submitted to numerous artistic influences, good and bad, and demonstrated his originality by a prompt choice of the good, which is the most that originality can do at the outset of a career. While studying art in Rome, surrounded



From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

#### BEACH AT VALENCIA BY MORNING LIGHT



From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida.

BEACHING THE BOAT

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America  
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From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida.

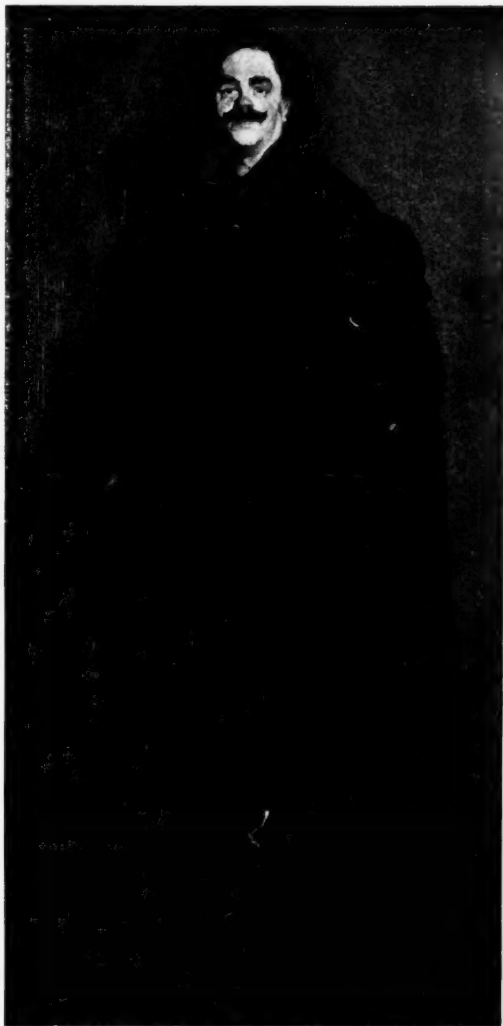
Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America.

SEÑORA SOROLLA IN BLACK



by academic methods, Sorolla visited Paris and saw there the exhibitions of Bastien Lepage and Menzel. He was thus introduced to the new realism that was to permeate modern art, and in all his mature work his response to this call of the modern spirit is seen. His portraits in some instances show that subordination of the personal to the accepted point of view which Mr. Brownell has said is the essential element in the classic attitude, as we understand the meaning of the phrase. But in his subject pictures, which are almost invariably outdoor themes, we see him indulging a freedom of vision and execution which seems almost to grow from the contact with free nature. The great laws of harmony and rhythm are observed, but there are no fettering conventions, no reminiscences of what others have done with similar subjects, and above all there is no apparent self-consciousness.

He has joined the ranks of the impressionists in the sense of seeking with them the most vivid aspects of nature, skies and waters and the circumambient air palpitating with light, and that sense of motion everywhere which is the sense of life; but he has not used their formula of disintegrated tones. One of the most interesting things about his painting is the way in which he paints sunlight, with an effect of illusion even greater than that achieved by Monet, with a frank, spontaneous technique apparently quite his own, certainly not derived



From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

"BUFFALO," THE MONTMARTRE SINGER

from Monet and his fellows, although Renoir has kindred suggestions in the extraordinary opulence of his color.

Sorolla's sunshine is not merely the tempered light of a pleasant day in northern latitudes—it is the jubilant illumination of the southern



From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

#### THE SORCERESSES OF SAN MILLÁN (SEGOVIA)

countries, and he paints the joy of life under its healthful influence. It is characteristic of him that most of his people revelling in the joyous outdoor world are children—creatures whose irresponsibility belongs to their age and lacks the power to irritate a sober-minded race.

It is also characteristic of him that the scenes he depicts—many of them seashore incidents, with the buoyant element of the water added to the general impression of health-giving gayety—are not “arranged” for the impression. His types are not posing as intoxicated with their purely animal pleasure. The boys and girls,

swimming and bathing and sunning themselves like little brown lizards on the sands, take their enjoyment as a part of the day's experience. Often they are giving themselves up to it with the superb gravity of a natural childhood. And when they gallop unimpeded in a wild race along the beach, or strike out with sturdy, efficient strokes through tumultuous waves, their physical naturalness is their overwhelming charm.

A simple technique, an honest vision, a wholesome sentiment—these are the gifts that Señor Sorolla has employed in the service of his art.

They have enabled him to present his country and his race to us with an emphasis upon their more lovable and captivating aspect. He has said something about them that has not been said before by even the greatest of his forerunners, and that is not said by his contemporaries. He has opened a window from which we see Spain and childhood in a new light. To do as much as this is to be a man of incontestable genius.

Even to an agile intelligence accustomed to abrupt transitions, the turning from Señor Sorolla to Señor Zuloaga involves a considerable mental disturbance. In the work of the former we are shown a world dominated by simplicity of soul, by natural joys and common tasks. In the work of the latter we see that Spain which continually provides an artificial spectacle for the mind to dwell upon—a Spain of song and dance and powdered faces, of costumes gorgeous in color and opulent in line always subtle and occasionally sinister suggestion, always regal, passionate, magnetic, and sombre beneath the maddest forms of gayety.

It is hardly the Spain of Velasquez, yet there are hints of the Sevillian master in such an example as "The Vintagers Returning in the Evening" or the portrait of "Buffalo, the Singer of Montmartre." It is much more the Spain of Goya, whose penetrating intellect worked

together with his dexterous hand to disclose both the external and the internal characteristics of the national life intimately seen in the streets and in the houses, at festivals, combats and processions, wherever life presented itself as feverish and picturesque.

Señor Zuloaga, like his great predecessors, chooses often to work with material of theatrical quality, but his personal accent is that of sincerity. Thus we have "Paulette" in her bewildering dancer's dress, flashing with purple and pink and green, silken in texture, rich with embroidery, and gathered in puffs and billows about the sinuous form that pauses, only half arrested, in its rhythmical movement. It is a vision of the stage, but it is also seen frankly as an incident

in real life. In "Mlle. Bréval as Carmen" we have the same extraordinary double sensation of seeing from the point of view of a detached on-looker the picture of the graceful figure wrapped in its many-colored brilliant shawl, red flowers in her hair, and near her the unimportant figures of the men at the table, mere foils to her enchanting person; and of feeling the vital nervous force of the singer herself, confronted by her public and moved by all the exciting influences of her art. The decorative imagination of the artist has pushed to its utmost pictorial expressiveness the arabesque of



From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America  
MERCÉDES



From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

#### THE OLD BOULEVARDIER

the flexible form and the chromatic luxuriance of the costume, at the same time that he has indicated clearly the psychological aspect of the intense complex individuality. He has achieved both a subjective and an objective attitude of mind.

In "The Sorceresses of San Millán," however, we have one of those strange dreams that haunt the Spanish mind—a group of misshapen horrors, human, but stamped by innumerable ravages of age, disease and poverty. The strangeness of their physiognomies and of their

grotesque bodies is enhanced by the gloom of the landscape background and threatening sky, as well as by the sombre color scheme. This picture alone would suffice to assert Zuloaga's Spanish origin and unmistakably Spanish inspiration. In all his works he expresses not only himself but his race, and that side of his race which is most richly endowed with common human emotion, the more elevated types apparently appealing less to him than those of the more unrestrained classes.

Many of his pictures have for their

subject the matador, the picador or the torero, and these he paints with personal authority, since in early life he was a fighter himself and despatched, it is reported of him, some eighteen bulls. In his characterisations of these dramatic figures he shows nearly as great originality and discernment as in his portraits of Spanish women. It is only in his purely picturesque subjects that he shows a certain weariness and tendency to convention. In his "Old Beggar" there is something of the exaggerated gesture of Herrera, something of the softness of Murillo; nothing of Goya, nothing of Velasquez and little of Zuloaga.

His keen interpretation of contemporary life as it appears in more or less sophisticated forms is a part of his genius; omit it, and a piquant flavor goes out of his work. In his "Le Vieux Marcheur" we have this flavor at its extreme of agreeable acidity. His delicate analysis of the two types of women portrayed, and of the foolish, evil old man, could hardly be surpassed; and we have into the bargain a most delightful mazurka of color.

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In all his color Señor Zuloaga shows the noble Spanish taste. It is never thin, it is never gaudy; its greens and reds and blues and yellows are touched with the gravity of the great colorists. Their magnificence seems to achieve at once the bloom of time. And the extreme distinction of the manner, whether the picture concerns an artificial type of Spanish womanhood, excessively powdered and swathed in brilliant draperies, or a crumpled beggar, or a worker in the sunlit fields, is eloquent of no race other than that to which belonged both Velasquez and the arrogant and incorruptible Olivares.

To the American people, who in art are only beginning to respond to the appeal of the color and movement and joy and passion of the Southern races, to whom the ceremony and festivity, the unsubdued sun and theatrical movement of life in Spain have worn the aspect of unreality, these two exhibitions of the works of Spanish painters, each the supplement rather than the contradiction of the other, will be in the nature of a sharp awakening.

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From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga. Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

PEDRILLO, THE MATADOR



From the painting by Joseph Ames

MRS. HOWE IN EARLY MARRIED LIFE

## JULIA WARD HOWE

By FLORENCE PAINTER



HE deeper I drink of the cup of life, the sweeter it grows,—the sugar all at the bottom."

To be able at ninety years heartily to say these words, and to hope to live to over a hundred, is not merely the result of happy circumstances, but of a truly vital inward force. Of Mrs. Howe one friend of long standing says that her charm is to-day the same in quality as at middle age, and far greater; and another, that she grows not only in largeness of spirit, but in vigor of mind and youthful freshness, every year. An editor of a suffrage organ testifies that, at an age when most humanity has reached "second child-

ishness, and mere oblivion," even her business notes are full of delightfulness, and her occasional visit brings into the office a great wave of stimulus. Within a year she has attended and spoken at hearings on woman's suffrage at the State House. In a single week she has given three public addresses on technical matters, and to bodies of experts—one before the Religious Education Association, another in Italian before the Circolo Italiano. She is to-day President of the New England Women's Club, as she has been for thirty-three years, and of the Boston Authors' Club; President *emerita* of the Circolo Italiano and of the State Federation of Women's Clubs; Vice-President *emerita* of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and an interested member of the Papeterie of Newport,



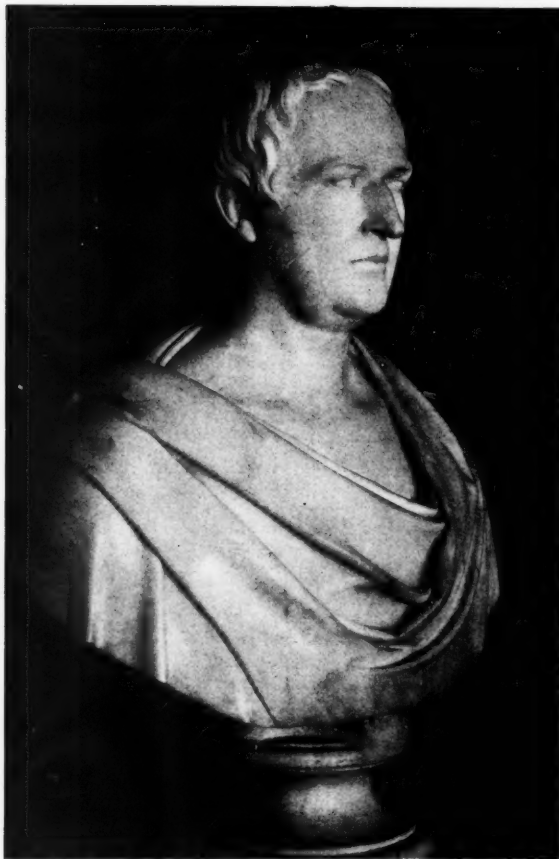
From a portrait drawn for PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE in 1907, by Miss Amy Otis

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

the Wintergreen Club, and other organizations. One of her friends tells a delightful story. Freed by some chance from the devotion which keeps her like a fragile and precious bit of Sèvres, high-placed from the

jolts and accidents of life, she proposed calling the carriage and running away to some club, tempting the friend with the enthusiasm and mischief of seventeen. She is an eager devourer of every new book of note,





From the marble bust by Clevenger

SAMUEL WARD

being among the first, for example, to read and pass about "Il Santo" before it was translated; and at the same time she memorizes Horace as she did sixty years ago. When at the suggestion of a public dinner a certain remarkably active contemporary of hers shrinks with satiety, she, "clapping her fingers in her pretty way," is as eager as a girl. Clearly, here is one who can

Hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing  
Of a land where even the old are fair,  
And even the wise are merry of tongue,

and who has caught the magic. Such a woman has great claim to attention,

were it merely as the possessor of a rare and wonderful secret of living.

The events of Mrs. Howe's long and rich life, touching as it does some of the greatest men and movements of her time, have been told so often that any repetition of them is quite unnecessary. She has herself given them in her reminiscences. Colonel Higginson has sketched her career with the authority of a fellow-veteran of the long-past golden age of literary society in Boston and Newport. Her daughters have told of the lovely and gifted mother, and the rare home atmosphere of happiness and imaginative beauty which she created. As author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and courageous promoter of the pioneer movements for woman

suffrage and the organization of women, she is already too much of a popular idol to need further comment. Yet the personal power which has made her life so rich is something subtler than that of the woman given solely to either literature, reform or society. A friend says of her, "The woman herself is greater than anything she has done." While she is still wonderfully with us, like her own bird singing in December, it may not be unfitting to define this power more closely.

A suggestion is given in her own comment upon the noted gift of her brother, Mr. Samuel Ward, as a har-



monizer of discordant personalities. First, she said, he created an atmosphere of such delightfulness that people expanded perforce; and then he recognized and drew out in each something so likable that even those most opposed in opinion were obliged to respond to it. Mrs. Howe herself has been the habitual performer of such social miracles as the entertaining together at dinner of the Rev. Leonard Woods, a high-churchman at the verge of Romanism, and Theodore Parker, the arch-heretic. That she, too, was entertained is witnessed to-day, when she tells how to each remark of the one the other replied, "I do not agree with you." Yet they rose liking each other the better through her art.

Strangely enough, it was a gift of a mind unusually impersonal in a woman. With all her warmth of nature, and the social aptitude which even at ninety makes her able to hold new as well as old names and faces in a marvellous fashion, it still is true that in general, outside an intimate circle, ideas rather than individuals have commanded her strongest interest. In reading her reminiscences, one is struck by the summary way in which she dismisses the deeply interesting personalities her life has touched. Carlyle makes a remark in broad Scotch upon the preserve served with tea. Dickens performs an amazing bit of horse-



From the marble bust by S. L. V. Clevenger

JULIA WARD HOWE IN HER GIRLHOOD

play. Dr. Holmes talks all night on the train—what would not one give to know what he said! Lincoln says "heerd" for *heard*. Even Emerson is a shadowy greatness. It is when she writes of the advanced liberalism of Parker, and his eloquence in prayer, or of the liberation of spirit she found in entering upon the woman's movement, that she truly expands. Her power as a social force even as a young woman lay rather in the charm of her own personality than the shrewd and supple adaptability which plays so large a part in many social successes. Her skill was not the subtlety of Margaret Fuller, to know

and play upon a personality as an organist commands his instrument. Yet with the charm of the woman of culture, of imagination and of strong religious feeling she combines many qualities of the woman of the world.

Mrs. Howe's best-known writings are in a vein of such seriousness that she is perhaps not generally thought of as a woman of great and quick humor, whose *mots* are quoted all over Boston. Famous, to be sure, is her caustic comment upon Sumner's reply to an invitation. "I do not know," he wrote, "that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals." "God Almighty, by the latest accounts," she entered in her journal, "has not got so far as this." Flashing repartee, graceful fancy, a cosmopolitan culture, an adventurous receptivity to new ideas, a remarkable power of assimilation, a magnetic responsiveness of spirit to whatever moods she is in contact with,—these are elements of her power.

Much in Mrs. Howe's life has been rarely fortunate, beginning with her inheritance from distinguished men. General Francis Marion of Revolutionary fame, from whom her nephew F. Marion Crawford takes his name; three Governors of Rhode Island, one of them prominent in the first and second Continental Congresses, another a lieutenant-colonel in the Revolution; and a beauty who made inroads on the susceptibilities of

Benjamin Franklin, were among her ancestors. Her father, a leading New York banker, was a man of culture as well as force. In a time and place when the education of a girl of her class went little beyond French

and fascinations, she, in the seclusion at which she so much chafed, learned also German and Latin, tho' the one was unfashionable and the other unfeminine. "I was always a student," she will tell you; yet goes on: "I have never been given to hard work. My youth was spent in dreaming." Language she absorbed by native gift rather than by study. She read the classics, not in quest of scholarship, but from pure love of their literary beauties.

In her father's house, called in its time the most elegant in New

York, with its fine library and paintings, she met stimulating people. Her gifted brother Samuel, returning from Germany with advanced ideas, drew about him friends such as R. H. Dana, Bryant and the youthful Sumner. The last, to be sure, seems to have impressed the sharp-eyed young sister at this time by his reed-like slimness and stiffness rather than his mental powers. She tells also of meeting Mrs. Jameson, and of hearing Washington Irving make a fiasco of his speech at a dinner given in honor of Dickens. At twenty-two she plunged ardently from the books and seclusion to which her father had restricted her, into the gayeties of



MRS. HOWE AND HER GREAT-GRANDCHILD  
HENRY SHAW

The photograph from which these portraits are reproduced shows also Mrs. Howe's daughter and granddaughter

two New York seasons. She and her sisters were known as the "Three Graces of Bond Street," in that far-away time, when Bond Street was in the fashionable outskirts of the city, lost as it is now more than half a mile below Fourteenth Street.

Her essential kinship with a larger life than that of fashion is shown, however, by her marriage at twenty-four to a philanthropist nearly twenty years her senior. Dr. Howe was not a person of social tastes. In recording her first meeting with him, it is the air of "reserve and power" in him, even more than his handsome appearance, which she notes. He was a man, indeed, of vast originality and force. His pioneer success in educating a blind deaf-mute had made both him and his pupil, Laura Bridgman, world-famous. Leaders in work for the blind to-day say that since Dr. Howe's time that work has made no advance which he had not already planned. From the moment of Mrs. Howe's marriage she entered the life of the great. Through her account of her wedding-tour pass—all too dimly, indeed—the figures of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Dickens, Forster, Sidney Smith, Landseer, Grote, Florence Nightingale and Maria Edgeworth. Later she became part, and a vital part, of the old Boston of the vanished immortals. Theodore Parker, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann and Governor Andrew were her husband's intimate friends. Among the guests who visited at their house were Clough and Henry James the elder. Channing, Emerson, Webster, Everett, Allston, the Danas, Alcott, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Margaret Fuller, Garrison, Agassiz, Choate, Wendell Phillips, James Freeman Clarke—these were the personalities who gave the color to her world.

"When I think of it," she writes, "I believe that I had a *salon*, once upon a time. I did not call it so, nor even think of it as such; yet within it were gathered people who represented many and various aspects of life. They were real people, not lay figures

distinguished by names and clothes. The earnest humanitarian interests of my husband brought to our home a number of persons interested in reform, education and progress. It was my part to mix in with this graver element as much of social grace and geniality as I was able to gather about me."

The Radical Club, of which she was a member, drew together for philosophical discussion such men as Wendell Phillips and Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Weiss and James Freeman Clarke, William Henry Channing, Col. T. W. Higginson and Dr. Hedge. Mrs. Howe herself read three papers, and took an active part in the discussions. "Colonel Higginson would descant upon the Greek goddesses, as representing the feminine ideals of the Greek mythology, which he held to be superior to the Christian ideals of womanhood—dear Elizabeth Peabody and I meeting him in earnest opposition." Again she tells how, after another spirited debate, this time on woman suffrage, David Wasson left "very abruptly, not at all in Dr. Hedge's grand style, but rather as if he shook the dust of our opinion from his feet." A saucy skit of the time, which spares in its good-humored caricature none of the dignitaries of the Radical Club, gives an idea of her place there:

Then a lady, fair and faded, with a care-worn look and jaded,  
As though she saw the glory of the coming  
Lord no more,  
Crushed the British Lion's roaring by a  
reverent outpouring  
Of a faith forever soaring unto Heaven's  
golden door;  
She was listened to intently by each mem-  
ber on the floor,  
For her genius they adore.\*

Like the Radical Club, the Town and Country Club of Newport, organized by Mrs. Howe, had a notable personnel. "I have never," writes Colonel Higginson, "encountered, at home or abroad, a group of people so

\* "The Radical Club. Respectfully dedicated to the Infinite by an atom." Attributed to Margaret Kent.

cultivated and agreeable as existed for a few years in Newport in the summers." In this brilliant circle the Town and Country Club existed for serious discussion. Among its meetings, however, one mock commencement of Mrs. Howe's devising stands out, marvellous in the brilliancy of its nonsense. Even the cold record hints at the quality of its wit as it flashed spontaneous. To the medley, Professor How and Professor Goodwin lent famous scholarship or an Oxford gown, as need might be; Bret Harte gave a poem; and Col. Higginson an essay on "How to Sacrifice an Irish Bull to a Greek Goddess."

With all its remarkable richness, however, Mrs. Howe's life has not been without opportunity for character-building. In her essay on "Limitations," for the Radical Club, she spoke of its being "her own suffering under the oppressing, hampering limitations of life, which seemed sometimes not less than cruel, that had set her thoughts in the direction they had taken; and she felt that in writing her essay she was justifying the ways of God to herself." That essential matter, the painful part in the processes and experience which form a man, cannot well be looked into during his lifetime, tho' without such analysis the account of a human being is little more than an afternoon-tea affair. Yet this, at least, is clear, that the glorious youthfulness which at ninety finds light everywhere and will not see the shadow, has not been preserved without high qualities of will and resource.

Of one early difficulty Mrs. Howe speaks now with smiles. If she was received into the bosom of Boston, it was with no outstretched arms at first. She tells of the narrowness of the time, and the prejudice against New Yorkers, above all against New York women of fashion. Dr. Howe's young wife bore the hall-mark of her father's world outwardly, and also in a certain deep-rooted social sense. In talking with her to-day one sees it, for example, in the extent to which her estimate of Carlyle and

Emerson is colored by the fact that the one was a peasant born and the other impossible to Boston fashion. In Carlyle's theories of government she finds a "smallness" which she traces to his peasant origin. Again, "Episcopalians," she says, laughing, "will, it is said, go to heaven for their good taste. I am not an Episcopalian, but I do think good taste is of the heavens!" With her social gifts and her youthful ambition, it must have been a joyful game to win over the conservatives with their own weapons on their own ground.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to add much to the body of comment upon Mrs. Howe's poetry. The five volumes cover a wide range of values, from the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which stands quite by itself, through much that is stirringly patriotic, like "The Flag," gracefully fanciful, like the mist-vision of "What I Saw from my Window," or full of varying phases of a rich personality, like "The Heart's Astronomy" and many others. At last we come, it is true, to a certain number in which thought or beauty fail to give great vigor to the old-fashioned and somewhat monotonous metres. Among the less-known poems two passages having the interest of temperament seem especially well worth calling to attention. Her latest collection unfortunately omits the "Rouge Gagne," to which Colonel Higginson has added his graceful complement. It will be impossible ever to read it again without hearing his voice grow suddenly strong and rich and resonant to put new power into the lines. There is a touch here of her best:

And men who conquer deadly odds  
By fields of ice, and raging floods,  
Take the red passion from the gods

In the girlish tragedy "The World's Own," there is a line of such dramatic fire as would have given the play a permanent place at Garrick's and beyond, had it filled the whole:

Let no one say I've wept. From these  
    seared eyes  
Poisons may drop, but never human tears.

Interesting in contrast with such red-blooded bits is the serenity of the evening-music written during the summer of 1907, "Whittier," "Old Home Week" and, best of all, the hymn for the Congress of Religious Liberals.

Yet it is the "Battle Hymn" which has made and will preserve Mrs. Howe's fame as a lyrist. The familiar story of its production has peculiar interest as a bit of psychic history, accounting for a burst of magnificent war-music full of prophetic swell and sweep, from a poet who has elsewhere written in a much milder vein. First, every most powerful stimulus to the imagination was present. With all public-minded Boston burning with interest in war-questions, her husband and many friends among the leaders, Governor Andrew an intimate of their house, her ardent and responsive temperament was filled with the spirit, and with longing to lend some aid in the struggle. As the train bearing her, Dr. Howe, Governor Andrew and James Freeman Clarke neared Washington, it is easy to conceive the stir of feeling with which she looked out upon "the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps." Later, when their carriage was delayed on a road blocked with troops, her own voice led in "John Brown's Body," until the soldiers caught up and thundered the swinging chorus. Even the direct word of suggestion was not lacking, for Mr. Clarke said, "Why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" The next morning in the gray dawn she lay like a sweet instrument keyed for great harmonies. It is the hour when the happiest and most unexpected flashes are wont to come to her, as they were to Milton, as they are to many less fortunate. Gradually the lines shaped themselves. It is an intensely interesting incident, this tuning of what she has called her "slender reed" to the thunders, until it could voice a mighty war-peal.

The memory of a meeting with Mrs. Howe brings back the impression of

a remarkable combination of qualities. With all her distinction, her gracious old-world dignity, is blended a world of youthful freshness, enthusiasm and frankness. The portraits give so much the impression of massiveness that it is perhaps surprising to find her small. A bust of her at about twenty-two, not often reproduced, is very charming, and is interesting in having in the curves of the mouth and chin a certain piquancy, almost coquetry, which in later life has given place to lines of much seriousness. In the presence of her clear eyes, her play of expression, her vivid interest in the life of the day, from the passing of a recent magazine to the acting of Novelli, one thinks of Dr. Holmes's reply when Miss Howe wrote him of her mother as "seventy years young." "As for your mother's age," ran the famous answer, "I am bound to believe her own story; but I can only say that to be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

One touching picture of Mrs. Howe remains very vivid. It was when, with a flood of sweet and caressing chatter, a granddaughter burst in from a journey. The gentle lines of the old figure, looking very small and weak against the youthful one, the reverend white head lifted to the other's face,—there was in it indescribable pathos and tenderness.

"Yes," she said, when I quoted the words at the beginning of this paper, "that is quite true. You see, my husband was a very great man; and I had very dear children; and I have delightful grandchildren; and I have two great-grandchildren,—and I am very fond of little children."

This was all. Wide fame, memories of great days dead, honors and social richness of days present—of these she did not think. The secret of life kept fresh and sweet at ninety years she felt to be another matter, far nearer to "the human heart, by which we live."

# CURING MR. DOBSON

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE



R. DOBSON was by nature an easy-going man and the twenty-five years of his married life had passed like a day. At least so it seemed to him, but to Mrs. Dobson it seemed that his life had been one long, hard struggle at the handle of the grindstone, and when he sold out his little business and had the money in hand she declared that he had earned a good rest and must have one. And Mr. Dobson, as he thought it all over on the porch of his suburban home, decided that perhaps he *had* earned a rest, and that one would not be bad for him.

It had never before come directly to his mind that he had worked long and hard, for he was the kind of man that will follow a beaten track, with his head down and his eyes on it, and not realize that he is going a long way. Push a man like that into a rut and he will roll along in it for years, like an old horse, and never realize that he is pulling a heavy load, nor that his hours are hard and long. The only thing that is hard work for him is the thing he has to do when he is forced out of the rut. Going to the city on the seven-eighteen train every weekday morning, plugging at his work until six, and then riding home had never struck Mr. Dobson's mind as being anything but every-day life, but to Mrs. Dobson it seemed body-breaking and soul-wearying. Not for her, but for Mr. Dobson. For that reason she never insisted—or at least

seldom insisted—that he should spend his Sundays in any other way than as he liked, which was to sit at home and read the many-leaved papers and drowse. Occasionally she asked him to go to the beach, or other place, and Mr. Dobson went like a little lamb—like a dumb little lamb, too, for he never even bled. He was as docile as a cotton-batting dog with shoe-button eyes.

At first when Mrs. Dobson declared that he needed a rest Mr. Dobson had laughed at the idea. He said that it was nonsense, and that as soon as he could decide on a location he would go into the real-estate business again, and he sold his house, and began looking around for a good suburban town in which to open another office. But after Mrs. Dobson had mentioned the same topic a sufficient number of times the rest idea seemed more pleasing. He recalled how long it had been since he had had a rod and line in his hand, and all his old love of angling came back. He began picking up railroad booklets and enquiring where fishing could be had in the winter months, saying nothing to Mrs. Dobson about it, and while he was getting his plans into order to lay before her she laid her plan before him.

"Now, Arthur," she said, "it is no use telling me that you don't need a rest. I know better, and there never was a time in our lives, and probably never will be again, when we were in such a good position to have a little vacation. I have thought it all out, and I have been asking all the people



I know, and we are going to Paris for the winter!"

"To—we are going to—Where did you say we were going, Cornelia?" said poor Mr. Dobson, dropping his newspaper and staring at her.

Mrs. Dobson was not disconcerted. She had imagined it would be rather a surprise to Arthur. It was. If she had said, "Arthur dear, pack your trunk, we start for the North Pole to-night at twelve-thirty," he would have been no more surprised. He had never dreamed of going to Paris. But that did not worry Mrs. Dobson. She had expected the idea to be new to him, and she knew he would have been as surprised if she had said they were to go to Coney Island. So she smoothed the *passementerie* over her capacious bosom, and smoothed her skirt over her plump knees, and smiled at Arthur.

"Paris," she said with a proud satisfaction in her voice. Her ideas of Paris were rather hazy, but she knew it was a good place to go to if you wished to talk about where you had been after you came home again. She knew that every one who had been to Paris came home and talked about it. She wanted to come home and talk about it too, and to do that it was necessary to go there first, so Mr. and Mrs. Dobson went to Paris.

Paris was a joy to Mrs. Dobson. She revelled in it. It was all interesting to her, as it is to any sane-minded person, and she knew that she was having the pleasantest experience of her life. She enjoyed every bit of it, from the narrow streets to the wide boulevards, and from the musty little curio shops to the Louvre. She lived with a red Baedeker in her hand and her hat on her head and an umbrella under her arm, for in Paris a hat is rather necessary in winter, and a Baedeker is desirable, but an umbrella is indispensable. Parisians would be less surprised to see an umbrella going out for a walk without a person than to see a person going out without an umbrella. Only idiots and feeble-minded ever do it. In Paris they

do not have a Commissioner of Insanity to test the sanity of people. They wait until there is a sunny winter day—they have one every three or four weeks—and then they send the suspect out for a walk in the sun. If he goes without an umbrella they put him in an asylum. They know he is crazy. They don't think so, they know so.

But Mrs. Dobson did not mind the Paris winter gloom. She did not mind the damp, greasy streets, nor the drizzle, nor the fog, nor the low-lying clouds, nor the chill. It did not matter to her that Paris in winter is a damp, chilly stew-pan with a lid of clouds jammed down on top of it; a caricature of a winter city; a miserable New England March of five months' duration; gray, dispiriting, gloomy. In winter every one leaves Paris except the artists and the shopkeepers, and the shopkeepers drink the red wine of France. They drink it as a counter-irritant. The common red wine of France is the kind of wine that, by comparison, makes even a Paris day seem like a thing of beauty. That is what the shopkeepers do. As for the artists, they stay in their studios and paint pictures for the three spring Salons, and when those pictures are on view any one can see the effect the Paris winter has on artists. Pretty bad, pretty bad!

The one other thing that makes it possible for a civilized human being to winter in Paris and retain any spirit is the desire to see everything mentioned by Baedeker. When a visitor buckles right down to that job, nothing else matters. It is a big job, for when Mr. Baedeker went home and started to write that book he found he had a wonderful memory. He remembered everything! It was marvellous! He remembered everything worth seeing and jotted them down, and then he remembered nearly everything not worth seeing, and jotted them down too, and then he remembered several thousand things that an ordinary person under ordinary circumstances would have to be paid to go to see, and he jotted

them down also. And then he remembered a lot of things that no one would ever go to see, even if he was paid to do it, and he put them in for full measure. And when he had the book all done he passed it around among his friends and let them add a few hundred things that they thought somebody might like to see. That was the way the first edition was made, but the one Mrs. Dobson had was the sixteenth revised edition, and something new had been added to each edition. And that did not include the environs of Paris. They were all in the book Mrs. Dobson had. She saw that her six months in Paris were hardly enough to do the book justice, so she hurried a little. It tired her considerably, but anything that keeps one's mind off a Paris winter is a gain.

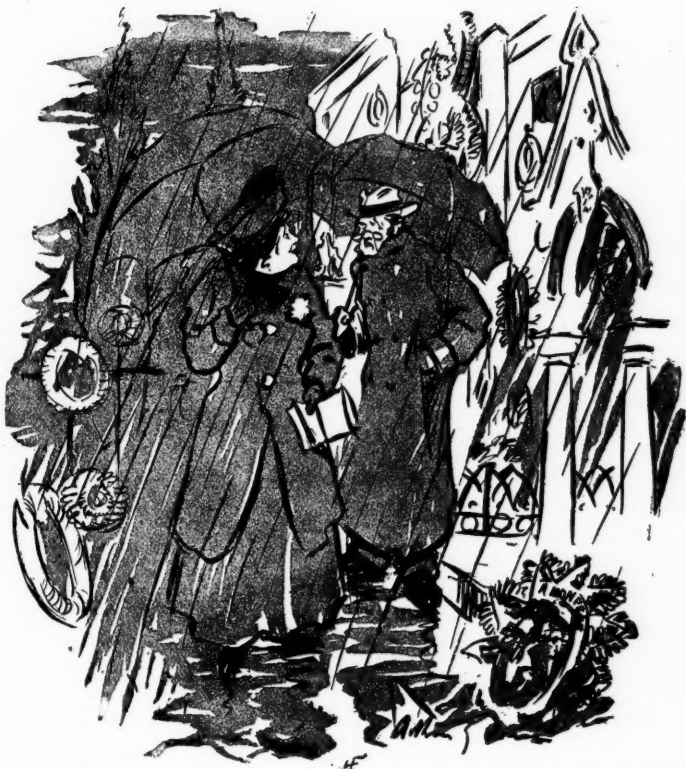
Mr. Dobson started in to enjoy his rest in the right spirit. He had never been a very strenuous church goer, but he was a good, clean citizen, so, of course, he jumped right into the Parisian life he had heard dim tales about, and Mrs. Dobson, being a good church member and a respectable woman, went with him. It is a strange fact that good church members always go to see those places when they reach Paris. So do the less good church members, and so do those who are not church members, and so do those who are worldly beyond expression. So do Parisians. Everybody does. So Mr. Dobson started in to do the thing in the right spirit, and he went to the famous palaces of joy, and the *bals* and the *cafés*. It was so giddy that he was sick of it in a week. He went to the *bals*, where all the hilarity was most evidently supplied by girls on the salary list of the management; and he went to the *cafés*, where all the life was evidently supplied by girls hired by the management; and he went to the whole list of places he had heard of, and saw the same array of on-lookers being poorly entertained by the hired help. Once only did he see any spontaneous joy, and that was furnished by an intoxicated

American, who was making just the same sort of fool of himself that he would have made in New York. A week of it was all Mr. Dobson could stand. It did not look like the real thing in spontaneous joy to him; it was about as spontaneous as the hippodrome races at the circus. For a few evenings he sat in front of the *cafés* at little tables and watched Paris gaiety float past—smiling women casting roguish glances over their shoulders, and all that sort of thing. That was gay! It was sickeningly gay, indeed. The brightly dressed women fell easily into two classes—those who were cruel and hard and repulsive, and those who were weak-faced, and silly and pitiful in their attempts to seem joyous. He found himself saying over and over, as he rode home in his *voiture* to his *pension*: "Poor creatures! Poor creatures!" Probably he did not have the joyful Parisian spirit. He was only a suburban New York real-estate dealer.

Every once in a while as he passed along the street Mr. Dobson would see, glistening in front of the shops, great piles of fish with silvery scales, and whenever he saw these he would think of what he might be doing at that moment if he was in America. Then he would go home and read the daily report of the financial crisis and think how suburban real estate must have fallen and what bargains there must be for the man on the ground with the money in his hand. And then he would look out of his window and see the gray clouds and the damp street, and across the boulevard the stiff, ugly tombs, file upon file, in the Cimetière Montparnasse. He did not care much for Paris.

But Mrs. Dobson did. She was properly horrified by the *bals* and the *cafés* and the play at the *Folies Dramatiques*, and she enjoyed the shops. For two or three weeks she piloted Mr. Dobson on enjoyable sight-seeing excursions. Mr. Dobson himself got his full of enjoyment out of these, seeing the big points of interest, and the Louvre, and the Auto-





ARTHUR TURNED UP HIS COAT COLLAR AND STOOD LIKE A PATIENT BUT PROVOKED OX

mobile Show and the Luxembourg, but his interest failed one day when, starting out in a ray of sunshine, they found themselves poking around among the damp tombs of Montparnasse Cemetery in the drizzling rain. Mrs. Dobson exclaimed with pleasure as she found tombs recommended by Baedeker, but Arthur gazed at them dully and turned up his coat collar and stood like a patient but provoked ox as Cornelia hurried up narrow side-alleys to see whose tomb had such big masses of glass-bead wreaths or whose had the eight yellow wreaths—those hideous yellow wreaths that are something like yellow air-cushions and something like the life rings he had seen on the steamer. He spoke contemptuously of the Parisian cemeteries when he at last coaxed Cornelia out of this one and said he only hoped

he would live to be buried in a place that looked half decent. He went back to their rooms chilly and cross, and stood in front of the foolish little Godin stove, wishing audibly to goodness that he had n't gone into that damp hole. Mrs. Dobson started suspiciously when he said this, but she decided that the word was really "damp" and let it pass.

Mr. Dobson himself was as surprised at his dulness and disgust as Cornelia was. This was "gay Paree," and he felt that he ought to be gay in it, but even the tempting prospect of going down into the catacombs, where it is even damper than on the surface, and where a really startling number of human bones are stacked up like cord-wood, did not brighten him. Mrs. Dobson looked forward to this with pleasure, especially when

she read that any one left behind in the catacombs would be undoubtedly eaten alive by the innumerable and ferocious rats; but Mr. Dobson remained sad. He even went so far as to say that he hoped that if he was ever such a fool as to go into such a place he would be eaten alive and that he would deserve to be.

He felt quite the same about the sewer. The utmost enthusiasm that Mrs. Dobson could bring to bear could not convince him that going down into a sewer was a nice way to spend a few hours, and he said so, frankly. He said he did not care if he *could* ride in a boat in the sewer. He said that never in his life had he wanted to descend into sewers, and that he would not change his mind about it at his time of life. It did not matter to him, he said, whether it was one of the things that ought to be done while in Paris, or whether Kings and Queens and Presidents did it. Sewering was n't what he called fun, and he would n't do it.

Mrs. Dobson gave up the sewer temporarily, since the time when visitors were permitted to descend into it was still far off, and she felt that in time she could "work Arthur around to it," as she had often "worked him around" to other things he had not wanted to do. She took him to Napoleon's tomb instead.

Mr. Dobson went reluctantly. At first he refused to go, but it was a rather bright Sunday morning, and Mrs. Dobson had a wedge to use in prying him away from his *Herald* in the words of Miss Gleason, one of



HE LAGGED BEHIND AS AN INDICATION THAT WHILE HE WAS GOING TO THE TOMB HE DID NOT GO EAGERLY

the boarders with whom she had become acquainted. "She says," said Mrs. Dobson, "that it is not a bit like a tomb. It is bright, and full of color." So Mr. Dobson went. All the way to the tomb he lagged half a step behind Mrs. Dobson and Miss Gleason, as an indication that while he was going to a tomb he did not go eagerly, and when he was inside the Dome he would not admit that it was nice or pretty, as Mrs. Dobson insisted it was. He said that it was chilly, and that the sun-burst effect on the floor of the circular crypt looked as if some giant had smashed a roc's egg there and spattered the yolk in rays. When he came away Mrs. Dobson asked him if, now, he was n't glad he had come, and he said yes, he was glad he had it over, for he supposed she would never have been satisfied until he saw it.

That was the state Mr. Dobson was getting into regarding tombs and damp underground places and cemeteries, and it seemed to him that there was nothing much else in Paris.

Wherever Cornelia dragged him there was a tomb or a sarcophagus or something of the sort, and after the Musée Carnavalet he was afraid of everything that Mrs. Dobson or the guide-book proposed. The Carnavalet was recommended by Miss Gleason as likely to cheer Mr. Dobson up a bit, on account of its lively souvenirs of the Revolution and snuff-boxes and so on, and he went unsuspectingly to it, only to enter by the usual damp and mouldy passages loaded with—tombs and sarcophagi! Some of the sarcophagi were embellished with the dried remains of their occupants, and hair of other ancient dead was neatly tagged and placed in easy sight, and Mr. Dobson, who had approached the Musée with cheerful feelings, wandered through it in moody dulness.

After that Mr. Dobson established as an axiom the statement, "All museums, all churches, all places in Paris have tombs," and added to it the other very self-evident fact, "I hate tombs." It was hard to persuade him to go to the theatres even, and when he had been coaxed to go to the Odéon to see Pierre Loti's admirable little play, "Ramuntocho," he looked for tombs in it but did not find any, and Cornelia had hopes that he would pass the evening without being depressed, until, in the *entre acte*, he discovered the statue of the dying Molière. This was not much, but he made it do. It, and the gradually increasing tragedy of the play, sufficed to gloom him up, as Mrs. Dobson said, for the evening.

Mrs. Dobson wandered off by herself one afternoon and walked through the Musée Cluny, which she found, to her taste, the most interesting of the museums she had seen, and she was wild to have Mr. Dobson see and enjoy it too. She purposely hurried through it on her first visit, so that she might the more completely share her pleasure with him when they should visit it together, but her first proposal met with a moody rebuff. He did not want to see any more of those tomb places, he said, and when she said that

she was pretty sure she had not seen any tombs in Cluny, he brought up Carnavalet and threw it in her face, and she had to admit that there *might* be some tombs in Cluny, but that there were so many other things of interest that they could skip the tombs, and still have enough to see. But for some days he would not consider Cluny at all, and he equally refused to be comforted by the Cimetière Père Lachaise, the Pantheon or any of the regular tomb places. Mrs. Dobson, however, knew one method of making him see things. Night is night the world over, and when the lights are lit, the clouds and outside gloom are equally shut out in Paris and in New York, and at night Mr. Dobson usually brightened up, unless his day had been particularly hard and tombful. After dinner he shed the woefulness he wore by day, and then was the time Mrs. Dobson was sometimes able to get him to promise to visit something the next day. Sometimes he would even promise cheerfully, and it was on one such evening, while Miss Gleason was in their rooms, that he promised to visit Cluny the next afternoon.

At half-past one the next day Mrs. Dobson came out of her bedroom ready for the visit. She was hatted and coated, and her blue veil pulled under her chin, and in her hand was her umbrella. Five minutes before she had left Mr. Dobson pulling on his rubbers and whistling something cheerful about one dry Martini being enough for him, or too much for him, but now, as she pushed aside the curtain at the door she stopped short and let her hands fall limply at her sides.

Mr. Dobson was drooped over a chair, staring gloomily out of the window at the miserable drizzle. His overcoat was but half on, and the collar, which was turned up, or rather not turned down, together with his hat, which was set askew on his head, gave him the air of a man who had weakened and broken down in the very middle of putting on his things. His chin was sunk in his tie, his eyelids half lowered, and his face

bore a look of unutterable woe and disgust. He did not move as Mrs. Dobson entered, but sighed once, deeply.

"Well," said Mrs. Dobson.

Mr. Dobson did not move. If anything he sank a little deeper into his chair, and added a shade more woe to his face. Cornelia hesitated, and then, with a quick motion, began to pull off her gloves. Mr. Dobson turned his head slightly and let his eyes look dully into her eyes.

"I'm going!" he said, weakly. "I'm—I'm all ready."

Mrs. Dobson seated herself energetically on the edge of the couch at his side, and folded her hands. For a minute she studied his face, and then she quickly pulled the hat pins from her hat.

"No, you are not going!" she declared. "I don't believe you want to go."

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Dobson wearily. "I want to go. Come on; we'll go." He rose and shuffled on his coat. "Come on; we'll go," he repeated.

"No," said Mrs. Dobson. "I'm not going!"

"Then I'll go alone," said Arthur, but he sank into his chair again instead, and stared out of the window. Again Mrs. Dobson studied his face.

"Arthur," she said presently, as one who is going to get at the truth of a thing here and now, "what is the matter with you?"

"Well," he said, in the same hopeless tone, "if you want to go, why don't you put on your hat? We can't go without your hat on, can we?" But he did not make any effort to arise. Slowly Mrs. Dobson removed her coat, eying him the while, and, some time after she had gone downstairs, Mr. Dobson reached out a



HE SANK A LITTLE DEEPER INTO HIS CHAIR, AND ADDED A WHOLE SHADE MORE WOE TO HIS FACE

hand and took a cigar from the box on the table at his left. For a minute or longer he looked at the cigar with disgust, as it deserved to be looked at, for it was a French cigar, and then he lighted it with a disgusting French match. A few seconds later he took off his coat and hat and picked up his *Herald*. He sighed once—deeply—to get things off his heart, and began humming something about a dry Martini—about one or more being too much for him, or something of the kind.

Two hours later Mr. Dobson laid down his paper and opened the door to the tap that he knew was Mrs. Dobson's, and then stepped back, for she was not alone. Neither was it Miss Gleason who was with her, nor one of the maids. It was a man. And the man was a doctor of medicine.

"Arthur dear," said Mrs. Dobson tearfully, "this is Doctor Long. I

sent for him, because I knew you would not go——”

Mr. Dobson stood, speechless, while the doctor divested himself of his overcoat and laid his silk hat very carefully in the place that looked safest for the repose of such a treasure.

“But, Cornelia,” he faltered, “I’m not sick——” The doctor smiled.

“*That*,” he said, genially, “*we* can tell when we have progressed with the examination. Oh, no! no! no!” he said; “nothing serious, probably, Mrs. Dobson; nothing to be alarmed over, probably, but—may I feel your pulse, Mr. Dobson?”

Mr. Dobson, like a man in a dream, held out his hand. Never in his life had he gone to a doctor, and never before had a doctor come to him. As he was apt to say, he didn’t know what it was to be sick, and now that a doctor had him by the hand and was exhaling a delicate odor of some hospital-like drug, a doubt came to Mr. Dobson. If he did not know what it was to be sick how did he know that he was not sick now? Perhaps he was! Certainly he had never in his life felt as he had come to feel regarding tombs and damp places one goes down into because Baedeker says to, and sewers and catacombs. And museums in general.

The doctor closed his watch with a click, and listened at Mr. Dobson’s chest and back; tapped him on the back and listened; made him take off his coat and vest and listened all around his back, making him breathe and stop breathing.

“You may put on your coat,” he said at length. “I see you are a smoker.”

Mr. Dobson paled. Was this his disease?

“What?” he said.

“I say I see you smoke. Cigars,” said the doctor. And Mr. Dobson breathed again. He was afraid it was something like a burning fever, perhaps, but if it was only that he smoked cigars! He could have told the doctor that. He began to hope that he was, after all, a well man, but the doctor turned to Mrs. Dobson.

“Now, madame,” he said, “if you will tell me any symptoms you have noticed.”

“Well, tombs,” said Mrs. Dobson, folding and unfolding her hands, nervously. “I noticed tombs.”

“Ah, tombs!” said Doctor Long. “And—any particular tombs, Mrs. Dobson?”

“No, doctor,” she said. “Some worse than others perhaps, but *all* tombs. And cemeteries. And stone coffins.”

“Ah, yes,” said the doctor. “And what effect did they have on him? The tombs, for example, what effect did they have on him? Would you say the effect was elating or depressing?”

“Oh, depressing!” exclaimed Mrs. Dobson. “Very depressing. Especially the damp ones.”

“Yes. And the cemeteries? What effect did you notice—depressing or elating?”

“Depressing. The damp ones——”

“They are all damp,” said the doctor. “And the stone coffins, now? I presume you mean sarcophagi. What effect——”

“Depressing,” said Mrs. Dobson.

“Quite regardless of the kind or where they were? Regardless of whether they were priceless work of art or just plain coffins?”

“Depressing,” said Mrs. Dobson. “No matter how artistic, nor how highly recommended, nor who had been in them. Depressing.”

“Very interesting,” said the doctor. “Now, have you noticed anything else? Bones, for instance, or skeletons of ancient inhabitants of Paris? Or ancient tombstones?”

“Depressing. All depressing. It is no pleasure to go to see any of them with him. He does n’t enjoy any of them.”

“Not even a *lot* of them, as in the catacombs?”

“He would n’t go to see the catacombs. He said he would be—he said he would see himself shot before he would pretend that going into a hole to see a lot of bones was having a good time.”

"Did he say that? About the Paris catacombs? Really? And the great sewer? Did he say anything about that?"

"Yes. He said 'Fudge!' when I spoke of it."

"I said," said Mr. Dobson sadly, "that there were smells enough on top of Paris without going down into a sewer, and that I would be hanged if I went into one, main or lateral or catch-basin or cesspool!"

"Did you really? Remarkable! And, Mrs. Dobson, what effect do the churches have on him? *They* have an elating effect, I'm sure?"

"No-o-o," said Mrs. Dobson hesitatingly. "No! not elating, exactly. The first fifteen or twenty he was calm—calm and resigned—and only said they were infernally cold and damp. After that he was depressed. He said——"

"Odd, very odd!" said the doctor.

"I said," explained Mr. Dobson, "that I was sick of churches. I told Cornelia that for her sake I had gone into and prowled around on tiptoe in the fifteen first cold, chilly ones, but that I would n't go into two or three hundred more even for her sake, even if the guide-book did say——"

"Not even if——"

"No. No matter when they were built. No matter who restored them, nor who was baptized in them nor whose tomb was in them. They depressed me. I could n't enjoy them. I knew I ought to, but I could n't. I felt that I was too full of churches, and that another one would give me indigestion."

"You felt this way about the churches of Paris? Of *Paris*?"

"Yes. And the Conciergerie. I went to the Conciergerie, and I ought to have been thrilled, but I was n't. I was chilly."

"You should have gone to the Bois de Boulogne. *That* would have cheered you. It is one of the most celebrated——"

"*Everything* in Paris is the most celebrated. Everything celebrated depresses me. I went to the Bois, and I said it was damp and chilly. I

said it was the dampest and chilliest park I ever saw."

"But you liked the Jardin d'Acclimatation. You must have liked that."

"The—was that the wet and slimy Zoo? No, I could n't enjoy it. It was damp and depressing. It depressed me almost to pieces. I never saw anything so cold and damp as that was."

"And the Jardin des Plantes? And the Roman Amphitheatre?"

"Damp and depressing."

"And the quaint old narrow streets?"

"Damp and depressing."

"But you ought to like them. Everybody raves about them."

"I know it. I tried to—for Cornelia's sake—but I could n't. I thought they were slimy and unhealthy and——"

"Don't blaspheme! If they affected you that way you ought to have gone to a museum. Don't you enjoy Assyrian statues with their heads knocked off and minus their legs and arms? Would n't a nice instrument of torture with remnants of blood on it elate you?"

"No. I tried them. They were depressing. Even the Egyptian mummies did not make me joyful. I don't believe the Morgue itself would cheer me up. Cornelia would enjoy it, but I would n't."

"Very odd! You are a most remarkable case. I have never met one like you. Other people enjoy these things. They say they do. Don't you realize the historical value of it all? Don't it thrill you with glad joy to think that in these places thousands were beheaded? That hundreds were hung and burned to death all around town? Does n't it make him cheerful, Mrs. Dobson, to recall how many people have been murdered and assassinated and pulled limb from limb?"

"No. It should, but it does n't. It depresses him."

"And the gaiety of Paris. The *bals* and the *moulins* and——"

Mr. Dobson groaned. The memory



of those sad places was too much for him. No other answer was necessary. Wine (sour and unwholesome), women (poor painted things, hiding their weary wrinkles under artificial smiles) and song (evidently nasty, but in an unknown tongue to him) did not fill him with joy. Neither did the humorous papers, the editors of which thought a filthy picture took the place of a good, hearty joke. The doctor shook his head. He had never before met with a case such as this. He had met many Americans in Paris, but they had all come to Paris so that they might go home and tell their friends what a joyous time they had had. He had met some writers, but all writers come to Paris intending to write for the home magazines on the mystery and gaiety of the city. It puzzled him to place an American who was depressed by a chill, foggy, damp winter and tombs and sewers and mouldy slum streets and unlimited vice. And yet Mr. Dobson seemed in perfect physical health.

"When he goes out," he said to Mrs. Dobson, "on a sunny day, does he take an umbrella?"

"Always!" said Mrs. Dobson.

"Hum!" said the doctor. It was evident that Mr. Dobson was mentally sound, too. There was but one thing for him to do, the thing that doctors always do, probably because it is always best for their patients. "You must give up smoking entirely," he said. "And let me know in a week how you feel."

When he had carefully placed his hat on his head and bowed and closed the door behind him Mr. Dobson looked out of the window sadly. If one thing had been necessary to make Paris utterly hateful to him it was this—being deprived of his cigar. He stretched himself at full length on



THE DOCTOR TAPPED HIM ON THE BACK AND LISTENED

the couch and buried his head in the pillow.

For a week he lay there, except when he went to meals, and his only response when Cornelia suggested a visit to a park or museum was to turn from one side to the other and to bury his head deeper in the pillow. The thought of four months more of sight-seeing was too much for him. It depressed him.

On the morning of the seventh day Cornelia came in, wet around the bottom of her skirt and splattered with the Paris mud, and her umbrella dripping rain water.

"It is really too nasty out," she said. "I came back." But Mr. Dobson did not greet her with the usual grunt from his couch. He was in front of the mirror putting a part in his hair and straightening his cravat. Mrs. Dobson stopped short and gazed at him, and he turned to her a face that glowed with smiles.

"Arthur, what is it?" she cried.

"The bank!" he said, brushing away at his hair. "The bank! It has failed! All our money is gone!"

"Gone!"

"Every cent! Cleaned out! We have to hustle back to America! We have to start in two weeks—two weeks exactly!" He stopped brushing his hair and began to whistle a bit about one (or more) dry Martinis being too much for him, while he pulled his cravat into a snappy little knot; and then, suddenly, he caught sight of Mrs. Dobson's reflection in the mirror. He turned to her quickly.

"Hello!" he said, "What are you taking your hat off for? I'm just about ready."

"Ready?" said Mrs. Dobson.

"To go out," said Arthur Dobson cheerfully. "You don't mind a little rain like this, do you? Put your hat on, Cornelia. We'll have to hustle!"

"Hustle?"

"To get through. To see all these things we have not seen yet. Why, we have n't *begun* to see everything we want to see in Paris. We don't want to miss anything we ought to see. Where do you want to go this afternoon—to Cluny?"

They were properly tired when they returned to the *pension* that evening, but they had not only "done" Cluny but had rushed through the Hotel de Ville and wandered through the narrow riverside streets to the Bastille. Mr. Dobson was enthusiastic. He

planned a regular tourist's dose of sight-seeing for the next day, including the Père Lachaise cemetery; and when Mrs. Dobson went to bed she left him reading in Baedeker the alphabetical list of the

principal tombs, checking off those he wished to see.

The next morning was gray and chilly with a drizzling rain, but Mr. Dobson was smiling happily.

"Hustle up, Cornelia," he said. "We have n't much time to waste. We've got to hustle every minute for the next two weeks. I guess we can see a lot if we do a good job of hustling; but there's one thing I'm mighty sorry for. I read in Baedeker last night that the sewers can only be seen from Easter to October! I

hate like sin to miss seeing them: everybody says they ought to be seen."

"But we can see the catacombs," suggested Mrs. Dobson, gently, as a woman ventures on an unpleasant topic.

"Sure we can," said Mr. Dobson heartily. "We don't want to miss them. I'll find out when they are open and we will crowd them in somehow. It won't take up much of our time. We can hustle through them."



THE BANK! IT HAS FAILED! ALL OUR MONEY  
IS GONE!



# THE FAR NORTHWEST

## AND THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

By ALBERT WILHELM



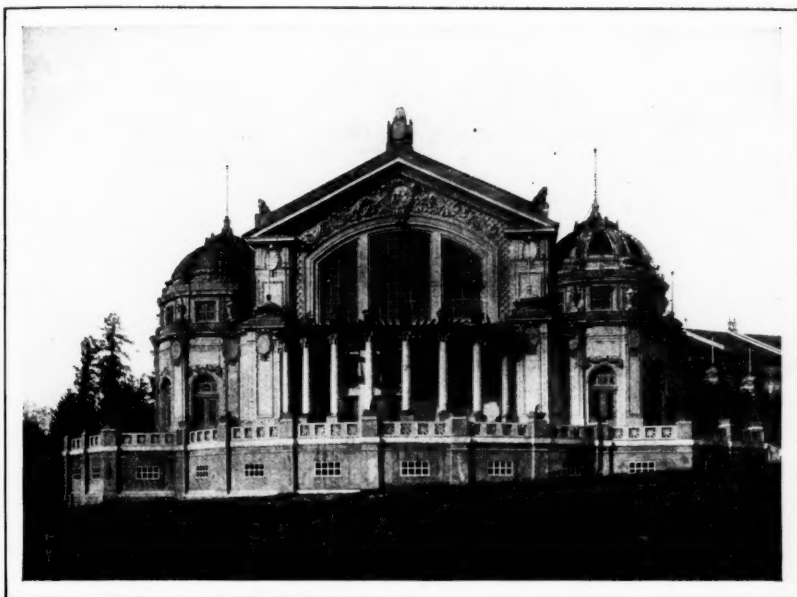
ON one of the thousand little bays that indent the shores of Puget Sound is a saw-mill. It is a big mill, and great log rafts float in the "boom" near it. At one end there is a long dock, where a half-dozen steamships and sailing ships are waiting to take lumber to as many different lands. They have actually loaded a ten-thousand-ton craft with planking, boards, posts and beams, every foot of which was cut out of the logs in two days; for as fast as the great fir could be hauled from the boom, it was run on the saw table and cut into lengths, to be carried thence and slit into commercial sizes. In the next hour it was stowed in the ship's hold.

It is the biggest mill of its kind in existence, and turns nearly a hundred million feet of trees into lumber every year. But it is only one of the big things hereabouts; for this Last West is big in its forests, its minerals, the richness of its soil, the fish that swarm in its waters, and big in the character of its people. So it is that physical achievements in this part of America amaze the stranger. He wonders how it is that modern cities and towns have been created where twenty years ago was only wilderness—cities and towns with broad streets, comfortable homes for the working people, imposing residences for the rich, schools and even universities as large and impressive as are those in the older East. Modern

shops of every sort line the business streets. Everywhere is heard the clatter of machinery, and the forests for mile upon mile echo with the hum of the whirring saw-teeth. In a word, all is hustle and bustle. In the country the fields and gardens extend over great areas, once a woodland or bare desert, but now made fertile by water. Travel over it from end to end and you note everywhere an activity and an optimism that seem to be characteristic of the people.

No, the man who thinks of the prairie lands beside the Mississippi as the West is behind the times in his knowledge of the human movement in America. The old West is now the centre of the country. The real West comprises the Pacific States. But a few patches of the wilderness remain. Up to the very border of King Edward's land has the white man gone, seeking what is worth while in the woodland, the soil and the bowels of the earth itself. Even the sea and the lakes have been searched for their wealth. The mines may not have been opened except by the test drill, but what the boring tool has brought forth has been put under the microscope of the geologist and in the furnace of the assayer. The saw may not have gone into the forest, but the timber it will furnish has been gauged by the skilled eye of the lumberman. The valley and hillside from which no shoot of grain or leaf of vegetable has sprung have been examined by the men of the Northwest. Already they know what and how much they may bring forth, whether watered





THE HALL OF MANUFACTURES

by nature or by the irrigation ditch.

Yet most of this development of the Puget Sound country and the inland empire of Oregon and Washington has been accomplished since yesterday. What changes have been seen by the first man who settled on the site of Spokane! But they are not more varied than his own career. When the yellow lump picked up on Sutter's Creek caused men to cross the continent ahorse and afoot in the quest of gold, Mike Cowley was old enough to become one of the Argonauts. The fifty dollars borrowed from his aunt in old York State soon dwindled to nothing; yet he managed to work his way to the coast, only to be disappointed in his search for wealth in the mines. But a few dollars came to him by "clerking it." He spent them for goods which he packed to the mines on a cayuse and sold for double their cost. Then he bought two cayuses; and then a train of them. A few

hundreds swelled to a thousand dollars and more. With the news that silver had been found in the Cœur d' Alenes region in Idaho, Cowley was drawn into the rush of adventurers to the new Eldorado. He took a pack train of goods with him. Coming to the ford of the Spokane River, he saw the need of a ferry, and returned from the mining camp to build a barge, with which he poled the would-be miners across the stream. Moreover, he opened a general store and traded beads and gunpowder for furs from the Indians. There he stayed and watched the city grow from a cluster of cabins to its present proportions. And as it grew, Mike Cowley grew with it. To-day he is a bank director, merchant, real-estate owner, and his check is good for a half-million.

Spokane, with its hundred thousand people, the seventy-five millions they have invested in business and industry and the fifty millions of bank clearings recorded annually,

is known to-day as the Metropolis of the Inland Empire. In view of the fact that Mike Cowley camped on its site in 1872, its growth may well be called phenomenal, but it is only one illustration of the progressiveness and determination that pervade our ultimate West. Seattle in 1870 contained only a thousand people. In less than twoscore years it has grown to over 200,000. The deposits in its banks, which ten years ago were less than five million dollars, now exceed sixty millions, while the bank clearings at the present time are over five hundred million dollars annually, being fourteen times larger than ten years ago. The expansion of the banking business is largely due to the industrial growth, for in 1900 the total number of factories was but 950. Since that time the number of industries has increased to 1500, the capital invested to over thirty million dollars

beside which it stands is in size the world's greatest harbor. Including the main body of water and the many arms which stretch here and there in the State of Washington, it has a coast line of not less than 1600 miles. These two cities are the principal shipping points for a very large part of the States of Oregon and Washington, as well as for the adjacent territory, in all embracing 165,000 square miles—a country which has over three times the area of the State of New York. The forests of Oregon and Washington represent 100,000 square miles, and there is shipped thence an enormous quantity of timber, not only to other parts of the United States, but to Europe, Mexico and Central and South America. From the city of Tacoma alone, wheat in the form of grain or flour is going across the Pacific in such quantities that every year the revenue from



AGRICULTURE BUILDING (LEFT), FISHERIES (MIDDLE), AND AUDITORIUM (RIGHT)

and the value of production to about sixty-five millions.

The statistics of the growth of Tacoma—the other great port on Puget Sound—show a development almost as rapid. The body of water

its exportation amounts to six million dollars, for it represents nearly one half of the total annual harvest of Washington State.

So there is the combination of which the people have taken such



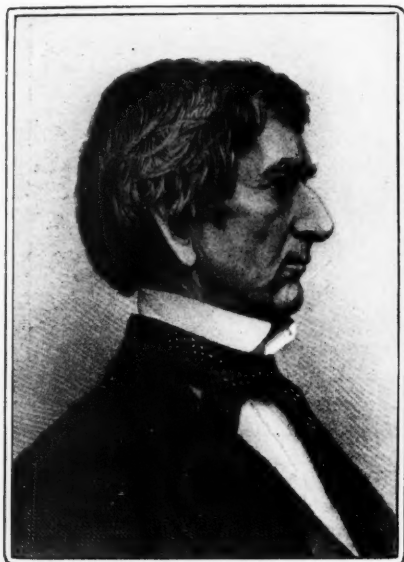
HORTICULTURAL HALL, AS SEEN ACROSS THE GEYSER BASIN

advantage. They have had the seed from which may grow prosperity, and in their progress prosperity has been attained. Figures, as the saying goes, make dry reading, but they prove the facts.

The makers of our Last West have such pride in what they have accomplished, that the next great exposition in America will be partly in honor of this work although the next-door neighbors, British Columbia and Alaska, the "Land of Seward," will join in the celebration at the city of Seattle during the last half of this year. The arrangement of the event in itself is no small feat, considering its magnitude and the expense which must be incurred by a population which is not one half that of the city of New York. But here are a people not to be deterred from putting through what they plan. When the citizens of Seattle were told that \$650,000 was the sum needed from them, in just one day it was secured, although the city contains but 200,000 people. That is called the "Seattle spirit"; but the State of Washington contributed a million, the National Government appropriated another million, the miners of Alaska, the business men of British Columbia, the Last West as a whole, engaged in the task of making the exposition worthy of this country, and it represents the expenditure

of ten million dollars. Not even the display at St. Louis was more varied than that to which the nations have now been invited; for the natural wealth of this little-known region will be strikingly displayed, as well as what has been done in agriculture, lumbering, irrigation and general industries, the great fisheries of Alaska and those of other than Alaskan waters. For the first time the world will have an opportunity of realizing the richness and extent of the gold and copper deposits of the Arctic treasure-house.

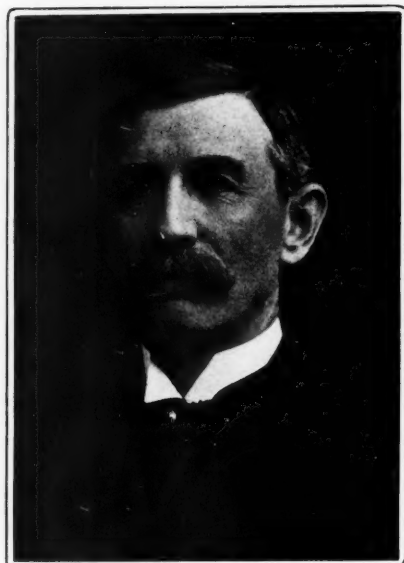
The site selected has been beautified by Nature. On the shores of Lake Washington, on the outskirts of the city, a vista of this impressive sheet of water is combined with views of the original forest, giving a setting that is wildly picturesque. Stretching out over a space of two hundred and fifty acres, the display will be housed in buildings not only spacious and suitable but of designs in keeping with the event. As the illustrations show, they are impressive in size and of architectural types both appropriate and attractive. The main buildings are grouped around central decorative features. They include, besides the Auditorium, halls devoted to the Fine Arts, Transportation, Manufactures, Agriculture, Fisheries, Forestry, Mines, Machinery, the United States Government, Canada, Japan,



WILLIAM H. SEWARD  
Who as Secretary of State brought Alaska  
into the Union



FRANK P. ALLEN, JR.  
Director of Works of the Exposition



J. A. NADEAU  
Director-General of the Exposition



J. E. CHILBERG  
President of the Exposition

Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

The Exposition stands on the grounds of the University of Washington, and seven of the buildings are

Islands, the Philippine Islands, and Fisheries. Canada's building is one of the largest and most attractive on the grounds. That of the Japanese



MOUNT RAINIER

This great landmark (sometimes called Mt. Tacoma) is in sight from the Exposition grounds

of a permanent character and will be turned over to the University when the show closes. These are the Auditorium, and the Fine Arts, Machinery, Forestry, Washington State, Arctic Brotherhood and Women's buildings. This is the first time that so many permanent structures have been erected for an exposition. In all, \$605,000 has been spent on buildings that will be added to those now owned by the University.

National interest in the affair is shown by the number of States represented by individual exhibits. A number of counties in the State of Washington have erected structures of their own. The United States Government has five buildings—its main structure, and separate edifices for Alaska, the Hawaiian

Government is typical of the enterprise and art of that nation.

In all, over a score of large edifices have been provided. Much taste has been shown in placing them on sites where their picturesque exteriors are seen to the greatest advantage in contrast with the natural background afforded by the woods and water. And the grounds have been ornamented with a view to completing the picture which the Exposition will present. The walks and drives wind amid not only greensward, but beds and rows of plant and shrub. In this climate flowers bloom in great variety, and acres of the site have been devoted to beds differing in color and design. The floral display will be one of the most attractive features. Advantage





OREGON STATE BUILDING

The first exhibit to be placed on the grounds was received here 19 Nov., 1908

has also been taken of natural features to create a series of cataracts. These are called the Cascades and Geyser Basin, and they form the centre of the general decorative scheme. Surrounding both are sunken gardens that will be rich in bloom throughout the Exposition period. Beyond them are the formal gardens and lawns, the vista on the grounds ending in groves of native woods. In the distance stands magnificent Mount Rainier—eighty miles away, but so clearly outlined against the clear blue sky of the Pacific coast as to seem much nearer. Mount Rainier is south of the exposition grounds, to the northeast are the Selkirk Mountains, and to the west the snow-crested heads of the Olympics make a rugged outline against the sky.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition held in the city of Portland in 1905 called the world's attention to the resources and developments of the great Oregon Country, as it is still called—the region made known to civilization by these pioneer explorers in their historic journey to the Pacific in 1805. The Oregon is truly a big country, embracing as it does the State of this name as well as

Nevada and Washington. The sum of five million dollars was expended for the beautiful display at Portland, and its grounds and buildings formed an object lesson which enlightened thousands of visitors to the greatness of the Northwest. But the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is international in its scope. Not merely the great Arctic territory, but our Canadian neighbor, British Columbia, joins with the Pacific country in this display of natural wealth and human enterprise. Hence the event at Seattle is the most extensive exploitation of any part of America undertaken since the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was held at St. Louis.

As already stated, the display is intended to instruct and to educate. It is to teach the world an object lesson as to what this region possesses and what can be done with it. Who-so wishes to know anything about any part of the countries represented can learn it. If the visitor to the fair seeks information regarding Alaska, he can find out pretty nearly everything there is to learn by a few hours' study in the Alaska building. Every feature of the great North country will be exploited. There will

be working models of the mines that send their millions in gold to the outer country; and there will be specimens of the little flowers that lift their heads above the snows. From Alaska will come men and material to tell the story of that Arctic El Dorado. Hawaii, too, and the Philippines will tell their stories. Their natives will come to give demonstrations of their handicraft. Canada will exploit that part of her great empire that pushes between the severed portions of the United States on this continent.

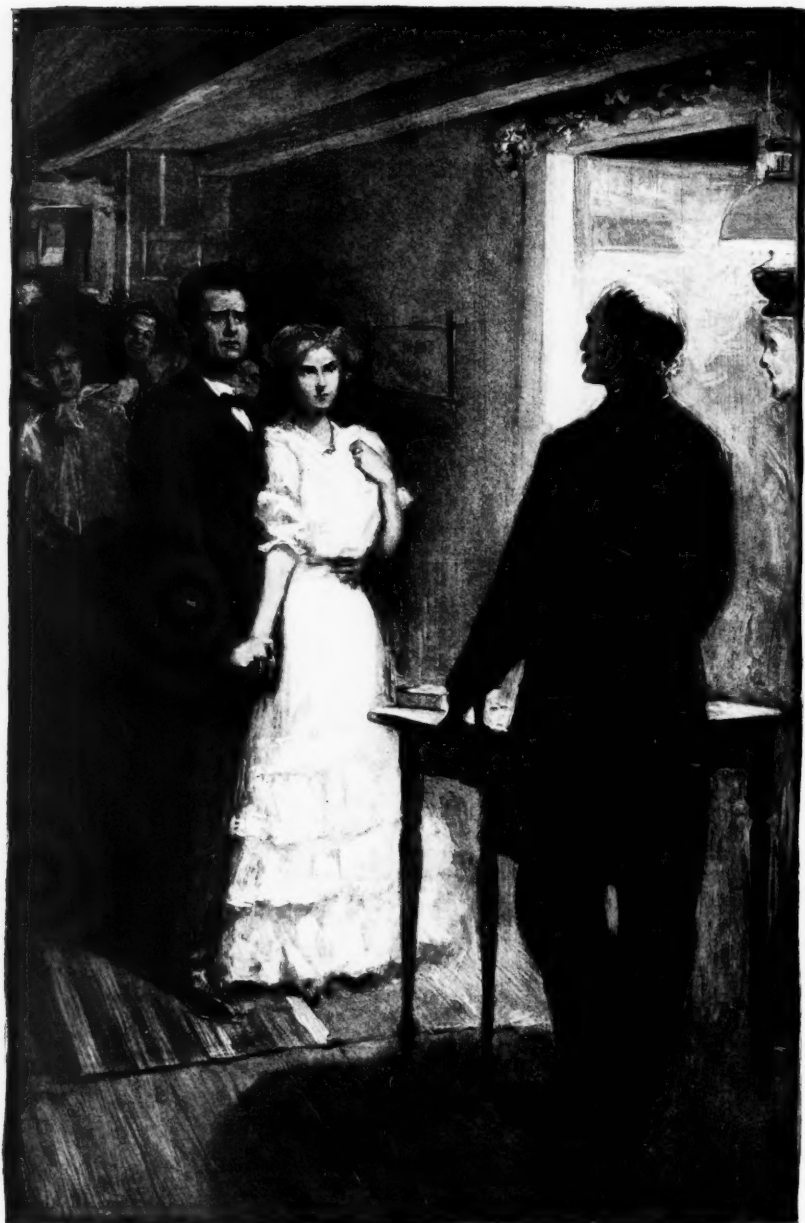
Warships lying at anchor in Seattle's harbor will speak of the Pacific. The entire United States Pacific fleet will be here; Japan will send her war vessels, and Great Britain, Germany, China, France, Russia and other nations that have to do with the commerce of the Pacific are represented by natives of their dependencies.

But our fellow citizens of the Last West are the most interesting part of the show, which is an exposition of Americanism well worth studying. These men and women rarely boast, except to say that they are true Americans. None can dispute this claim when they are compared with the great mass of those who dwell in the East to-day. Indeed, it is a question if the Americanism of the Northwest is not far purer in type than that of New England even, when we remember the influx of foreigners into the old home land who have followed in the footsteps of the Puritan. Those of the Last West are largely of the human tide that has swept across the continent—a tide made up of two great waves, the first ebbing in the States immediately to the west and east of the Mississippi, the other flowing thence across the mountain backbone until it met the waters of the Pacific. This wave, formed of the pioneer settlers of the prairie and their sons and daughters, populated the great basin inclosed by the Rockies and the Cascades. From it have gone most of the men and women who have taken up the northern Pacific States

for their domain—men and women who have been trained by experience to accustom themselves to a new country, to adjust their lives to its requirements, and who are quick to note its possibilities. If any of our people can lay claim to being lifelong citizens of the republic, they are these.

The enterprising Chamber of Commerce of one of the cities recently published a book describing its attractions. On the front page is a portrait of the man who has lately left the White House vigorously hammering the table with his fist. Below is the legend, "If I had to choose the city where one of my boys should make his future home, I would send him to—" the city described in the book. Many a man besides the ex-President of the United States has grown enthusiastic in his admiration of the great work which has been achieved by those who have entered this recent wilderness.

What part has fate selected them to play in the future of the nation? Time only can answer this question completely. Comparing the progress they have made with that attained in other parts of the country, and remembering their handicaps, they have outstripped the dwellers in any other section. One who has gone south as well as north, east as well as west, and thus observed our national development, is forced to admit the truth of this assertion. They of the Northwest had first to fight for mere existence, and they won. Then they strove for riches and were successful, for there is wealth in the Oregon country—an abundance of wealth. They speak of "wheat fortunes" which have come with the harvest, "gold fortunes" from the rock and placer. To tell the story of how some of these were acquired would be well worth the effort of the historian or novelist. Everywhere the tale of success is based upon achievement. The men who stand out from among their fellows do so because of their own efforts. The man who has a name because his father made one is as yet unknown.



Drawn by Robert Edwards

"YOU'LL MARRY US NOW—OR NOT AT ALL"

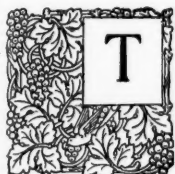
(See page 185)

# THE WIVING OF LANCE CLEAVERAGE

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

## CHAPTER III



THEY sat on the comb of a tall ridge overlooking the greater part of the Little Turkey Track neighborhood.

"I got to be still awhile till I can ketch my breath," the girl said jerkily. "I reckon I run half a mile hollerin' your name every step, Lance Cleavage—and you never turned your head. I believe in my soul you heard me the first time I called."

Cleavage did not take the trouble to affirm or deny. He flung himself back on the fern and pine needles with his hat over his face, and remarking, "Wake me up when you get your breath," affected to go to sleep. Ola Derf was as comfortable a companion as a dog, in that you could talk to her or let her alone, as the humor ran. It was the morning after Lance had sung to Callista under her window, and his mind was yet swimming in dreams of her. He was roused from these by Ola's voice.

"Lance," she began, and broke off. "Oh, Lance, I want to talk to you about—about—" Again her voice lapsed. She could see nothing of his face. His chest rose and fell rhythmically. "Lance—air you asleep?"

"Huh-uh. But if you keep on talkin' right good, maybe I'll get to sleep."

She paid no attention to the snub, but addressed herself once more to what seemed a difficult bit of conversational tactics.

"Lance," came the plaint for the

third time, "I wanted to name Callista Gentry to you. I—I—that thar gal don't care the rappin' o' her finger about you, nor any man."

Cleavage, with the memory of last night warm in his heart, smiled under his hat-brim and made no answer, save a little derisive sound which might have meant denial, indifference, or mere good-humored contempt of Ola herself.

"Oh, yes, I know," Ola nodded to her own thought,— "they's a heap of 'em lets on not to like the boys; but with Callista Gentry hit goes to the bone. She don't care for nary soul in this round world but her own pretty self. She 'minds me of a snake—a white snake, if ever there was such a thing. You look at her. You ain't never seen her change color, whatever came or went."

The picture evoked of Callista's flushed, tender face lying on his breast made the pulses of the man on the warm pine needles leap.

"Well," he prompted finally,— "what's the trouble? Are you a true friend, that does n't want me to get snake-bit?"

Ola laughed out a short laugh. "No," she said drearily, "I'm just a fool that's got your good at heart, and don't like to see you get a wife that cares nothin' for you. Thar—I've said my say. Thar's no love in her, and thar's no heart in her. But if a pretty face and high-and-mighty ways is what takes you, of course you can follow your ruthers."

"Uh-huh," agreed Lance, pushing his hat back and sitting up. He cast a laughing, sidelong glance in her direction. "Ola," he said softly. "I'm a-goin' to let you into a secret.

The gals has pestered me all my life long with too much lovin', and my great reason for bein' willin' to have Callista Gentry is that she seems like you say, sorter offish."

To his intense surprise (he had been wont to jest much more hardily with her than this), Ola's face blushed suddenly a dark, burning red. She jumped to her feet like a boy.

"All right," she said in a throaty tone, her countenance turned away from him. "If that's so, I'm sorry I spoke. Tell Miz Cleaverage all about it—and all about me and the other gals that run after you so turrible. I don't care."

But half way down the ridge her swift angry steps began to lag, and a little farther on Lance overtook her.

"They's a-goin' to be a dance at our house a-Wednesday," she said in a penitent voice. "You're a-comin', ain't you, Lance?"

"Nope," returned the invited guest briefly.

He volunteered no excuse nor explanation; and so, when the parting of their ways was reached, she demanded with imploring eyes on his face:

"Ye ain't mad with me, air ye, Lance? Why won't you come to my party?"

"Got somethin' else to do," Cleaverage returned nonchalantly. "Callista and me is goin' to be married a-Wednesday night."

Ola fell back a step, and clutched the sun-bonnet which she carried rolled in her hands.

"You're a—w'y, Lance—you're jest a foolin'," she faltered.

Lance shook his head lightly, without a word.

"But—why, I was over at Gentrys' this morning," she exclaimed finally. "Nobody thar said anything about it." She still watched his face incredulously. "They shorely would have said somethin', if Callista had named the day."

"She never named it," said Lance easily. "I named it myself, back there on the ridge whilst—you was catchin' your breath—or wastin' it.

We had allowed that a week from yesterday would do us, but it sort of come over me that Wednesday was the right time, and I'm goin' along by there right now to settle it all. Reckon if you folks are givin' a dance you won't heed an invite? Good-bye." And he turned away on his own trail.

Swift, unsmiling, preoccupied as a wild thing on its foreordained errand—the hart to the spring, the homing bird—Lance Cleaverage made his way to the Gentry place. Callista felt him coming before he turned into the big road; she saw him while yet the leafage of the doorway maples would have confused any view less keen. She longed to flee. Then in a blissful tremor she could do nothing but remain. Her mother and her grandfather were both on the porch at the moment.

"Good morning," Lance called to them impersonally. "I'm glad to find you at home, Mr. Gentry. I stopped a-past to name it to you—all that Callista and me has made up our minds to be wed a-Wednesday evening."

There was a soft exclamation from within the house; but mother and grandfather remained dumb with astonishment. Cleaverage glanced at them with a slight impatience in his hazel eyes that held always the fiery, tawny glint in their depths. He detested having people receive his astonishments as though they were astonishing—that is, unless it was his humor to astonish people.

"Well," Ajax Gentry began after a time, "ain't this ruther sudden?"

"Marryin' has to be done all of a sudden," Lance remarked without rancor. "I never yet heard of gettin' married gradual."

"Why, Lance, honey," said the widow in a wheedling tone, "you ain't rightly ready for a wife, air ye? Ef you two young folks had named this to me—well, six months ago—I'd 'a' had Callista's settin' out in good order. Looks like Pappy's right, and it is sorter sudden."

"What do you say, Callista?"

inquired the postulant bridegroom without looking up.

In the soft dusk of the interior the girl's face was crimson. Here came the time when she could no longer pretend to be urged into the marriage by her mother, her grandfather, the course of events; but must say yes or no openly of her own motion. Last night's startling accost yet shook her young heart; the glamor of that hour came back upon her senses.

"I say whatever you say, Lance," she uttered scarcely above a whisper.

Old Ajax laughed out.

"Well—I reckon that settles it," he said, jingling a bit of harness in his hand and turning to leave.

"No—it don't settle nothin'," broke in Octavia shrilly. "Lance ain't got any land cleared to speak of over on his place, and he ain't put in any crop; how air the both of 'em to live? They'll just about have to stay here with us. You can find work for Lance on the farm, cain't ye, Pappy?"

Old Ajax measured his prospective grandson-in-law with a steady eye, and assured himself that there was not room on the farm nor in the house for two masters. He read mastery in every line of face and figure.

"Callista and me are goin' into no house but our own," Lance said brusquely. "Ain't that so, Callista?"

Again the girl within the doorway answered in that hushed, almost reluctant voice,

"Just as you say, Lance."

And though grandfather laughed, and mother Gentry objected and even scolded that ended the argument.

"I'll go a-past and leave the word at Hands's," Lance told them as he turned to leave. "Is thar anyone else you'd wish me to bid, mother?"

That "mother," uttered in Lance's golden tones, went right to the widow's sentimental heart. She would have acceded to anything he had proposed in such a way. Old Ajax chuckled, realizing that Lance meant to triumph once for all over Flenton

Hands. He looked at his daughter-in-law through narrowed eyes, his glance followed the suitor's light-footed departure a moment, and then he delivered himself:

"I ain't got nothin' agin your marryin' Lance Cleaverage Wednesday evenin'," he said concisely to Callista. "I ain't been axed, but ef I had been, my say would still be the same. All I've got to tell you is that thar was never a house yet built of logs or boards or stones that was big enough to hold two families."

"Why, Pap Gentry!" exclaimed Octavia in a scandalized tone. "This house is certainly Callista's home, and I know I love Lance as well as I ever could a own son. If they thought well to live here along of us this winter, I know you would n't hold to that talk."

"I reckon you don't know me so well as ye 'lowed ye did, then," observed Gentry; "for I would—and do. Lance Cleaverage has took up with the crazy notion of marryin' all in haste. He ain't got no provision for livin' on that place of his. Well, I tell you right now, he cain't come and live in my house. No, nor you cain't pack victuals over to 'em to keep 'em up."

A coquette according to mountain ideals, carrying her head high with the boys and famous for her bickerings with Lance, Callista Gentry at home had always been a model of quiet, tractable obedience. But the face she now turned upon her grandfather was that of a young fury. All her cold pride was up in arms. That secret, still spirit of hers, haughty, unbent, unbroken, reared itself to give the old man to understand that she wanted nothing of him from now on. She—Lance's wife—the idea of her begging food from Grandfather Gentry!

"If you two'll hush and let me speak," she said in an even tone, "I reckon I'll be able to set grandpappy's mind at rest. You can give me the weddin'—I reckon you want to do so much as that for your own good name. But bite or sup



I'll never take afterwards in this house. No, I won't! So far from carryin' victuals out of it, you'll see when I come in I'll have some-thin' in my hand, grandpap. I invite you and mother right now to take yo' Sunday dinners with me when you want to ride as far as the Blue Spring church. But"—she went back to it bitterly—"bite or sup in this house neither me nor Lance will ever take." Then, her eyes bright, her usually pale cheeks flaming, she turned and ran up the steep little stairs to her own room. Octavia looked reproachfully at her father-in-law; but Ajax Gentry spat scornfully toward the vacant fireplace, and demanded:

"Now she's a pretty somebody for a man to wed and carry to his home, ain't she? I say Sunday dinners with her! Can she make a decent pone o' corn bread, and bake it without burnin' half her fingers off? She cain't. Can she cut out a hickory shirt and make it? She cain't. Could she kill a chicken and pick and clean it and cook it—could she do it ef she was a-starvin'? She could not. She cain't so much as bile water without burnin' it. She don't know nothin'—nothin' but the road. She's shore a fine bargain for a man to git. To have a passel o' fool boys follerin' after her and co'tin' her, that's all Callista's ever studied about, or all you ever studied about for her."

"Well, Pappy," Octavia bridled, considerably stung, "I don't think you got much room to talk. In yo' young days, from all I ever heard—either from you or from others—you was about as flighty with the gals, and had about as many of 'em follerin' after you, as sis is with the boys."

She looked up at her father-in-law where he lounged against the fire-board. Grandly tall was old Ajax Gentry, carrying his seventy years and his crown of silver like an added grace. His eyes had the cold fire of Callista's, and his lean, sinewy body, like hers, showed the long, flowing curves of running water.

"O-o-o-o-h!" he rejoined, with an

indescribable, lengthened circumflex on the vowel that lent it a world of meaning. "O-o-o-o-o! . . . a man! Well—that's mighty different. If a feller's got the looks—and the ways—he can fly 'round amongst the gals for a spell whilst he's young and gaily, and it don't do him no harm. There's some that the women still foller after, even when he's wedded and settled down" (Ajax smiled reminiscently). "But when a man marries a gal, he wants a *womern*—a womern that'll keep his house, and cook his meals, and raise his chillen right. The kind o' tricks Callisty's always pinned her faith to ain't worth shucks in wedded life. Ef I was a young feller to-morrow, I would n't give a chaw o' tobacco for a whole church-house full o' gals like Callisty, an' I've told you so a-many's the times.

Octavia gathered up some hanks of carpet-warped and started for the door.

Callista had hurried to her bedroom, slammed the door, and was alone with her own heart. As for Lance, walking beneath the chestnuts, he had no wish to have her beside him under the old man's humorous, semi-sarcastic gaze and his prospective mother-in-law's sentimental eye. He wanted her to himself. He thought with a mighty surge of rapture of the approaching time when they could shut out all the world and find once more that island of delight where they should be the only created beings. He, to share his honeymoon with the Gentry family! He laughed shortly at the thought.

It was Little Liza that opened the Hands' door to him—Little Liza, six feet tall, with a jimber-jaw, a bass voice and the timid, fluttered soul of a small child. Her mother, who had been Big Liza, had lain in churchyard mould these twenty years, and the distinguishing adjective ludicrously survived the characteristic it once named and the necessity which brought it into being.

"Mirandy! Ellen! Oh, Flent!" she



called distressfully when she had his news. "Come on out. Lance Cleaverage is here, waitin' to invite you to his weddin'."

The two other sisters came out on the porch, but Flenton did not make his appearance.

"Howdy, Lance? Who is it?" inquired Ellen Hands. "Callista Gentry has n't took you, has she?"

"Well," drawled Lance, lifting a laughing eye to the line of big gray-faced women on the rude, puncheon-floored gallery, "you can make it out best way you find. The weddin' is to be held at the Gentry place. If it ain't Callista, it's somebody mighty like her."

Little Liza's lip trembled.

"You, Lance Cleaverage," she said huskily, "you're a-gettin' the sweetest, prettiest thing that ever walked this earth. I do know there ain't the man livin' that's fit for her. I hope to the Lord that you'll be good to her."

Again Lance regarded the doleful visages before him and laughed.

"You-all look like I'd bid you to a funeral rather than to a weddin'," he said, lingering a bit to see if Flenton would show himself.

Hands was just inside the window. He knew well what had been said. Nothing could have been less to his taste than the going out to receive such an invitation.

"Thar—you see now," said Little Liza tragically, as she encountered her brother when they turned from watching Lance away. "You've lost her. Oh, law! I always thought if I could call Callista Gentry sister, it would make me the happiest critter in the world."

"You may have a chance to so call her yet," said Hands, who showed any emotion the announcement may have roused in him only by an added tightening of lip and eye. "Wednesday ain't come yet—and hit ain't gone."

"Well, hit 'll come and hit 'll go," said Ellen heavily. "Lance Cleaverage gits what he starts after, and that's the fact."

"Yes," agreed Little Liza, "he shore does. I don't reckon I could have said no to him myself."

"Lance Cleaverage!" echoed her brother. "Well, he's born—but he ain't buried. I never yet did give up a thing I'd set my mind on. I ain't yet give up Callista Gentry."

The three looked at him rather wildly. Talk of this sort is rare in such primitive society; yet they could but feel the woman's admiration for his masculine high-handedness of speech.

At the Cleaverage place they were making ready for the noonday meal when Lance brought his news home. On the broad hearthstone Mandy Griever bent above a dinner-pot dishing up white beans and dumplings. Beside her Mary Ann Marthy held a small yellow bowl and made futile dabs with a spoon she had herself whittled from a shingle, trying to get beans into it. Her mother's reproofs dropped upon her tousled and incorrigible head with the regularity of clock-work.

"You, Mary Ann Marthy, I do know in my soul you're the worst child the Lord ever made. Where do you expect to go to when you die? Look at that there good victuals all splattered out in the ashes. That's your doin'. You're just adzactly like yo' uncle Lance."

Then Sylvane, who was whittling an ax helve in the doorway, looked up and said, "Here comes Lance himself." And Kimbro Cleaverage pushed another chair towards the table.

"Well," said the newcomer, looking about on the shadowed interior of the cabin, dim to his eyes after the glare outside, "I've got a invite for you-all to a weddin'."

"Not you and Callista?" exclaimed Sylvane, his boyish face glowing. "Oh, Lance—she ain't said yes, has she?"

"No, Buddy," Lance flung over his shoulder, and you saw by his smile the strong affection there was between them, "she ain't said yes—but I have. I've set the time for Wednesday, and the Gentry place

is all upthere right now getting ready for it. 'I reckon'—his eye gleamed with the mischievous afterthought—"I reckon they'll clear the big barn for dancing."

As though the word had been a catch released in her mechanism, Mandy Griever straightened up, spoon in hand, with a snort.

"You, Lance Cleaverage—you sinful soul!" she began, pointing her spoon at him and thus shedding delightful dribblings of the stew which Mary Ann Marthy instantly scraped up, "you air a-gettin' the best girl in the two Turkey Tracks—and here you take the name of dancin' on yo' sinful lips at the same time!"

Mandy's husband had been an itinerant preacher, and she sometimes thought she had the gift herself, had she been born a man person.

"I reckon you 'll not come if there's goin' to be dancin'," said Lance, hanging up his hat and seating himself at the table. "I had n't thought of that. Well—we'll have to get along without you."

#### CHAPTER IV

##### THE WEDDING

Wednesday came, a wonderful day in early September. A breath of autumn, clear and sweet, had blown upon the mountains in the night, leaving the air delicious—tingling cool in the shade, tingling hot in the sun. White clouds wandered as in May, though the birds were already getting together in flocks, chattering, restless for migration. Now at night the moon poured a splendid flood of light, intense blue-green, from the fathomless gulf of the sky, and instead of the bright come-and-go of fireflies there was a soft and steady lamping of glowworms in the evening grass; the katydids' chorus had dwindled, giving place to the soft chirr of ground- and tree-crickets. There was a pleasant high-pitched rustle in the stiffening leaves; the dew was heavy in the hollows, gray under the moon.

Wild grapes were ripe—delicious tart, keen-flavored things. In the pasture hollow a fleece of goldenrod, painted on the violet distance among the scarlet globes of orchard fruit, was stripped by laughing girls for Callista's wedding decorations. Yes, summer was definitely departed; a new presence was here, an autumn wind in the treetops, an autumn light on the meadow, an autumn haze on the hills—a fine, luminous purple flecked with lights of rose and gold.

The Gentry place, with its central house of some pretensions and its numerous outlying cabins, presented on Wednesday afternoon something of the appearance of a village undergoing sack. Open doors and windows, heaps of stuff or bundles of household gear or sheaves of garments being carried distractedly from place to place, suggested this impression, which seemed further warranted by the female figures emerging suddenly now and again from one cabin or another, and fleeing with dishevelled hair, wild gestures and incoherent babblings as of terror, to some other refuge. The girls had not come in yet from the pasture with their armloads of goldenrod and wild aster; but all three of the Hands sisters—good, faithful souls, neighborhood dependences for extra help at weddings and funerals—were hard at work in the very heart of the turmoil.

"Liza, have you seed Callista anywhar's?" panted Octavia Gentry, carrying an assortment of clothing from one room to another.

"Yes, I did," intoned Little Liza from the chair on which she stood adjusting the top of a window curtain.

"I thought I heard Lance's banjo awhile ago," added the widow as she folded and disposed of the garments she had brought in, "and then I did n't hear it any more. I have obliged to get hold of Callista to tell me whar she wants these things put at."

"Yes, and you did hear Lance Cleaverage's banjo," confirmed Little Liza sadly. "Callista heard it too.

She come a-steppin' down from her room like as if he'd called her, and she's walked herself out of the front door and down the road alongside o' him; and that's why you don't hear the banjo no more."

"Good land!" cried the mother-in-law that was to be. "I don't know what young folks is thinkin' of—no, I don't. It ain't respectable for a bride and groom to walk side by side on their weddin' day. Everybody knows that much. And I've got to have Callista here. Mandy Griever's sent word that she cain't come to the weddin' because it's been given out to each and every that they'd be dancin'. I want Callista to see Lance and have that stopped. You know in reason it's got to be stopped. Oh! Sylvane," as a boyish figure appeared in the doorway,— "won't you go hunt up Callista and tell her to come here? And go tell your sister Mandy that there ain't goin' to be any dancin' here to-night. And just carry these here pans out to the spring-house whilst you're about it, Sylvane. And if you find Ellen Hands there tell her to come here to me, please. I vow, nobody's been for the cows! Sylvane, while you're out you go up to the Milk Gap and see are they waitin' thar. Let down the draw bars for 'em if they are."

Fifteen-year-old Sylvanus Cleavage laughed and turned quickly, lest further directions be given him.

"All right," he called back. "I'll tend to most of those things—as many of 'em as I can remember."

A privileged character, especially among the women, Sylvane made willing haste to do Octavia's errands. The boy was like his brother Lance with the wild tang left out, and feminine eyes followed his young figure as he hurried from spring-house to pasture lot. When he found Lance and Callista walking hand in hand at the meadow's edge he gave them warning, so that the girl might slip through the back door, innocently unconscious of any offence against the etiquette of the occasion, and the

bridegroom pass on down the big road, undiscovered.

"I reckon it's jest as well as 't is," commented old Ajax from the security of the front door-yard, to which he had been swept out and cleaned out in the course of the preparations. "Ef Octavy had been give a year's warnin', she would have been jest about tearin' up Jack this way for the whole endurin' time."

As evening fell, teams began to arrive, and the nearer neighbors came in on foot, with a bustle of talk and a settling of the children. Old Kimbro Cleavage brought his daughter, Mandy Griever, and her numerous brood in a borrowed wagon.

"I knowed in reason you would n't have dancin' on yo' place," the widow shrilled, as she approached. Then as she climbed out over the wheel, she added in a lower tone to Little Liza Hands, who had come out to help her down: "But that thar sinful Lance is so pestered by the devil that you never know whar he'll come up next, and I sount Miz Gentry the word I did as a warnin'. Tham men has to be watched."

Callista was ready, dressed in a certain white lawn frock—not for worlds would she have admitted that she had made it with secret hopes of this occasion. The helpers were still rushing to and fro getting the wedding supper on the long tables—contrived by boards over trestles, on the porch and in the big kitchen—when Preacher Drane rode sourly up.

It was Octavia Gentry who had been instrumental in bespeaking Drane's services for the marriage, and indeed he was the only preacher in the Turkey Track neighborhoods at the moment, or anywhere nearer than the Settlement itself. The church-going element of the region stood before this somewhat cantankerous old man in the attitude of confessed offenders. He was famous for raking the young people over the coals, and he arrogated to himself always the patriarch's privilege of

scolding, admonishing or denouncing, whenever the occasion might seem to him fit. For ten years Drane had longed to get a fair shot at Lance Cleaverage. Ever since the boy—and he was the youngest in the crowd—joined with a half-dozen others to break up a brush meeting which Drane was holding, the preacher's grudge had grown. And it did not thrive without food; Lance was active in the matter of providing sustenance for the ill opinion of the church party, and he had capped his iniquities by taking his banjo as near the church as the big spring on that Sunday in mid July. Drane had prepared the castigating he now meant to administer to Lance almost as carefully as he would have got ready a sermon.

With the advent of the preacher the last frantic preparations were dropped, and it was suddenly discovered that they were not absolutely necessary to the occasion. The guests gathered into the big front room, where the marriage was to be. Drane took his stand behind a small table at its further end; Callista came down the stairs, joined Lance in the entry, and the two stepped into the room hand in hand.

That was a daunting front to address with reproof. People said that they were the handsomest couple that had ever stood up together in the two Turkey Tracks. But, after all, it was something more than physical beauty that arrested the attention in that countenance. Lance's face was lifted, and his eyes apparently saw not the people, the preacher, nor even the girl whose hand he held. He moved a thing apart, his light, swift step timed to unheard rhythms, a creature swayed by springs which those about him knew not of, addressed to some end which they could not understand. And Callista seemed to look only to him, to live only in him. Her fair face reflected the strange radiance that was on his dark, intense young visage.

It was Drane's custom to make a little talk when about to perform the marriage ceremony, so there was nei-

ther surprise nor apprehension as he began to speak.

"Befo' I can say the words that shall make this here man and this here woman one flesh, I've got a matter to bring up that I think needs namin'.

The old voice rasped aggressively, and a little flutter of concern passed over Drane's hearers.

"The Gentry family air God-fearin', church-goin' people. Why Callista Gentry ain't a perfessin' member in the church this day is more than I can tell you-all here and now. Like enough some will say hit is the influence of the man a standin' beside her; and supposin' this to be so, hit cain't be too soon named out to 'em."

If Lance heard any word of this harangue, he gave no sign; but Callista moved uneasily, her nostrils flickered, and she glanced from the preacher to her lover.

"I wonder in my soul," Drane went on, "that any God-fearin' family would give they' child to a man that has been from his cradle up, as a body may say, the scoffer that you air, Lance Cleaverage."

Thus pointedly addressed, a slight start stirred the bridegroom's taut body, and Cleaverage turned a half-awakened eye upon the preacher.

"Are you aimin' to get 'em to stop the marriage?" he inquired bluntly. As he spoke, he dropped Callista's hand, caught it once more in the grasp of his other, and put his freed arm strongly about her waist. Thus holding her, he turned a little to face her mother and grandfather as well as the preacher.

A shock went through the crowded room; pious horror and amaze on the part of the older people, and among the younger folk a twittering tremor not unmingled with delight at the spirit of the bridegroom. You might wince beneath the preacher's castigations; you might privately grumble about them, and even refuse to pay anything toward his up-keep, thereby helping to starve his wife and children; but that you should presume to answer a preacher in the pulpit or elsewhere in the performance of

his special office, was inconceivable.

"Lance Cleaverage," returned Drane ponderously, "I respect yo' father, for he's a good man. I respect yo' sister—she's one, too; for they'sake I come here to perform this marriage, greatly agin my grain."

He was taking a long breath, having barely got under way, when Lance stopped him with a curt.

"Well, are you goin' to do it? Or are you not?"

People gazed with open mouths and protruding eyes. Where were the lightnings of Heaven, set apart for the destruction of the impious? Drane himself was momentarily staggered.

"Er, yes—I am," he said finally, wagging his head in an obstinate, bovine manner. "After I've said my say, I aim to marry ye."

The little points of light that always danced like ready imps deep down in Lance Cleaverage's eyes flamed up, clear lamps, at this statement.

"No, you 'll not," he said promptly. "You 'll marry us now—or not at all. If I wanted any of your talk, I'd come to your church and get it. I don't want any." And, his arm still around Callista, he began to move away.

"Whar—whar you goin'?" faltered Drane, dumbfounded.

"Down the road a piece, to Squire Bonbright's—to be wedded," the bridegroom flung back in his face and made his way through the roomful of mute, dazed, unprotesting people.

At the door he paused, and, with the air of a man alone with his beloved in desert spaces, bent and murmured something to Callista, then ran lightly down the steps and out into the dark to where the horses were tethered. He returned quickly leading his two black ponies.

He found that in the moments of his absence the company had awakened to the enormity of what was going on. There were a half-dozen people round Callista, most of them talking. Flenton Hands himself stood squarely in the bride's path, speaking low and eagerly. At the upper end of the room Octavia Gentry was al-

most in hysterics as she labored with the preacher, trying to get him to say that he would marry the pair without more words if they would come back. Old Ajax had retired to his corner by the big fireplace, where he stood smiling and reflectively rubbing a lean, shaven jaw, as he glanced from his daughter-in-law to his granddaughter in leisurely enjoyment. After all, there was much he liked well in Callista's chosen.

"He ain't fitten for you, Callista," Hands was whispering over and over. "He ain't fitten for you. A man that will do you this-a-way on your weddin' day, what sort o' husband is he goin' to make? Here's me, honey, that's loved you all your life. Callista, I'd be plumb proud to lay down for you to walk over. You take me, and we 'll have a weddin' here sure enough."

The words were breathed low into the bride's ear; yet attitude and air were eloquent, and Hands's position and intentions were so notorious that the proposition might as well have been shouted aloud.

"Lance—you Lance! Callista—honey!" implored the mother's voice distressfully above the moving heads of the crowd. "You chillen wait till I can get thar. Preacher says he 'll wed you now. Come on back in here."

"Yes," chuckled old Ajax to himself, "and when you git that feller back in here, you 'll toll a wild buck up to a tainted spring."

Lance only smiled. The lover all aglow rejected with contempt this maimed thing they would thrust upon him for a marriage. He was leading Callista's horse to the porch edge that she might mount, when he glanced up and saw how strongly the pressure was being put upon his girl, and—turned his back.

"Honey, jest look at Lance Cleaverage," Little Liza urged, "a drinkin', dancin', coon-huntin', banjo-playin' feller that don't darken the doors of a church—his own sister cain't never name him without tellin' how wicked he is. Let him go, honey—you let him go, and take Flent."



Lance, standing holding his horses, had begun to whistle. At first the sound was scarcely audible above the babel of voices in the lighted room—but it came clearly to Callista's ears. Flenton's hand reached hers; Ellen joined her entreaties to those of Little Liza. Callista, while not a church member, had always aligned herself with the ultra religious element; she had been the companion and peer of those eminently fitted and ever ready to sit in judgment on the unworthy. Now she heard all these joining to condemn Lance.

The tune outside began to quest softly among the turns and roulades with which Lance always embellished a melody. It was the song he had sung under her window. Her heart remembered the words:

How many years, how many miles,  
Far from the door where my darling smiles?  
How many miles, how many years . . . ?"

His musing eyes were on the far line of mountains, velvety black against the luminous blackness of the sky; his gaze rested thoughtfully on a great star that hung shining in the dusk over the horizon's edge. He seemed deaf to the clatter and squabble, blind to the movement in the room behind him. Softly he whistled, like a man wandering pensive beside a lonely sea, or in some remote, solitary forest, a man untouched by the more immediate and human things of life. The two horses whose bridles he held, after snorting and pulling back at first sight of the unaccustomed lights and sound of the noisy voices, put down their noses toward the long, lush, dooryard grass.

"He ain't lookin' at you. He ain't a-carin'," Flenton whispered.

For the first time Callista glanced directly to where her bridegroom stood. He was turned from her. As her eye rested on him, he made a slight movement toward one of the horses. Swift as a shadow she slipped through the hands of those about her and down the steps.

"Lance," she breathed, "Lance." Then she was in his arms. He had lifted her to the saddle.

"Good land!" wailed Octavia Gentry, "if you've got to go, sis, they's no use ruinin' your frock. Here's your ridin' skirt," and she flourished the long black calico slip and struggled to get down to the mounted pair.

Lance was on the other horse now. He paid no attention to any of them, but let his smiling gaze rove for the last time over the lighted windows, the noisy people, the long tables.

"What time will you-all be back?" called the secretly tickled old Ajax from the doorway, as he saw them depart.

"Never," rang out Lance's voice.

"Oh, Lance—ain't you a-goin' to come back and have the weddin'?" began Octavia.

At this the bridegroom turned in his saddle, reining in thoughtfully. He would not accept this mutilated ceremony, yet the wedding of Lance Cleaverage should not be shorn in the eyes of his neighbors. Slowly he wheeled his horse and faced them all once more.

"Callista and me ain't coming back here," he announced without heat, yet with decision. "But I bid you-all to an infair at my house to-morrow night."

Then once more he wheeled his pony, caught at Callista's bridle, and, sweeping into the big road, started the two forward at a gallop. His arm was round Callista's waist. Her head drooped in the relief of a decision arrived at, and a final abandonment to her real feeling that was almost swoon-like, on the conqueror's shoulder. The horses, used to travelling in a team, sprang forward as one.

"Callista—sweetheart," he whispered with his lips against her hair, "we don't want nothin' of them folks back there, do we? We don't want nothin' of anybody in the world. Just you and me—you and me."

(To be continued)

# THE FIRE OF LOVE

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA



THE villa stood on the long straight road outside Delft that leads to Pereldam. It was Mevrouw Slenck who called it a villa, and she had a perfect right to do so in these days when every building is dubbed a villa that is n't a cattle-shed. The Villa Rustinvreë had nothing in common with cattle-sheds. It was a nice, spruce, white-washed and green-shuttered little detached Dutch country-dwelling, carefully put together by Mevrouw Slenck's husband, after he retired from the blubber business and before he retired from this world. When the latter withdrawal took place, it was found that the house-building had consumed more money than was quite warranted by the former. In other words the widow and her son were cramped. The new habitation belied its name. For Rustinvreë means "Rest in Peace," and—although this sounds funereal—old Mynheer Slenck had intended to spend his reposeful existence above ground.

The villa stood on the long straight road, beside the straight canal, by the long straight line of trees. The trees are lanky poplars. The canal is bottle-green and the road is white. The road is mostly empty, and the canal is always slow. The trees are often bare, but the sky is sometimes blue. A motor once passed down the road: all the chickens of the neighborhood ran out to see it: the track was strewn with them. But, if you stand long enough beside the canal, you can see it move: barges go by daily: a sign-post just beyond the Villa Rustinvreë declares that the

town of Delft is two kilometres lower down.

Roses grew and bees hummed, and cabbages spread around the Villa Rustinvreë. It ought to have been a happy abode for, although there was n't enough money, Mevrouw Slenck said she needed no more. Life was as cheap as life can be for mortals who need only food and raiment and those of the simplest kind. Mevrouw Slenck and her son were almost vegetarians, if not from theosophic motives, and their dress would have satisfied the Plymouth Brethren, though hardly from the standpoint of religious abnegation. Mevrouw Slenck's one aspiration was to be considered a "lady," and therefore she kept a little maid.

But Alfred Slenck had very different ambitions. Food and raiment did not content him. He could easily have gone without.

He was employed in chemical works which turn paraffin into salad oil. The business is not a big one, and his pay was very small. He was about twenty-five, and in every way humble and uninteresting, except that when his mild eyes looked straight out at you from that pale face of his, you looked straight back into them, if you were yourself a thinking creature, and internally wished the man God-speed.

And, indeed, he needed that. Not that he was downcast or unhappy. On the contrary, he was as happy and as hopeful as are all those whose soul is consumed by one overpowering idea. His idea was to invent a process by which paraffin could be turned into a liqueur. Paraffin of the cheapest kind into the finest Curaçao. Already he saw himself, in his imagination, rivalling the his-



toric houses with his marvellous compound, double the quality, and half the price. Of course, he would achieve enormous riches: that would be unavoidable; but he did n't want the money: what he yearned for was the fame. A national enterprise. Renowned all the world over. Like van Bussum's Cocoa. Slenck's Curaçao!

It was a pity that his good mother had become a Blue-Ribbonite, but that could n't be helped. Perhaps, when she was rich enough to drink wine, she would change her mind.

Meanwhile, to spare her feelings, he had told an untruth. Nay, several, keeping up a part. Of evenings, by their solitary lamp, as he messed about among all his machines, he had explained them to be alembics—or whatever the things are called—for the further refinement of the oil. He would make a present of his secret to his employer, and that gentleman would double his pay.

"And that will take the insurance off my mind," said Mevrouw Slenck.

That is the worst of building a fine house: you have to insure against loss by fire all the money you spent on it. The villa had become Mevrouw Slenck's white elephant. Not only had she to paint it and paper it, and pay the outrageous taxes on it, and generally keep it going, but she had to prepare, by annual premiums, as if it had been a poor man's child, for its very improbable demise. Well, it was a poor man's child, and with a far smaller risk—chance—of mortality. If there was any expenditure Mevrouw Slenck grudged more than another, it was the extravagant insurance money, which seems so useless, unless you have a fire. And when you have a fire—which hardly ever happens—there are difficulties about valuation and full value, and the company tries to get out of it all it can. And you never see a half-penny back again of the money you have sacrificed, for it all goes, and more, in rebuilding. "That's what insurance is," said Mevrouw Slenck bitterly. "Waste when there is n't

a fire, and loss when there is. No wonder the companies are rolling in wealth." She maintained that a rich cousin—several times removed—who happened to be manager of an insurance office had grown rich on her premiums—and other people's. She was not personally acquainted with him, but "My money" she would say when he drove past in his carriage. She was of course careful to explain all this to her son Alfred, but Alfred had no head for finance.

Mevrouw Slenck unfortunately was not one of those who reserve their explanations for their relations. She did not see many people in that quiet, out-of-the-way life of hers, but to the people whom she did see she told what she thought. On the day she paid the premium she would tell the grocer's boy. And the little maid Lucy, a slender parish orphan with haunting gaze and silent lips, was the calm recipient of every impression and every confidence that turned uppermost in her mistress's turbulent soul. Lucy's nature had no tendency towards the eavesdropping of which Mevrouw Slenck most unjustly accused her, nor would it have been possible for the maid to discover innermost family secrets which had not already been communicated to her by the lady of the house.

Lucy, therefore, was perfectly aware of her young master's ideals and ambitions. Every evening, when she brought in the tea-things, she found him bending over pages of computations or messing about among pots and pans. A glass house off the living-room of the villa was used as a laboratory; in this Alfred spent all his leisure-time, employed, as Mevrouw Slenck put it, in "making smells." She had small faith in his success. In no case did she expect financial deliverance. "I shall die of your father's building mania," she said. "I always told him I should. He died of it himself. What with all the worry, and finding out how everybody cheated us!" It may be suggested that she could have sold the house. That view can only be seriously

entertained by those who have never possessed a white elephant. 'T is a peculiarity of the beast that he lies (heavy) on your hands.

Alfred Slenck shrugged his shoulders and asked to be let alone. All he wanted was to have time and means for his great discovery. When he noticed Lucy, he was always very civil to her, but usually he asked her to get things without looking up from his pots. It would have surprised him to hear that she was interested in the pots and knew of the approaching invention.

"I have done it," he said. He looked up from his deal table full of utensils and papers. He nodded across to his mother, who was fussily doing some lacework with a click, click, that (he thought) had retarded the discovery a year.

"I have done it!" he repeated in a louder voice. "Mother!"

"Done what?" asked Mevrouw Slenck.

"It! I've got it! Mother, taste this!" He came towards her, with a tiny glass in his hand, containing a sticky white liquid.

She motioned him back. "I can't, Alfred. You know I can't stand oil."

"This is n't oil. Taste it. I can't trust myself. You *must* taste it. Mother, it means wealth for us both!"

She drew the glass under her nose, with gingerly affectation. Indignantly she set it down. "You forget I'm Blue-Ribbon," she cried.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed with a real burst of annoyance. He went straight to the door and called "Lucy!" The pretty, melancholy servant-maid appeared in the passage.

"Drink that!" he said. He held out his glass with an air of triumph and command. She looked at him and meekly obeyed.

"It's very nas—nice, I mean," she said, spluttering and coughing. "What does it taste of?" he insisted.

"I don't—know," she gasped. You'd know, mother," he said, turning to his tiresome parent. "It tastes of curaçao. It's got to be

perfected, of course. But the taste's there, now—in the oil!"

The girl stood, waiting to be dismissed, with her eyes on the young man's face.

"I want ten thousand florins!" he cried, wildly, bitterly. "Ten thousand florins to complete the thing and set it going!"

Mevrouw Slenck stopped her clinking bobbins. "Ten thousand florins!" she repeated, awe-struck, "Your employer would never give you half that sum."

"Not a tenth. Nor would anybody, as far as I've got. And, besides—don't I know?—if I sell my secret, the profits will be for the other man."

Mevrouw Slenck laid down her work. "Dear me," she said. "I had never dreamed of anything of the kind."

He hesitated, half annoyed that he had said so much in the ebullition of the moment.

"Well," remarked the lady sagely. "You'll never have ten thousand florins unless this house burns down!"

"Nonsense, mother!" he said, quite cross.

"Nonsense can be wonderfully like gospel-truth," she answered, bridling.

Her son stood contemplating the little glass of liquor, and thinking his own thoughts. The maid watched, waiting for dismissal, her gaze intent on the young man's face.

Suddenly he dashed the glass to the ground, out on the tiles of the veranda, in pieces. "Rot!" he said. "I shall never have ten thousand florins—nor two! till my ship" (he sneered) "comes home."

"Or your house burns down," remarked Mevrouw Slenck, pulling out a thread.

He cried a still uglier word than the one he had just used, and ran from the room. The girl's eyes followed him.

"His father's temper," commented Mevrouw Slenck, coolly sticking in pins.

"Would he really have ten—thousand—florins, if the house—burnt

down?" demanded the taciturn maid.

"Not a stiver more and not a stiver less, if the company paid up," replied her mistress; loquacious as ever, she added: "But that 'll never happen, worse luck."

The maid stood reflective. "His father's temper," repeated Mevrouw Slenck, nodding to the fragments on the floor outside. "Wipe up the mess, Lucy."

"Should we dare touch the liquor?" asked the hesitating maid.

"Nonsense; wipe up the mess! Can I get him the money? He's a devil of a temper."

"He's the kindest creature that ever lived!" cried the maid, as she escaped to get a cloth.

Thereupon Mevrouw Slenck, shaking her head and smiling over her cushion, could find nothing better to tell her son than that she thought Lucy was "sweet on him."

"What rubbish!" he said.

"Rot! Rubbish! And all the rest of it. You think your poor mother's a fool. Very well, we shall see what we shall see."

"What could we see?"

"More than I know of," replied Mevrouw Slenck, looking very sagacious, but really meaning nothing.

"She certainly is pretty," said Alfred, musing.

"Pretty? The common-faced minx! You look at girls that 'll bring you ten thousand florins!"

"No, she is n't common-faced," said Alfred. Then, as if tired of the subject, he wished his mother good-night.

Nothing happened after that for some days, except that he went to his work as usual. He locked the door of his conservatory, and would allow nobody to enter it, nor would he go in himself. His Dutch mother, staring through the panes, quivered on her toes and beat tattoos with her fingers to see the dust settle on the books and instruments. She called Lucy to show her so provoking a sight. "Poor gentleman, he do take on so," said Lucy. He did take on.

"He never ate enough," said Lucy. "And now he eats nothing at all."

Mevrouw Slenck treated these remarks as reflections on herself, and replied, with much asperity, that Lucy had better find ten thousand florins—in her stocking; it was just as easy for Lucy as for Mevrouw Slenck.

Lucy made no retort to this foolish remark, but went about her business. She did nothing to indicate her preoccupation with Alfred's affairs except that she certainly cooked for him as well as she could. And one evening, when he was standing gazing with moody eyes through the locked door, she came softly behind him. "Why don't you go in?" she said.

He started, looked round in amaze, and his brow cleared. "I can't," he answered, in hurried accents of deep feeling. "I shall never have the money to go on."

"If you had the money, what then?"

"What then? I should make a name for myself and a fortune. Oh, don't talk of it!" he broke away angrily. "It's all the difference between *that*!"—he pointed to the dusty alembics—"and—being a clerk all your life."

"It does seem a pity," she said quietly.

He looked at her with sorrowful scorn. "That's a woman's view," he said. "A pity!"—and he hid his face in his hands. He should n't have done that—oh, he should n't have done that! It is n't fair to a woman, when a man hides his face in his hands.

That night—early in the small hours, when life, even in summer-time, is at its stillest, and the sleepless seem asleep—that night, a soft moonless night of fragrant puffs and breezes, Alfred Slenck awoke to the consciousness of a curiously persistent smell, which was not the mere creation of his troubled alembic dream. He went to his mother's door to ask her what she thought of it, and, at the same moment, the maid Lucy stood on the landing, dishevelled,

in her night-clothes, her wild eyes distraught with fright. "The house is on fire!" she screamed. "Save yourselves!"

"Where? Why, it's downstairs!" cried Alfred. "Mother!" But Mevrouw Slenck, with a great cloak and hat on, had already appeared, Alfred could not have told from where.

"Save yourselves!" repeated Lucy. "Come away!"

"I want to go down," exclaimed Alfred, excitedly, "and see—" Both women cried out at him; they closed in and pushed him back to his bedroom. A cloud of smoke was stealing up from below, more rapidly than he thought, and filling the staircase; ominous cracklings were heard—a terrible sound, never to be forgotten by him who has heard it once.

"Come away! Come back to the balcony!" shrieked Lucy.

They obeyed her. The way of escape was certain and easy. A wooden balcony ran along the bedroom windows and down to a low outhouse on which lay a short ladder. Down this ladder the three climbed as calmly as circumstances would allow.

"The fire is at the back," said Alfred, when they stood on the ground.

"What a mercy *you* escaped!" exclaimed Mevrouw Slenck to the servant. "You'd better kneel down and say you think so!" But to this not unnatural suggestion Lucy doggedly refused to accede. She cried that she must go and warn some one, —the milkman down the road! Alfred had run round to the pantry; here the fire was already seething upwards and beginning to roar. Within thirty seconds, as the three stood there, a tongue of fire leaped into sight through a bursting pane, a rush of smoke followed, and almost within the twinkling of an eye, with a rapidity incredible to the ignorant, the whole piece of lower wall was hot with flames, amid cracking glass and crackling paper, and a long ribbon of cloud-wrapt fire was unfurling towards the roof.

"My God!" cried Alfred vainly. "My God!" The house was a modern builder's framework of lath and plaster, tawdry and ready to tumble as soon as it could. In five minutes it was blazing merrily on one side; the summer wind came and curled through the flames and the smoke and the falling timbers. Alfred stood staring in helpless despair. What could the milk-seller do when Lucy brought him—him and his wife and a child or two, and presently, a couple of bargees, from their sleep on the barge? The pots and machines were saved from the conservatory; some articles of furniture were dragged out of the ground-floor rooms. Mevrouw Slenck personally extracted her husband's big portrait, and her mother's blue china, but she fell with the latter, outside, over the flower-pots. The bargees would have made off with the plate, if Lucy had not headed them. One of them facetiously asked the milkman, why he had n't brought the water he had ready for the morrow's milk? "That would have put out a bigger fire than this," said the bargee.

It was a queer little conflagration, all by itself, undisturbed, in that calm summer night, on the solitary road between Delft and Pereldam. What could the poor people do but just let it burn itself out? By the time the engines came from the town, the house was a smoking ruin. It was wonderful what a long time it took to smoulder, when it took such a short time to flare!

After that, very quickly, came the authorities. The Slencks and their maid were examined. They retired to a lodging in the town. Then an official from the insurance office investigated the matter. And the result of his enquiry was that Mevrouw Slenck, spluttering, weeping, protesting, explaining, was removed from her lodging and placed under arrest.

The grocer's boy had spoken. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker joined in. Too numerous were the witnesses who re-

ported Mevrouw Slenck's peculiar notions on the advantages of insurance. Mevrouw Slenck, quite bewildered, could not understand at all. Of course it's a fact, that your premium's a dead loss to you, unless you have a fire. Did the magistrate *not* think so? The magistrate frowned.

Crushed by the manifest bias of every one against her, Mevrouw Slenck could only retort that the manager of the insurance office was her cousin. But this evidence was not considered conclusive, and the manager, unacquainted with the extremest ramifications of his family tree, had the dastardly to deny the fact. Charred pieces of wood were found among the ruins that distinctly smelt of paraffin. After that nothing was left to Mevrouw Slenck but to sob and to faint with her hand on her heart, while she watched, as so many have done before her, the fingers of the law closing cleverly round her innocent throat.

To her son the blow came like a thunderbolt, but not from an unclouded sky. He did n't believe. He did n't know what to believe. He gave his report quite simply; he had nothing to tell. His straightforward, deeply troubled manner made a very good impression. The respectable, sensible maid, with her clear eyes and firm answers, met with even more approval from the police.

When the paraffin was discovered on the second day, Alfred Slenck went back to his room broken-hearted. It was all up with them. He sat for an hour, motionless, his head on the table.

"Mynheer Slenck, must n't you eat something?" said Lucy's voice at his elbow. He looked up with dull eyes. She had gone to stay with an aunt.

"I came to know," she continued, shame-faced. "They said downstairs you had n't had any supper."

"I don't want supper," he answered miserably.

"Mynheer Slenck, you don't think"—her voice dropped—"that they'll—they'll—" she could get no further.

"Yes, I do," he said.

"But they *can't*!"—she steadied herself. "Nobody can be condemned for a thing he has n't done."

He laughed loudly. His laugh frightened her.

"They *can't*," she insisted. "The judges find out at once, if they've done it."

"People are condemned for what the judges think they have done," he made answer, "whether they have done it or not."

She shrank back and, with a great effort, "But they know she is innocent," she said.

"By no means. They believe her guilty."

She cried out.

"I am sure of it," he continued, desperately. "She has n't a chance of escape."

The girl repeated the words, as if she were thinking out their meaning. "Not a chance of escape."

She waited quite a long time, then she said: "You are sure?"

"Sure."

"But *you* don't think she did it?"

"No!" he cried defiantly, all his doubts and misgivings stiffening against the denial.

Again she waited, even a longer time. "But you can't explain the fire?" she said at last.

"No, I can't explain the fire. Can you?"

"Of course I can," she said quietly. "I lighted it myself."

He sprang to his feet, staring at her, wildly.

"I wanted to help you to get the money. And now they say you won't get a penny, because Mevrouw Slenck set fire to the house."

"You—" She listened, but for the moment he could n't get out another word.

"I did it. When they know that, they will give you the ten thousand florins, and you will complete your invention."

"And you will be locked up in prison?"

She drooped her eyes. She stood there—he thought it even in that moment of anxiety—a charming sight



Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda

(See page 188)

"EVERY EVENING SHE FOUND HIM MESSING ABOUT AMONG POTS AND PANS"



for gods and men. He did not insult her by asking why she had thus desired to help him, undesirous to cause her the pain of the reply.

"No, by God!" he said presently. A trembling passed over her and left her. "Promise me that you will do what I ask you," he insisted. His soul was aflame; he hardly knew what he said.

"How can I, when I don't know what it is?" She lifted her pure eyes to his face.

"Promise me. Have faith in me. Swear!"

"I promise," she said.

"Let me act as I think wisest. Don't, whatever happens, interfere. You have promised."

"Very well. You know best," she said meekly.

It was not to supper that he descended, but to an eager rush through a couple of streets in the dim gaslight. He insisted at once, at that hour of night, on an interview with his school acquaintance, the lawyer who had undertaken the defence.

"My mother is innocent," he said.

The lawyer pursed up his lips. "You have n't come here, only to tell me that?" he inquired.

"I know you think her guilty," retorted the other hotly. "But she is n't. I bring you positive proof."

Mr. Marcus put his finger-tips together, and looked judicial. "I shall be very glad to hear it," he said.

"I did it myself." What! should a servant-girl sacrifice herself for him, and he not rescue his own mother? His cheeks burned with the fever of inward struggle and shame. "No, by Heaven! I did it myself. It was I wanted the money. I did it to get the money," he said.

John Marcus, who was a 'cute, wiry-brained man of the law, sat thoughtful for a moment, taking stock. Then he remarked: "I wish you had come with another story. I wish indeed."

"I come with the only story I can."

"I don't doubt it. But I look at the matter from the point of the defence. I can't get your mother off, of course; they're already resolved to condemn her. But I can get her a great deal shorter term than I can hope to get you. However, there's no more to be said. If you've done it, you must take your chance."

"Yes, there's no more to be said," his hot voice broke over the words.

"Now, what I should have liked you to come with," continued the lawyer, "was the news that your servant had done it. There we should have had a free course."

"Because she is a servant-girl, an orphan, a helpless—" Alfred choked in the middle of his emotion, half smothered in tears.

Mr. Marcus raised a deprecating hand. "By no means," he protested. "Because she is a girl in her teens,— I should say, eh? Nineteen?"

"Nineteen and a half," replied Alfred.

"Just so. And because incendiarism is a common morbid development in nervous girls of that age."

"She is n't the least nervous."

The lawyer smiled. "You won't get a specialist expert nowadays to admit that an accused is n't nervous. The most brutal burglar is nervous. You've never heard of Lombroso? But that's neither here nor there."

"I don't understand," said Alfred giddily, and sat down.

"Never mind that. But in your maid the thing would simply be a pathological symptom. I should recognize it immediately. We all recognize it since Professor Poddeker's monograph on the subject. We should put him into the witness-box, and he would be sure to diagnose morbidity. He's bound to, by his own monograph. None of the other experts would dare to dissent from Poddeker."

"They'd put her into an asylum," pleaded Slenck.

"My dear man, what are you thinking of? An isolated act of incendiarism does n't call for an



asylum. Unless she's epileptic. She is n't epileptic?

"No."

"The more's the pity!" reasoned John Marcus sadly. "If the girl had done it, I have n't the ghost of a doubt I should get her off."

"I don't believe it," said Alfred.

But the lawyer did n't take offence. "I stake my professional reputation," he said. "No, that would n't mean much to you. I'd pay you the ten thousand florins myself, if the judge didn't unconditionally acquit the girl."

Slenck sprang to his feet, swaying as he did so.

"She did it!" he cried. "That's the amazing fact of it all! She did it; every other story's false. I tell you, as the lawyer, mind you. You may n't use it against her. Only to help us all—to help us out!"

Mr. Marcus closed both eyes; thus he looked supernaturally wise. "If you accused would only better understand your position towards your counsel!" he sighed. "Well, we'll let the matter stand where it now stands, if you please. The girl has done it, and she'll get off."

"But, as long as I've a doubt left—" began Alfred.

"You need n't have a doubt. The

girl's the incendiary. She confesses. There's no motive. The judges appoint Poddeker chief expert, and she gets off."

"But there is a motive," stammered Alfred, white and red, rising from his chair. "She did it to help me—for my sake."

"Stop!" cried Marcus. "Did n't I say just now, what a pity it was you so often confuse counsel. I've no business with a motive. Nor has she. A motive would greatly annoy Poddeker, whose whole theory is built up on the absence of one. There's no motive, I understand, but pure and simple morbidity. I hope I make myself clear?"

"You do," said the other, trying vainly to meet the lawyer's searching gaze.

"That is as it should be." Mr. Marcus went back to his writing-desk. "By George, how she must love you!" he said.

She certainly did. After a year which she spent in a Brussels boarding-school, Mynheer Alfred Slenck offered her his hand and his heart, the new house he was building, and his motor-car. Of all these she took modest possession, and every one congratulated her mother-in-law.

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## THE FLOWER OF REMEMBRANCE

The ring my one-time lover gave  
I could no longer wear,  
Then deep in earth I made a grave,  
And left it buried there.

I planted for his sake a flower  
My lover's gift above,  
For oh, my heart had not the power  
To dwell apart from love.

Here, as its petals white uncloze,  
I tend the flower I gave,  
And consecrate to love the rose  
That blossoms on a grave!

EUGENE C. DOLSON



"STONE PIGSTIES TO WHICH THE ANTIQUITY OF CENTURIES HAD GIVEN DIGNITY"

## THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE

By ALBERT SCOTT COX

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



WHEN I was a child, the place where the sun went down was to me the "Jumping-off Place." Although a wise playmate told me his geography taught that the world was round, I scoffed at his theory and firmly believed that a walk to the place where the sky seemed to rest on the ground would bring me to the end of the world.

That place had a profound interest for me and I often longed to visit it.

The throngs, of the city, the gay equipages of Fifth Avenue and Central Park, or the rivers of human life that flow along the Champs-Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, and the many social pleasures and stern duties of a metropolis have their interest, an interest that endures for many months in the year; but sooner or later, before three hundred and sixty-five days have flown, comes the youthful longing for the "Jumping-off Place." This mood occurs more often during the sweltering summer months. Doubtless you know the sensation, and if it ever

possess you when you are in Paris, yield to the yearning and take a twelve-hour ride to Paimpol. You will be sure that you are at the end of the world when you reach that quaint, ancient and wonderfully attractive town. You may wander along its roads worn shoulder deep by countless years of travel, and think how pleasant it is to be at last at the end of the world. Your conclusion will be hasty, for you have not arrived.

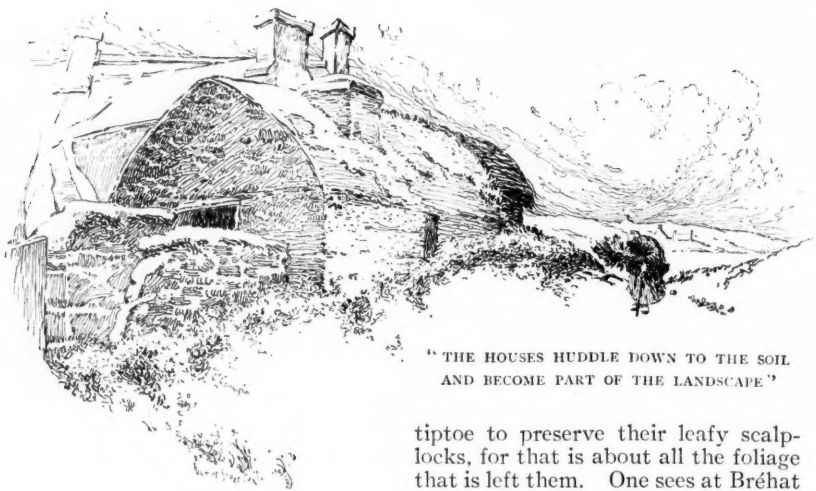
A tin sign on the corner of an old house announces the departure of the omnibus for the shore. It is rendered in the simple dashy manner of a poster; the stately and reserved animal is depicted trotting at the classic pace of two:forty. When I saw this sign I looked upon it with astonishment and my thoughts flew back to New England. Marvellous are the windings of human paths! Here, thousands of miles from home, after many, many years, I had struck the trail of a companion of my boyhood; for there was his name on the sign which he had painted in a spirit of fun to let you and me know that our road to the "Jumping-off Place" was now by omnibus.



"A QUAINT LITTLE CHAPEL PERCHED UPON AN ENORMOUS LEDGE"

When you reach the shore your next move will be by sail. The commander of the craft I found had a philosophy of life and lived up to it. Plato, Barnum and Emerson have left their theories of life, but no ancient or modern philosophy can be so easily grasped as that of this boatman. It was simply that a man

should pickle himself in alcohol and never, under any circumstance, be caught sober. To prove its efficacy he beat his chest, showed his forearm and biceps and gave a whiff of his breath. Fearing further perfumed testimony, I accepted his philosophy, and his record as a boatman seemed to prove it. If his usual proficiency



"THE HOUSES HUDDLE DOWN TO THE SOIL  
AND BECOME PART OF THE LANDSCAPE"

as a sailor was ever excelled, it was when he had a few extra glasses aboard. His voyages were across the Channel, which makes "The Jumping-off Place" an island, past the painted red and orange sails that sting one's eye by contrast with the deep blue of the water that trembles with pure green and violet. There, at all times, through sunshine and through the murky squall, this old boatman brought his craft to her moorings, and held the confidence of his passengers.

The sail is beautiful, not only because it pleases the eyes, but because it is short. All short sails are to me beautiful sails after a ten days' sea voyage with my chin resting on my necktie for two hundred and forty hours while I long for either land or death. Kind fortune gave me land that time; and a strange, sad, stern land it was, lying bleak and hungry on the north coast of France and known to the inhabitants as the Île de Bréhat.

For centuries its denuded surface has been toasting in the sun and shivering in the sleet for want of forest clothing; and now the well-trimmed trunks of the very few remaining trees stretch appealingly toward the sky, as though standing on

tiptoe to preserve their leafy scalplocks, for that is about all the foliage that is left them. One sees at Bréhat how precious every twig becomes where the natural fuel is exhausted.

The children of Mother Bréhat long ago drew from their parent the bloom of youth, but she is beautiful in her rugged, grizzled age. Though many centuries my senior, the first time I looked on her sad face, without the least coquetry, she won my heart. Her general appearance is severe, but where the rocky projections of her frame break through her well-worn dress of gray sod, they are patched with yellow moss that gives bright spots of contrast as they mingle with the design of squatting hamlets, that trace themselves over her gown in erratic ramblings. My eyes revelled in the endless variety of groups in which the houses bestowed themselves, as they huddled together and cuddled down to the soil and pulled their tawny thatch or red-tiled roofs over them and became a part of the landscape, creeping along in varied clusters, now rising against the sky and then nestling behind a hill, but out again from their hiding-place to stretch away in broken, irregular lines.

I can now forgive the old island for abusing my stomach with her vile cider and wretched bread, for she fed my eyes so well. They feasted on the beauty of the ancient doorways and drank in the beauty

of the old wells with their solid masonry, but when thirsty I drank not of their water, with its million microbes. I took cider as the natives did, and rejoiced that my face did not freeze at that moment.

The gayest sight that greeted my eyes was the tangled gardens bright with flowers that overworked hands found time to cultivate for beauty's sake alone. They blossomed as though averse to public admiration, hidden by huge walls that bade defiance to my curiosity, but one by one I knew their beauty, for as my acquaintance increased I had invitations to peep within. Meantime there was the shore with ragged rocks and unexpected forms that rose up and surprised me with their unique character, decorated here and there with a pale, blue-green shrub of a color quality I have never seen elsewhere in nature.

There are the old women, too, a continual stream of picturesque delight, with the inherited likeness of Mother Bréhat stamped on their weather-beaten and time-marked faces, any one in twenty with an ideal visage for a cave-dwelling witch fortune-teller of romance. Fate has not dealt kindly with them; suspicion has been bred in their minds and lurks even behind their pleasant "Good-day, Monsieur." I loved to sit and watch these ubiquitous old creatures scurry about in perfect harmony with the landscape, slowly trudging with a great weight or scudding to escape a storm. To me for a long time they were not real, they had just walked from the picture-books of my childhood, and were but a moving panorama devoid of life. Little by little they became living individuals. When I came to know them as Madame B—or Madame C—, and noticed that one was a little longer than another, and that some noses turned more this or that way, then I saw their personality; and their gossip made them human.

Isolation is the incubator of gossip and this island did not always hatch harmless, soft and downy chicks of genial comment, but often

full-fledged shanghais of envy, spite and slander.

Black is worn a great deal, for the men, leaving the field-labor for the women to do, are away with the fishing fleets, gone to the distant banks of Newfoundland, and often they never return.

It ought to be considered good fortune to escape their cemetery, for it is ugly beyond description. There are unsightly architectural forms, perishable little wooden crosses and graves strewn, as in other parts of France, with most repulsive metal and bead wreaths.

A native of Bréhat ought to nestle in his coffin for his final rest quite naturally, for he undergoes a sort of burial every night at about sundown, when the solid wooden shutters and windows and the sliding lid of his box-like bed are closed as tightly as the door. With a huge red pillow of feathers on his feet, and I know not what on his head, he seeks refuge from that most dreaded blessing—fresh air. Often I was warned of its dangers as with ominous look and gesture they pointed to my window that against all protest day or night was never closed.

The intimate terms on which the inhabitants live with the soil and their primitive appliances give a charm to all their labor. They wrench their livelihood directly from the earth. The outside world furnishes them few necessities; and luxuries they never know, unless one so classes a pinch of snuff; perhaps they could live without that, and I'm sure that I could, had not their courtesy forced it upon me. Although I went through the formalities of acceptance, my fingers were empty, but I always sneezed with a roar that gave them a pang of envy at my fancied sensibilities, for they no longer enjoyed from their over-drugged nostrils those echoing responses for which they yearned.

Nothing in their labor was more striking from a picturesque standard than their manner of winnowing grain. Choosing an elevated point

and spreading clothes to catch the grain, they discard their sabots to avoid crushing it, and bracing firmly against the breeze they shake the sieve above their heads and the gleaming grain falls slowly in a golden pile, like the sand of an hour-glass, while the chaff is blown over the land or out to sea, and their dark forms loom solemnly against the sky. The wind twirls and shakes the single skirt and apron which they wear, and pulls them tightly about the robust matronly figure—or emphasizes the wasted form of some aged creature, whose work is nearly done. When the bags are full, they shoulder them and do the work best fitted for a draft-horse; but as there are but two horses and twelve hundred inhabitants or thereabout, the women bear the burdens. They are always burdened with something, huge sheaves of wheat, or wheat converted to bread; and bread is everywhere, always in sight, either under a child's arm,



"THE CHAFF IS BLOWN OVER THE LAND OR OUT TO SEA AND THEIR DARK FORMS LOOM SOLEMNLY AGAINST THE SKY"

trudging along with its sabots, or a well-filled wheelbarrow is passing like a load of wood. The loaves are two or three feet long, shaped like a date seed, and dark and sour within.

As there are no baby-carriages in Bréhat, that leaves another burden for the women; and they throw their children on their back in a fashion known to me in childhood as "pig-back"; and so they go, toiling along over the rocky, winding ways with the quaint forms of Bréhat surrounding. Occasionally the background is unique. Only Île de Bréhat can furnish that quaint little chapel of the Noah's Ark sort of architecture perched upon the summit of an enormous ledge and looking as though it had just been stolen from the background of one of Albert Dürer's drawings.

I felt a pang of pity for the old women, and thought of the vast tracts of forest of my native land as I watched them gather cowdung, while pli-





"THERE WAS THE SHORE WITH ITS RAGGED ROCKS"

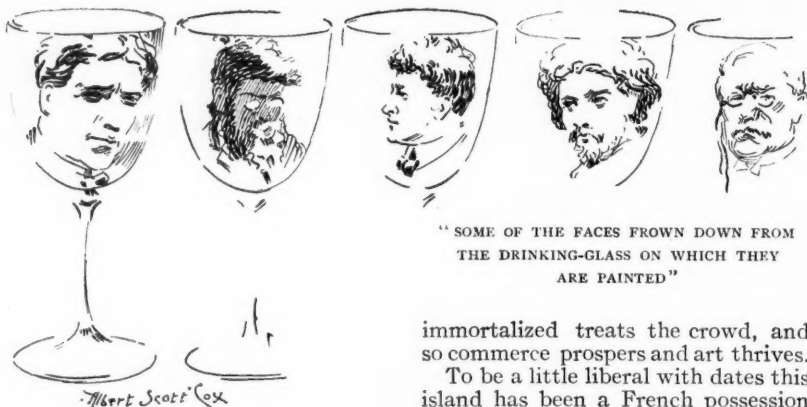
able, with their naked hands, mix it with a few whisks of straw and spank the flat circular masses in continuous rows on the walls to dry in the sun for their winter fuel.

Models are not an extravagant luxury there. My woman thought twenty cents paid her well for seven or eight hours' service, ten cents and their meagre fare being their usual compensation for a day's labor in the field. It was rather disheartening to one respecting humane measures to deal with the women as models. I commenced by showing them all possible consideration, frequently inquiring if they were tired, often suggesting a rest or some manner of supporting the pose that would give them less fatigue. I soon noticed that my model's rests grew continually longer. A moment at home for one of her numerous lunches stretched to an hour, and yet she came not. I sat alone in agitation and thought of the rainy fall season near at hand when sunlight would be no more, and of the hasty lunch that seemed to have turned to a banquet.

Wisdom came with experience; presently I had no pleasantries. I growled at all her efforts, and only after repeated requests would I consent to a rest. She was now my devoted slave and with untiring effort sought to please.

Although the local costumes have disappeared from the island, their wedding processions are quaint enough. I remember well the wedding of a very pretty young woman, who had been several times a mother and then became a bride and celebrated her marriage to a young boatman by promenading the town, followed by a few friends and escorted by a man who turned the crank of the most asthmatic little machine that ever squealed forth a note; yet children and elders dropped everything to run and listen to the so-called music, and see the passing wedding party on their way to and from the kitchen bars scattered over the island. For Île de Bréhat with all her poverty can support a few bars, and in their small way they seem to thrive.

Though part of a wine-drinking



"SOME OF THE FACES FROWN DOWN FROM  
THE DRINKING-GLASS ON WHICH THEY  
ARE PAINTED"

country, at Bréhat they drink but little wine, but with cider and occasionally stronger drinks, they sometimes lose sight of decorum. On several occasions I found men drunk by the roadside. One day I came upon a victim of spirits behind a wall snoring his way to consciousness. It was raining furiously, his mouth was open and some water entered. In this way, at Bréhat, by accident they sometimes take unadulterated plain water, but never in any other circumstance; for in the country they think it as dangerous as when externally applied.

An interesting feature of the Island is the Café de Décapite where many an artist has left his head. There are heads of literary mén, lawyers and commercial men whom chance has brought that way. There they are, all neatly shelved in rows, for Madame, —I forget her name,—the proprietor, treasures them with pride, and for business reasons as well, for the collection draws the curious within her door. Some of the faces of those exhibited have been caught with a smile, but others frown down upon the observer from the drinking-glass on which they are painted by men of considerable distinction. There are some rendered by hands less clever; but all give what skill they have for the honor and profit of the Café de Décapite and the man

immortalized treats the crowd, and so commerce prospers and art thrives.

To be a little liberal with dates this island has been a French possession since Adam was a boy, and it is most surprising to find natives there who do not speak French, their only language being the dialect of the island, which I am told is understood by the Welsh people of to-day. English, however, is spoken a great deal on Bréhat; that is, one sentence is so often repeated that in the course of a season it makes a great deal of English. Whether a sailor brought it from a foreign port, or whether a parrot educated at sea in many languages spread his erudition there, was a mystery to me, but I am inclined to think, from the phonographic sort of accent, that Poll Parrot had been the English professor on this island. Whether sailor or parrot diffused his learning, it was thoroughly done. For the sentence was familiar to nearly every tongue and I am sure to every ear in Bréhat. I was at first surprised when out from old courts that had echoed nothing but French and the native dialect since America was discovered came the enticing little sentence, "Kiss me quick!" and around the corners of stone pigsties to which the antiquity of centuries had given dignity came, "Kiss me quick!" The echo of the words always mingled with that of the Breton maiden's sabots as she scampered out of reach. It was not until I wore a pair of wooden shoes myself, for the novelty of the experience, and became a familiar object as I tripped over the



stony path with my be-timbered toes, banging along like a cord of wood out for a promenade, that the girls grew reckless and came within reach and gathered behind my easel in little groups to air their English. It was not until then, perhaps, that they knew the real meaning of their favorite sentence, for then I caught the prettiest one of them, and impressed the meaning on her; but strangely enough my penalty did not suppress their English, for still from one end of the island to the other I heard "Kiss me quick!"

"Oh, yes," was another bit of English in general use.

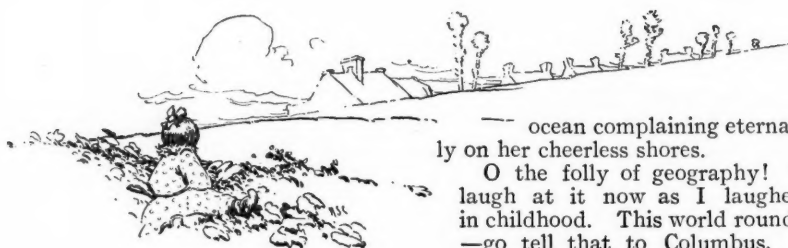
My model could truly be considered scholarly. Her accomplishments in English were really surprising for she could not only say, "Kiss me quick!" and "Oh, yes," with great fluency, but she had exclusive command of another expression which indicated still further that a sea-faring parrot had dwelt in Bréhat and not a Sunday-school bird either. The sentence, when slightly abbreviated was "Damn your beer!" Of this she was very proud and taught it by much effort and many repetitions to her prattling baby. I heard the baby mutter her lesson all day long over her play, until it was easier to remember her by that than by her Christian name; and so she came and went at my bidding as "Damn your beer," to the hilarious amusement of her mother. Every time I called the little one by her new name to take her turn at posing, there was a burst of gurgling glee from her delighted mamma. The distinguished title doubtless had the charm of foreign flavor.

The image of the child comes back to me now as she used to sit musingly on the ground gazing on the distant horizon as though wrapt in profound thoughts and silenced by their solemn-



"TOILING ALONG OVER THE ROCKY, WINDING  
WAYS"

nity. Not a word escaped her except at long intervals when she broke the



— ocean complaining eternally on her cheerless shores.

O the folly of geography! I laugh at it now as I laughed in childhood. This world round? —go tell that to Columbus. I know better, for I have been to the "Jumping-Off Place" and seen the sun sink to the water and stain it red, then slide from this flat world. May you sometime share the joy that memory brings to me of sad-faced old Mother Bréhat, whose pathos does not rob her of her rare and primitive beauty and solemn yet compelling charm.

spell with "Damn your beer!" A tiny bit of pink calico she was, yet she gave vividness to the whole landscape, with its rusty greens and yellows. I was grateful to her and grateful for the unexpected tear she shed when I left hapless Île de Bréhat to the chill autumn winds, with her dreary past and her barren future in the cold embrace of the swaying

## THE FAUNS

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

A PURPLE midnight of Italian June

Over the broad Campagna's bosom rolled,  
Brooding on primal peace. The summer moon  
Lighted each fen and dune with broken gold.

And where, sequestered, stood a tangled brake  
Of whispering arundo in a dell,  
Some water widened to a little lake,  
All radiant where the misty moonbeams fell.

Beside it sat two sprites of mystery,  
Beings of eld, yet full of life and joy:  
By their neat hooves young deer they seemed to be,  
Their little bodies spoke a girl and boy.

But one had horns upon his curly pate,  
The other wind-flowers woven in her hair.  
He played upon a syrinx; she, sedate,  
Sat by and listened to his artless air.

Weary of warbling, soon he made a move,  
Knowing a place, not very far away,  
Of dewy herbage, where these small fauns love  
To pick the irises and dance and play.

She struck her little feet upon the sand  
And tossed her head and scampered off apace;  
He flung his pipes away and caught her hand;  
Then she broke loose and fled, and he gave chase.

She was too quick for him, and leapt a rill—  
The moonlight showed her tiny, twinkling scut;  
He after her went rattling with a will;  
She hid, and peeped from out a shepherd's hut.

Like kids together thus they romped and played,  
Then, resting till they caught their breath once more,  
She stopped and trembled; he stood still, afraid.  
Out of the purple darkness came a roar.

"'T is Pan!" they cried; "behold his awful eyes,  
And listen to the thunder of his voice;  
See how he rolls in fire, and onward flies!  
Sing we aloud his praises, and rejoice."

So thought the little beings, and thought wrong:  
'T was not the son of Hermes that had come;  
Only an automobile flew along,  
A Panhard—not a Pan—racing to Rome.

Right in the highway now they stand to sing  
Th' Arcadian deity with puny notes;  
Light blazes on them, and some demon thing  
Is bawling, "More of those infernal goats!"

The Panhard bellows; they are lost in fright  
And of their little senses near bereft;  
The billy faun leaps madly to the right;  
The nanny faun, she springs toward the left.

Praise to Sylvanus! by a fairy's span  
Our flying motor missed the ingenuous pair:  
Unhurt, the little things together ran  
And shook and sniffed the petrol-tainted air.

With shivering flanks they clip and kiss amain,  
Hug each the other close, weep thankful tears;  
While far away upon the moony plain  
The bale star of the Panhard disappears.

# JANE AUSTEN AT LYME REGIS\*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON



AS any one," said a great critic to me the other day, "ever detected Miss Austen in a mistake of detail? Perhaps "a poring man," as Dr. Johnson would say, might here and there discern, by laborious scrutiny, a minute error or a trifling inconsistency; but one of the characteristics that give Miss Austen's novels so firm and sound a quality is the absolute precision of detail, the perfect solidarity and unity of scheme, the clearly articulated skeleton, so to speak, of fact, which lies beneath the surface of her books. The substratum, indeed, of her novels resembles not so much a structure of the imagination as an exact recollection of real persons and actual incidents, precisely arranged and recorded in a retentive and business-like mind. There is never, for instance, any vagueness about the incomes or fortunes of her characters; if a clergyman's revenue from accumulated preferment is eight hundred a year, it remains eight hundred a year, unless concrete reasons are assigned for its diminution or increase; if the ages of a family are given, the individuals become equably and naturally older as the story progresses, and neither remain stationary nor advance by leaps and bounds; the distances between places remain the same throughout, and do not vary to suit the exigencies of the narrative. The houses in which the scene is laid are all definitely planned and faithfully remembered. The size and proportions of the small summer breakfast parlor never alter, the

doors remain in the same position, and the views from the windows continue to embrace the same sections of the landscape. Of course this was to a certain extent arrived at by careful self-limitation. Miss Austen never embarked recklessly upon matters which she did not understand. It has often, for instance, been remarked that her frequent allusions to questions connected with the navy and seamanship are invariably technically accurate. Again, while she was writing "Mansfield Park," one of her letters to her sister ends with the words: "I have learned from Sir J. Carr that there is no Government House at Gibraltar—I must alter it to the Commissioner's." The result of this perfect fidelity in all matters of concrete fact is to give the scene she depicts a singularly substantial actuality, testifying to the fundamental brainwork which Rossetti said made all the difference between a good work of art and an inferior one. The outline is always firm, and there is never the least touch of that desultory vagueness which is the last infirmity of the amateur.

In 1804, when she was twenty-nine years old, Jane Austen went with her father and mother to stay at Lyme Regis. The little town, with the addition of a few dwellings of greater pretensions, must be much the same as it was in Jane Austen's day. It clusters and straggles, with its gray roofs and white-fronted houses, looking like the barnacles on a sea-logged baulk of timber, on a declivity of the high Dorsetshire Downs, which here fall steeply to the sea; to the east looms a row of great headlands, breaking off abruptly seawards in lofty cliffs, here of yellow

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sandstone, there of dark and crumbling shale. The streams soak out through oozy beds of blue lias, crammed with fossils, the pale whorls of ammonites, and the bones of extinct sea-monsters. The whole of the steep sea-front is forever tending to slide and splinter itself away into the sea; and west of Lyme Regis there is a whole Paradise of miniature ravines, sheltered dingles, and grassy glades, intersected by winding tracks, their banks full of iris and primrose and hart's-tongue fern, with bold white chalky bluffs standing out over the thickets; the only sound the cry of wheeling gulls, or the bleating of sheep in the high hill pastures, with the murmurous undertone of leaves shaken by fitful breezes, or the monotonous pulse of the sea lapping on the shingly beach below.

Almost the only sentiment with which Miss Austen allowed herself to dally was the sentiment of landscape; love has its business-like side in her hands, and, however sincere the emotion, the shadow of settlements falls not ungratefully across the page; but her heroines take solitary walks by autumnal groves and wintry shrubberies, and abandon themselves with luxurious melancholy to the pensive influences of the scene.

But here, at Lyme, her pen seems to falter, and she appears unable to do justice to the romance of the landscape.

The scenes in its neighborhood [she writes in "Persuasion"], Charmouth, with its high grounds and extensive sweeps of country, and still more its sweet, retired bay, backed by dark cliffs, where fragments of low rock among the sands make it the happiest spot for watching the flow of the tide, for sitting in unwearied contemplation; the wooded varieties of the cheerful village of Up Lyme; and above all, Pinny [now spelt Pinhay], with its green chasms between romantic rocks, where the scattered forest trees and orchards of luxuriant growth declare that many a generation must have passed away since the first partial falling of the cliff prepared the ground for such a state, where a scene so wonderful and so lovely is exhibited as

may more than equal any of the resembling scenes of the far-famed Isle of Wight.

There is something frigid, even inartistic, about the above description as though the writer had been unable to deal with her subject, and had collapsed into purely conventional symbols of admiration. Perhaps we can trace in the languid paragraphs and the stilted epithets something of the shadow of ill-health. "Persuasion" was written in 1816, twelve years after the visit to Lyme, and it was the last book Miss Austen completed. She was already much enfeebled in the spring of that year, and was living the life of an invalid, though suffering little discomfort, and with every reasonable hope of recovery; but before a year had elapsed from the time when "Persuasion" was finished, she had breathed her last.

A humorous letter written by Miss Austen to her inseparable ally, her elder sister Cassandra, has been preserved and published, describing the incidents of their stay at Lyme. They settled in lodgings.

The servants behave very well [she writes] and make no difficulties, though certainly nothing can exceed the inconvenience of the offices, except the general dirtiness of the house and furniture and all its inhabitants. I endeavour, as far as I can, to supply your place, and to be useful, and keep things in order. I detect dirt in the water decanters, as fast as I can, and keep everything as it was under your administration.

Lyme had its round of simple gayeties and festivities in those times. Nowadays the English tourist is apt to practise a certain fastidious seclusion, to insist on his own table in the coffee-room, to consider himself a visitor and his fellow-guest a tripper. But in those days Lyme, like Bath, had its routs and dances. Miss Austen describes how they went to the public hall at eight o'clock, how her father stayed contentedly for over an hour, and then walked home by himself; while she and her mother stayed till ten o'clock. Miss Jane

danced two dances, and adds demurely that if she had stayed later she would have had a prospect of another partner; "an odd-looking man who had been eyeing me for some time, and at last without any introduction asked me if I meant to dance again." This gentleman turned out to be the representative of *haut ton* among the residents, son of an Irish viscount. Miss Austen adds with a touch of asperity that he and his wife were "both queer-looking people, just fit to be quality at Lyme."

But the chief interest of Lyme lies in the homely little pier of stone called, for some unknown reason, the "Cobb." There are but few havens along that rugged, iron-bound coast, with its bank of abraded shingle; and in times immemorial the natives of Lyme constructed, with infinite difficulty, taking advantage of a low reef of rocks, a tiny seaport protected by two long moles of stone, of fantastic outline, somewhat resembling the capital letter Q turned upside down, the circle representing the harbor and the tail being the breakwater wriggling seawards. The westerly limb of the Cobb is a low broad pier of masonry with a solid parapet, affording a shelter from boisterous breezes, under the lee of which it is possible to walk with an agreeable sense of security, while the breakers lash the sea-wall and flick their spray overhead. In two places, flights of rough stone steps lead from the lower part of the pier to the top of the parapet, which affords a breezy and precarious promenade.

The present Cobb is not the identical one on which Miss Austen's eyes rested, though it no doubt preserves its outlines, and probably much of the original stonework; but, the former pier having been destroyed by a violent storm in 1826, the present structure was finished, according to a brass plate set in the alcove beneath the steps that lead up to the parapet, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Colonel Fanshaw, R.E., at the request of the Master

General, at the expense of 17,337*l.* os. 9*½d.*

It was at the Cobb that on June 10, 1685, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth effected a landing with his little band of followers, and was conducted by an admiring crowd wearing green boughs in their hats, with the women scattering flowers, to the George Inn, to hoist a blue flag and read his manifesto. Daniel Defoe and Fletcher of Saltoun were among his new adherents, while the Mayor of Lyme posted off to Exeter to take the news to the Duke of Albemarle.

But this is no place to linger over historical memories; as Tennyson said when he visited Lyme, "Don't talk to me of the Duke of Monmouth, but take me to the exact place where Louisa Musgrove fell!"

Every reader of "Persuasion" will remember the pleasant party that drove seventeen miles in the middle of November to Lyme Regis from Upper-cross. The travellers were Captain Wentworth, Charles Hayter, Charles and Mary Musgrove, Henrietta and Louisa Musgrove, and Anne Elliot. They went to pay a visit to Captain Harville and his wife. They arrived at mid-day, ordered dinner, and went to walk on the Cobb.

The party find Captain Harville with his wife and children domiciled at Lyme in a small house at the foot of an ancient pier of unknown date. The place is not difficult to identify. The tiny harbor is protected on the west by the Cobb itself, and on the east by a small stone pier, which can only be approached at low water. This is the only pier in the place, and Captain Harville's house must thus have been one of the little group of houses which clusters together close to the harbor, and forms a small detached suburb of Lyme, separated from the town by the Esplanade, above which lie the deserted gardens of an old marine villa, now the Alexandra Hotel. There is here an old inn named the Standard, which appears to be an eighteenth-century house of some pretensions, now divided into

tenements, which evidently had at one time a little walled garden on the seaward side. Here then I believe that we may locate Captain Harville's house; and this is confirmed by the fact that, after the accident, Louisa is carried to the Harvilles' house as being nearer and more convenient. If there had been at any time a pier nearer to the town, Louisa would have been conveyed straight to the hotel, which is undoubtedly the Three Cups, an old inn of considerable size not far up the main street.

With the Harvilles is domiciled the melancholy and sentimental Captain Benwick, who is mourning the death of his fiancée, the sister of Mrs. Harville, and soothes his melancholy by solitary rambles, and by profuse quotations from the works of Lord Byron and Mr. Scott, which he pours into Anne Elliot's responsive ears.

The party spend two nights at the inn, and on the morning of the last day go for a walk on the Cobb.

There was too much wind to make the high part of the new Cobb pleasant for the ladies, and they agreed to get down the steps to the lower, and all were contented to pass quietly and carefully down the steep flight, excepting Louisa; she must be jumped down them by Captain Wentworth. In all their walks he had had to jump her from the stiles. The sensation was delightful to her. The hardness of the pavement for her feet made him less willing upon the present occasion; he did it, however. She was safely down, and instantly, to show her enjoyment, ran up the steps to be jumped down again. He advised her against it, thought the jar too great; but no, he reasoned and talked in vain: she smiled and said, "I am determined I will"; he put out his hands; she was too precipitate by half a second: she fell on the pavement of the lower Cobb, and was taken up lifeless! There was no wound, no blood, no visible bruise; but her eyes were closed, she breathed not, her face was like death. The horror of the moment to all who stood around!

Captain Wentworth, who feels responsible for the accident, is overwhelmed with contrition, and Anne

mistakes his emotion for the anguish of love. The poor hoyden is conveyed to Captain Harville's house, where her injuries eventually turn out to be less serious than was supposed; and the party breaks up in distress and sorrow.

The incident plays its part in the development of the story by making Anne think that Captain Wentworth has thus unconsciously betrayed his love for Louisa. As Admiral Croft says, commenting on the affair: "Ay, a very bad business indeed. A new sort of way this, for a young fellow to be making love by breaking his mistress's head, is it not, Miss Elliot? This is breaking a head and giving a plaster, truly!"

But fate intervenes in the shape of Captain Benwick, who wins Louisa's hand. Captain Wentworth renews his attentions to Anne, and the match is viewed with approval by all the family except by Anne's younger sister, Mary Musgrove, who had gained a step of dignity over her elder sister by her early marriage, but who comforts herself by the reflection that if they can but keep Captain Wentworth from being made a baronet, their respective situations will not be seriously altered.

Now, could there be an incident more exactly illustrative of the actuality of Miss Austen's writing, of the fact that her novels seem to belong more to the region of recorded incident than imagined fiction, than this? On seeing the Cobb, and endeavoring to identify the scene of the fall, I found that there were at least three flights of steps upon any one of which the disaster might have occurred. I accordingly went into a stationer's shop, and asked for a picture of the Cobb, adding that I wanted one which would show the scene of Miss Louisa Musgrove's fall. The sprightly lady who attended to me produced two photographs, and said without a smile, "This is what we generally sell as the photograph of the place, because visitors believe that it was there that Louisa fell"—and she pointed to a photograph of a

row of worn and ancient steps which I had noticed some way out upon the Cobb parapet. "But," she added, "it was not really there that the fall took place; it was from the steps that lead up over the alcove," and she pushed the other photograph across to me. I could not help reflecting what a curious thing it was that we should thus be discussing in the most natural way in the world, as though it were the scene of some historical event, the whereabouts of a purely fictitious incident, with perfect gravity and prosaic particularity. As far as any indications in the book go, the incident might have taken place equally well at any point of the Cobb; and, further, it could not have actually taken place on any of the flights of steps, as they have all been reconstructed since Miss Austen's time. If truth be stranger than fiction, fiction may be truer than fact; and I thought to myself that, comparing the landing of Monmouth with Louisa's fall, one incident had precisely the same value of concrete actuality as the other, with this exception, that of the two the fall of Louisa was infinitely the more vivid and reproducible by the imagination!

It is fortunately possible from the simple and unsophisticated memoir written by her nephew, Mr. Austen Leigh, to gather a fairly clear impression of "Aunt Jane." The memoir has no pretensions to technical skill or artistic proportion, but it is perhaps for that very reason more lifelike; the reader should resolutely abstain from allowing the engraved portrait, prefixed to the memoirs, to sink into the memory. This painful presentment of Jane Austen, bare-armed, high-waisted, seated in what appears to be a kitchen chair, of indeterminate age and an expression at once solemn and vacant, ought not to be allowed to figure before the world as a likeness of Miss Austen; it might be just serviceable in recalling to one who had known and cared for her the familiar and beloved features, but to the ordinary reader it merely

gives a sense of painful disillusionment. The only characteristic point about it is the large pleated muslin cap, which we know from the memoir was assumed by the authoress at an early age, with a determination to court and anticipate, rather than to defy or beguile, the approaches of spinsterhood. We must rather think of her as a tall and slender brunette, hazel-eyed and curly-haired, with quiet carriage and graceful movements, with the delicate fingers that traced so firm and shapely a signature, executed such minute needlework and embroidery, or manipulated cup and ball with such extraordinary dexterity. We can see her writing at her little mahogany desk in the parlor, in the midst of people coming and going, talking and laughing; always ready to be interrupted, and willing to join in anything that might be suggested. That is perhaps one of the most amazing things about her books,—they give on every page the sense of unhurried leisure, deliberate handling, unruffled deliberation; yet we know that she never even had a room to herself to write in. Nowadays a distinguished authoress is jealously guarded and protected, her privacy secured, her hours of work respected; but Jane Austen not only made no such fences for herself, but took an infinity of trouble that her occupation should not be suspected. She wrote on little sheets of paper which could be slipped in a moment into a blotting-book; she begged that the swing door leading into the offices, which creaked disagreeably, might not be mended because it gave her warning of the approach of an intruder.

But of course there is one thing that we must bear in mind: there is no easier mistake to make than to credit a writer of the past with all the fame and dignity that later years have added to him and to assume a consciousness of subsequent reputation in himself and in his immediate circle. Miss Austen enjoyed no great success in her lifetime; it was rather a *succès d'estime* than any widespread reputa-

tion. The entire profits of her four novels at the time of her death had not reached 700*l*. Though she had many discriminating admirers, up to the Prince Regent himself, who kept a set of her novels at each of his residences and sent a message to that effect to Miss Austen, she was not in her lifetime considered to be much more than an amusing and entertaining writer, chronicling small beer in a lively way, and dealing with very trivial and domestic subjects. Probably she would have been herself half-irritated, half-amused, if she could have heard the modern eulogies of the perfection of her art, the delicacy of her workmanship, the force of her insight; and she would have no doubt been frankly bewildered by the perhaps extravagant judgment which would place her side by side with Shakespeare himself, among the rare and supreme creators of deathless types of humanity and life.

Miss Jane Austen's perfection was not, of course, achieved without a deliberate self-limitation that was as modest as it was instructive. Writing once to a niece of hers who had submitted a novel of her own to her aunt's kindly criticism, she says (September 9, 1814): "You are now collecting your people delightfully, getting them exactly into such a spot as is the delight of my life. Three or four families in a country village is the very thing to work on; and I hope you will write a great deal more, and make full use of them while they are so very favorably arranged."

How instinctive her art was, and how little she had laid down, either for herself or others, any strict canons of criticism as to plot and structure, may be seen from a letter to the same niece:

Your Aunt Cassandra does not like desultory novels, and is rather fearful that yours will be too much so; that there will be too frequent a change from one set of people to another, and that circumstances will be sometimes introduced of apparent consequence which will lead to nothing. It will not be so great an objection to me.

I allow much more latitude than she does, and think nature and spirit cover many sins of a wandering story.

But the most amusing instance of the way in which Miss Austen gauged the limits of her own executive power and creative imagination is seen in the delightful correspondence which took place between her and Mr. Clarke, the Prince Regent's librarian, in 1815. The Prince Regent had sent a very civil message to Miss Austen, offering to have the Carlton House Library shown to her, and intimating that she might dedicate her next novel to himself—an offer which was taken advantage of in the case of "Emma." Why the Prince Regent did not offer her a personal audience, or even express a wish to see her, is not so clear—perhaps Miss Austen had not been duly presented at Court. Mr. Clarke, however, displayed the library and took occasion shortly afterwards to write to Miss Jane, professing himself a great admirer of her books; and in love, no doubt, like Narcissus, with his own dear image, offered a tentative suggestion that she should "delineate in some future work the habits of life and character and enthusiasm of a clergyman who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country." He was to be "fond of and engaged entirely in literature, no man's enemy but his own," and he was somewhat to resemble Beattie's "Minstrel." "Pray, dear madam, think of these things."

It is probable that a good many authors would, under the circumstances, after having been the recipient of royal compliments, have blundered into promising to make the attempt, or even into actually making it, especially as the subject seems a not wholly uncongenial, or at all events not an impossible one for Miss Austen to have attempted. But she did not even send a courteously evasive reply; in a letter of admirable directness and modesty, she confessed that she felt entirely unfit for such a task. She said that she might be equal to the comic side of such a



character, but not to the serious side; she knew nothing, she went on to say, of science or philosophy, and could supply none of the quotations or allusions in which the conversation of such a man would naturally abound. She ended by adding that she could boast herself "to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress."

But Mr. Clarke could not abandon the hope of directing the pen of so amiable a writer. He expressed his regret at her decision, but followed up his first suggestion by the astounding proposition that she would set to work on a historical romance, founded on the history of the House of Saxe-Coburg; and he dangled before her eyes the splendid bait of being allowed to dedicate the work to Prince Leopold, the Regent's son-in-law, afterwards the first King of the Belgians, to whom Mr. Clarke had lately been appointed secretary and chaplain.

But Miss Austen was firm; her reply was quite as courteous and no less humorous than her previous reply:

I am fully sensible that an historical romance, founded on the House of Saxe-Coburg, might be very much more to the purpose of profit or popularity than such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life. . . . No, I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own way; and though I may never again succeed in that, I am convinced that I should totally fail in any other.

*Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum*, says the old poet. There are many roads thither, some short and easy, some intricate and long! That is one of the difficulties that beset the analysis of art and artistic work, that one may dissect and discuss, but yet never find out how the thing was done. The secret lies in a fortunate combination of gifts: there

must be the power to see, not vaguely but distinctly, the very thing of which one is in search; and then there must be a certain power of using exactly the right medium of representation, a faculty for taking precisely as much as is wanted, whether it be language, or color, or marble, or musical sound, and depositing it exactly in the right place. Probably there are many people who have the requisite perception, for without that the very enjoyment of art cannot exist; and, on the other hand, there are many voluble people, who have the resources of language at their command, shut away in the intricate warehouses of the brain, but who do not know what their stores contain, or where the precise terms that they require are laid away—people who can manufacture but not create.

It was not that Miss Austen had no knowledge of the deeper emotions, the tragedies and passions of life. These shadowy presences appear, stalking fitfully and sombrely in the distance, behind her trim shrubberies and well-appointed parks. Bereavement, disappointment, unrequited love, death itself—these had to be confronted, interrogated, reckoned with. One who loved as swiftly, as tenderly, as faithfully as Miss Jane, must have suffered, and perhaps suffered even more than her share. But suffering was for her a thing to be faced and borne in silence, not to be glibly and ornamentally discoursed of and written about. Woes were things to be dealt with courageously, as a secret discipline, not made part of a writer's stock-in-trade. There are critics who complain of the lack of passion and force, of the decorum, the superficiality, the triviality of Miss Austen; and such I have always felt to be the shallowest of judgments. Art was to her—I do not think she would have claimed more for it—an interest, an occupation, an amusement. She saw, with no cynicism or contempt, but with an eager and delighted tenderness, the delicate nuances of character, the inconsistencies, the poor pretences



which after all constitute for many lives the only dignity that they can win from existence; she is never severe or unkind; she depicts, she does not sit in judgment. She would not have professed to find exaltation or philosophy or consolation in her art; her impulse was merely to represent that sparkling stream of human comedy, the intermingling elements, the fleeting fancies, the trivial aims, the things that are done for no purpose and with no selection, every day and hour, and by thousands of persons, just because they are the very stuff of life itself, and because the sane and healthy person does them as instinctively as the sparrow flutters and pecks and twitters. Like Dr. Johnson's old friend who had tried to be a philosopher, but found that cheerfulness was always breaking in, so Miss Austen kept her metaphysics to herself, and revelled with a serene gayety in just catching and representing the little touches of nature and life that she saw all around her and thought, as children say, "so funny."

And here comes in the magical wonder of art. Think what the ma-

terials were out of which she made her immortal effects—they were the things which any well-connected maiden lady, living with a widowed mother, on small means, in a country cottage, could see every day and every hour. Art after all is self-sufficient, and has little to do with opportunity.

I walked, a few Sundays ago, on the Cobb, the waves breaking softly in the sun, and the fresh breeze bringing up the old intoxicating scent of brine and weed. It was on a Sunday morning; I had been at church, and it had been a pleasure to think that Miss Austen had doubtless worshipped there a hundred years ago! Half the family groups in the place had come out, tempted by the winter sun, to take a breath of air before the mid-day dinner. How lively, how commonplace, how familiar, how utterly ordinary it all was! Yet I could not help reflecting that in every single group that passed me, could one but see it clearly and saliently, could one but express it faithfully and characteristically, there was abundant material for a perfect and enthralling romance, for the triumph and the glitter and the permanence of art.

## THE FASCINATION OF LONDON

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER



OMING a Londoner to New York by way of the continent of Europe I am made to look back upon my great city that is so far away, as if

I saw it through a mist of impressions of cities—a homely, dark, quiet and very sacred cloud run through a mist of brighter impressions. Elsewhere I have had occasion to write of the fascination of New York—the fascination of its fairy-like appearance, of its grimness, its irresponsibility. And

London assuredly is not fairy-like, it is sombre, dull, heavy—but very much beloved. For the Londoner, if he is inarticulate, if he hardly ever talks about his city, feels her to the utmost fibre of his being. He has, no doubt, all the intense, local puritanism of the Bostonian—and Boston with its narrow, high, wealthy streets round the old City Hall has more of the "feel" of London. He has—your Londoner—all the local puritanism; but he has hardly ever, on the other hand, any occasion to think about his city. He never has to defend London, since he feels so intimately

that the vast, earnest, easy-going place can well take care of itself. He does n't, in fact, bother about London. You will never hear him say that it contains the finest everything in the world. He has not the rather uneasy self-consciousness of the New Yorker. There London is—you may take it or leave it; it will trouble itself very little.

But here, in a place so conscious of itself as is New York, the Londoner is forced to think of London,—since perhaps New York with its cosmopolitanism, its importance as a market, as a gate to the New World, most nearly challenges the metropolis of the Old World. Boston may recall London; Philadelphia has none of the heavy rigidity of parts of London. But New York—and New York alone—has the “feel” of a great city—gives some of the impression of presiding at the destinies of a country. It falls short in some ways, of course—since London is England, is the administrative and psychological centre of the Empire (the vastest thing in the world) in a way that New York only half approaches.

In a foreign city one is inclined to reduce the fascination of the capital of England to very simple terms: one sighs for London for the sake of all one's fellows there, for the sake of all the things going on, then at a distance, things that we really understand, things that we are really at home with. The great new cities that are springing up in almost all European countries and in one European country in particular, are astonishingly bright, astonishingly white—are even astonishingly beautiful, if we can look at them with the eyes of pure reason. London has nothing to offer that is so fine, so clean, so new—not even in its newest streets. Travelling across the Continent you come to towns that you knew ten years ago, five years ago, or merely two. And if you do not rub your eyes it is because you open them wider with astonishment. Where the wheat waved so lately beneath hot suns, whole town-quarters of tens of

thousands of human beings have sprung up—whole boulevards, avenues of young, green trees, roofs, cliffs of pure, white walls. All those newnesses you find too in the outskirts of New York itself; and, as I have said, looked at with the eye of pure reason—abstractly,—these new cities and such a city quarter as that abutting on Riverside Drive in New York, are astonishingly beautiful. For, if they have not the charm of being ancient they have a white beauty of their own with the superadded excitement of extreme modernity. They are the latest thing in city-building; and the latest thing is always exciting, because it is yesterday's future realized, and brings men one step nearer to-day's future.

Yet, wandering about these great new streets one feels always, at the back of one's mind, the phrase: “This is all very well, but it is n't London.” It is n't London, not because it is in America, not because it is on the Continent, but just because it is all so broad, so planned. One might be anywhere in a modern land—near Bexhill, near Etaples, or near Berlin. There is nothing in these streets of any marked picturesqueness—and there is lacking the note of intensiveness that is so peculiarly the note, the fascination of London. And the craving that you feel for London when you are away from London is just that craving for intensive life.

If you will analyze it—that craving—it is not the mere desire to be at home, or to be with people that you know; it is not a mere homesickness, since as many people feel it who are not Londoners as do Londoners themselves. And the Londoner in the provinces feels that London calls him, not the borough that is actually his home. For the Londoner is, within London, always a migrant. It is always within bounds that he might “move,” say from Kensington to Hampstead, or from East Ham to Balham. He never comes to regard his tenure of any particular house as being of greater length than seven years, or multiples of seven. Never-

theless, though he may contemplate with equanimity the idea of moving about his city, he will shudder at the prospect of leaving it. He will never acquire a home-feeling as regards his house, but he will certainly feel a strong consciousness that he belongs to an immense circular unit so vast as to give the impression, almost, of a Pantheistic community.

It is, in fact, not at all a homesickness that is felt by any one who has tasted of London; it is a definite craving for something—even if it be a craving, say, for excitement. And it is a craving for that something intensified beyond what is attainable anywhere else in the world. To say that what the modern city of the two continents lacks is merely associations is to understate the case—since London itself has arisen upon lines and in circumstances that make it suggest perfectly the arrangements of all modern continental cities. That is to say that in London—as in Dusseldorf or Rome or Arras—within a ring of identical districts there is an eminent and avoided "City"; yet London cannot boast of more poignant æsthetic, historical or legendary associations than can Dusseldorf or Rome or Arras.

Nor, indeed, can you find in London an art life as vigorous as that of Dusseldorf, nor yet an antiquity as majestic as that which broods beneath and above the city of the Seven Hills. Nevertheless you do find in London rather more than in New York an immense quantity of almost everything displayed in a bewildering profusion—from plays to diamonds. And, if the plays are almost always banal and if better diamonds may be found in Amsterdam, you do just occasionally—just often enough to make the search worth pursuing—light upon in London, as you do not quite so often in New York, a Koh-i-noor, or a vintage wine that is, in its kind, the finest in the world.

So that, if we none of us ever make London our real home, we do, almost all of us, for longer or for shorter periods, at intervals more or less

protracted, find it a necessity to be in London—a necessity that is due to our desire for adventure, and that is pressing just in so far as our desire for adventure is great or small. It is perhaps a platitude to say that London is interesting just because it is so very large. (And I do not know how many times in the course of travels not very protracted I have heard the phrase—"A town of seven and a half millions: think of it!" uttered by persons who have never seen a town of even a million.) But the fascination of London is very certainly due to its simple inexhaustibility. All of us who have been to London know what it is to be bored, to be worn out, to be oppressed by a sense of the utter emptiness of the vast city. We all know what it is to pass in the train, out through the light of the suburbs into the dusky outside world, with a feeling that we never want to see London again.

But, once at a distance, nearly all of us hear the words that Whittington heard—and we return; since, because London is so inexhaustible, we have always the feeling that, round some corner that we have never yet had time to turn, we may still find the untrodden street paved with whatever gold it may be that we seek. London, in fact, appeals to the spirit of the gambler that is in all men, or to the spirit of "try, try again," and again and yet always again—the spirit that is essential to humanity if humanity is to survive. In this spirit New York shares very efficiently. And it is this spiritual attraction rather than the glamorous visions of its mists, its mazes of lights, its roar of wheels and its massed humanity that really calls us always back. We may hate its grayness, we may long for green fields or for crags crowned by ruined castles and heather—in hot sunlight. But all these things are, by comparison, very finite; it is only the great cities that offer us the chance to bathe in humanity. And to the general man all the world over, it is only humanity that is really and vitally fascinating.

# CAMPING ABOVE THE YOSEMITE

A SUMMER OUTING WITH THE SIERRA CLUB

By HARRIET MONROE



WHEN the State of California, in March, 1905, deeded back to the nation the valley wonderful which she had long held in trust, the Yosemite National Park absorbed the little State park and became a unit. Eleven hundred square miles of white granite mountains and green valleys, of giant forests and clear lakes and rushing waters, are now the property of the nation, to be used as a pleasure-ground forever. In the heart of the Sierras the valley lies, so remote and the greater part of it so inaccessible, that the people in general have no conception of the treasure they possess.

One recent summer the California Sierra Club gave its members and a few of its friends the opportunity of exploring this wilderness. Every year these mountaineers take a month in the open, far beyond the reach of inns and stages; and this Yosemite year it was my happy fortune to follow—with one hundred and forty of its campers, attended by packers and cooks and a long train of heavily loaded pack-animals—the rocky trails of the national domain. Park we scarcely ventured to call it, for the Government has not yet even made a road or built a lodge, and he who climbs out of and beyond the Valley must carry his bed and provisions with him.

It was a fine morning late in June when my friend of the Club and I took the six-horse Yosemite stage from Merced, on the Santa Fé railroad, for that beautiful, swift, dusty two days' ride which has now gone

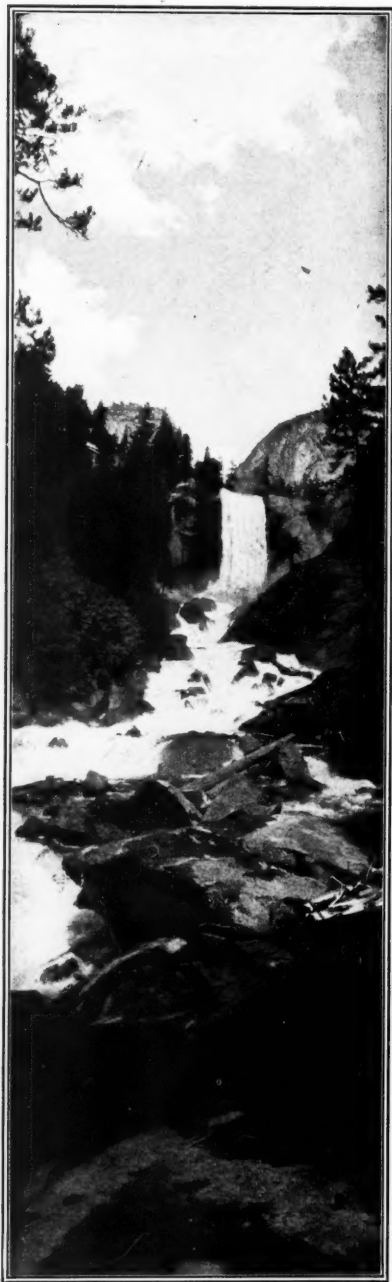
the way of other stage-rides into the difficult but happy past. We felt very strange in our mountain clothes, with knee-high hob-nailed boots of incredible stoutness, skirts and bloomers to the knee, rough waists and coats, and wide-brimmed sombreros; very strange and most wonderfully free of all conventions and traditions. Our dunnage-bags were loaded on with us,—brown canvas rolls containing fifty pounds—no more—of bedding and clothes for a month of tramping and sleeping in the open. And thus emancipated we sped along through green hot meadows, and around and over the curving foothills; and at last, after noon of the second day, we took our places behind a new driver of Falstaffian humor and proportions, for the final dash into the reservation, and through the gorge of the Merced to the Club's first camp in the wide eastern end of the Valley.

Our road at first led through rich forests. Insensibly our eyes accepted the girth and stature of great trees—huge yellow pines with their patterned bark, and shaggy-coated cedars; so that we came unaware upon our first sequoias, those vaster giants of an elder world. So simple in their majesty they were, so fit and fine in their immensity, that like great men they seemed at first as other folk, dominating us gradually by sheer force and grandeur. Slowly our eyes measured their girth and height, accepted the mountainous roots, the massive columns, rugged, straight, yet soft-coated as with thick brown furry velvet, against a thousand winters' destructive storms. Gradually our gaze climbed each old trunk



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THE HIGH SIERRAS FROM GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY



VERNAL FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY

bare of boughs to that plume of green away up against the sky; until our imaginations bowed at last to the splendor of this conquest of time and all the elements, to life persistent and triumphant through so many centuries, and still facing the future in the power and beauty of eternal youth.

Only after leaving the two giants did I learn that they were the last on our route. In popular prejudice the Yosemite is the land of big trees, so the discovery that the only grove of sequoias in the Park is ten miles west of the Valley involved a readjustment. We clattered out of the forest by and by, and on at break-neck speed toward the Merced gorge. Gradually the bed of the river hardened to granite and deepened to a cañon. We found ourselves galloping along a narrow ledge midway up one perpendicular cliff, while the stream below was a torrent foaming and leaping over the rock and shouting from wall to wall a splendid tune. It was as if Jove were making a symphony of his thunders, playing them in lordly music on this mighty reverberating instrument; for miles while the gray gorge shadowed and deepened the pealing harmonies rose and fell, on a scale the most grandly melodious I ever heard in nature.

Insensibly the august music faded into mere sound that hushed at last, the gorge widened as its granite walls grew into mountains, and the Merced Cañon became the Yosemite Valley. We paused before the Bridal Veil Fall, which throws long diaphanous silvery draperies over the stern gray cliff—wind-blown draperies of softest tulle in which the rainbows swing. We saw the gleam of Widow's Tears which faded into vapor before they fell, and of the long slender Ribbon Falls that fluttered in the wind. We dashed through forests rich with half the kinds of trees that grow, and faintly fragrant with azaleas. We rounded El Capitan, that tall white master of the Valley—incredibly straight and tall—incredibly whiter than white, his head three thousand feet above the Valley floor, his



gleaming granite armor inviolate. We had a distant glimpse of Yosemite Fall, and saw North Dome and Half Dome lock the Valley in at the east, while other mountains, shoulder to shoulder,—Sentinel, the Three Brothers, Liberty Cap, Glacier Point,—sternly guard its beauty forever. We paused only a minute at the little row of shops, the little old hotel, and then dashed on another mile under a golden sunset sky. And at last we alighted, tired and very dusty, at the Sierra Club camp, and saw roughly dressed figures flitting under the trees, or eating supper from gray plates as they sat on the ground. And we washed off some of the dust at the river, found friends and food and a place to camp, rolled out our sleeping-bags on the grass under an oak-tree, and said good-night to the peering stars.

The week in the Valley that followed brought a sense of close intimacy with the grand old earth; we seemed to share in her highest lyric moods. For however nature may brood or smile or grieve, or be angry or serene, in the rest of the world, here in this sunken magic Valley she chooses to exult, to build a bower for her majesty and sing and shout and be glad. We grew aware as never before of her splendor and joy; we saw it in the green of the meadows and woods, in the sparkling white of the granite domes; and we heard it in the race of cascades, in the tumult of an hundred waterfalls.

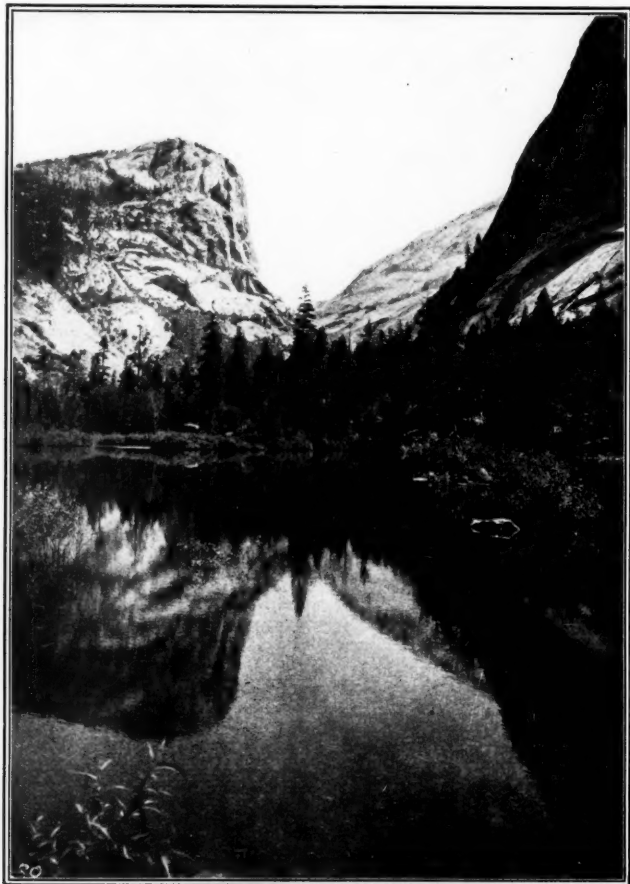
The most potent revelation she granted me was this of the beauty of falling waters. Their unimaginable variety seemed beyond the power of even divine invention. Out of a crevice in the rocks a thin little film of lace would flutter and lose itself in the sun; or a heavier mass of gleaming foam would drape the mountain with clouds in its leap of a thousand feet to the river. Along a mad path of precipices whimsical Illillouette dashes like some gay Ariel, singing as it flies. And down to the high crest of Nevada Fall come the melted snows of a whole mountain range—



HETCH-HETCHY FALLS

a mighty mass of raging waters that shake the earth with their plunge. Seven hundred feet Nevada leaps in a curve that breaks a little near the

Valley has been sounded and painted often enough; it is not the purpose of this article to linger in that wonderland, but to climb out of it into the



MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY

top and plumes outward; and then the great wild torrent gathers itself together in the clear green depths of Emerald Pool, skims madly along the Silver Apron, and at last, over the solid granite shelf of Vernal, plunges another three hundred feet with a mass and weight and thunderous roar that only Niagara can surpass.

But the beauty of the Yosemite

High Sierras beyond, into the less familiar, but scarcely less beautiful, regions which Congress never gave away, and which now make up ninety-six hundredths of the Yosemite National Park. But a few words, in passing, may be said of the need of a systematic scheme of improvements which should begin in the Valley and radiate to the remotest corners of the Park, making the whole

reservation as accessible and comfortable for travellers as the Yellowstone.

California, during her forty years' guardianship, did little but build a post-road, cut a few trails and license an inn or two. To-day all these are pitifully inadequate. The condition of the post-road makes Yosemite dust a by-word, and yet this is the only path for pedestrians along the Valley floor. Beautiful shady forests stretch at both sides of the road, and along the river are lovely glens and incomparable views, yet during all this half century no trail has been cut; equestrians and pedestrians have had to drag along in the hot high-road's dust and glare. The floor of the Valley should be riddled with trails, and the post-road should be macadamized and, if possible, oiled once or twice a season from the point where the new railway reaches the reservation. In the greater park above the Valley—all the vast expanse to the north, south and east—the only wagon-road ever built is the old Tioga mining road, which, through long disuse and lack of repair, through floods and frosts and avalanches, has become impassable for wheels and dangerous for horsemen. Trails also through this magnificent wilderness are few and far between and very rough.

Thus the whole problem of bringing the Park and the people together should be studied by competent engineers; and Congress should rise to the scale of expense involved in their report. In the Yellowstone the Government has spent millions in the construction and care of good roads and trails; and millions must be similarly spent in the Yosemite if its wonders are to be accessible to the people. Then a hotel concession should be granted, including a series of way-stations in the greater park, as Tuolumne Meadows, Hetch-Hetchy Valley, the base of Mount Lyell, Lake Tenaya, Lake Eleanor and many other points.

Also the Government should say a resolute no to all predatory schemes,

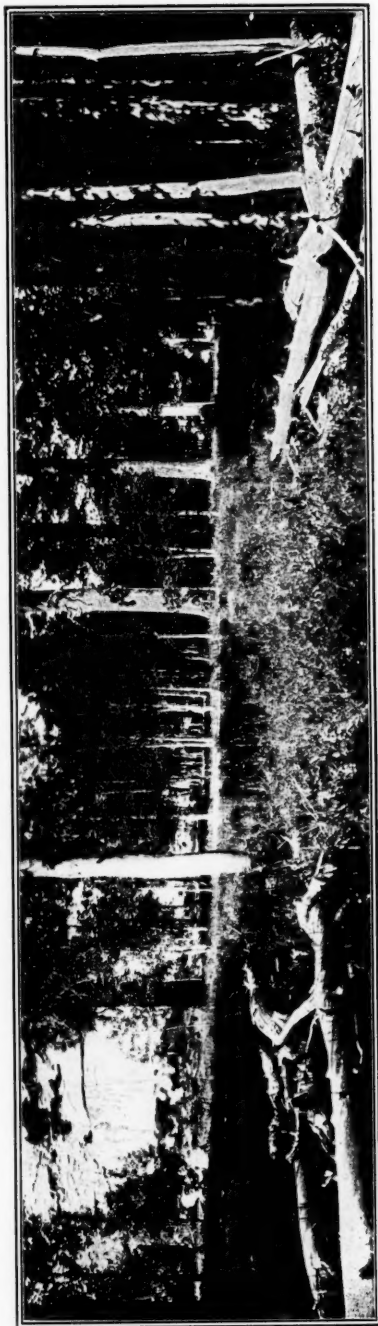
however plausible. Its recent weak acquiescence in the plan of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, who wish to convert the Hetch-Hetchy Valley into a reservoir, sets a vicious precedent and should be revoked. The concession is wholly unnecessary, since an adequate supply of the coveted Sierra water could be obtained elsewhere at a slight increase of cost; and if it is fulfilled, a little garden of paradise, the focal point of many trails and the jewel-casket of the upper park, will be destroyed forever.

Something will be lost, no doubt, when many pilgrims follow the mountain trails—when this wilderness, like Switzerland, is smoothed and carved for the foot of man, and dotted with lodges for his comfort. It must be, and on the whole it is best; but the facile tourists of the future will be less happy than we adventurers, who found nature virgin and inviolate, and braved her beauty and terror in the mood and manner of the pioneers.

A week in the Valley initiated us. We grew accustomed to nights in a sleeping-bag, with only tree-tops between us and the star; to days of climbing up and down the Valley trails, and tramping back and forth along the dusty road. We got acquainted with new friends in the Club, and with their open-hearted, free-spirited way of taking everything for granted and making light of discomforts and accidents. We bathed in the icy river at sunrise, and squirmed into our clothes, there in the women's camp, behind any improvised curtain we could rig up out of a cloak or blanket fastened to the trees. We passed "down the line" for breakfast beside the long plank tables of the commissary department, getting our granite-ware plates from the pile, then tin spoons and cups and steel knives and forks from boxes, and lastly our rations, ladled out from steaming pots by the pretty girls of the Club, who wore bright bandanna caps and aprons and took turns in serving. We learned to sink grace-



LAKE WASHBURN, UPPER GORGE OF THE MERCED



MERCED WOODS

fully down to mother earth without spilling any food from our dishes, and to make a table of our laps or the ground. We learned, or thought we did, to wear our short skirts and high hob-nailed boots with an air, as though we had been born to the joy of them; and we noted with amazement the manifold uses of the bandanna, which, as lunch-bag, napkin, apron, night-cap, neckerchief, handkerchief, dust cloth, wash cloth, proved the most indispensable article of camp equipment. We acquired new ideas of personal adornment, admiring the grace with which these western mountaineering girls wreathed their sombreros with wild flowers or small brown pine-cones, and brightened their attire with gay scarfs and pretty rakish sweaters. We knew literally the emancipation of having "only one dress to put on," and the difficulty of keeping that one dress unspotted; and we found it no hardship to wash our washable clothes in the running stream and dry them in the sun and wear them unironed, like Homer's ladies of long ago.

In command of the expedition was the Club's Outing Committee—California lawyers and business men by profession and mountaineers by election, to whose mild authority we all submitted. For two months, ever since the melting of the snows, their packers had been stocking our various camps, carrying in provisions from distant railroad towns; and now these men waited, with sixty or seventy horses and mules, to pack our dunnage-bags and all the commissary traps up that steep trail and into the High Sierras. Among them but aloof, disdaining and disdained, were three Chinese cooks, especially "Charley Tuck," the indispensable chef who had served the Club during every one of its outings, and who knew how to make "hot-cakes" for a hungry crowd in the open, and to bake real bread in flimsy collapsible portable stoves. Fortunately no provision had to be made against wet weather, for this region is exempt from rain in summer. The carrying

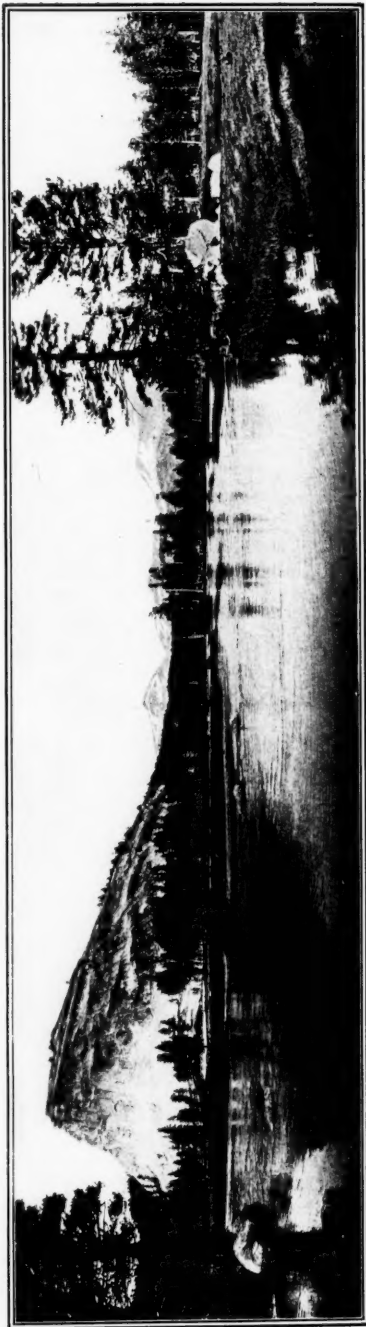
of tents for such a crowd up into so high and difficult a wilderness would be almost impossible.

It was in the chill dawn of a Fourth-of-July morning that we started to climb out of the Yosemite. As the first day's work was to be severe, I proudly mounted, for the first stage of the journey, a horse which a little California artist and I had engaged together. Equestrians were numerous that day, as there were plenty of horses to be hired in the Valley stables, and many of us needed a lift to the top of the mountain wall. We rode on through the rich green meadows and climbed a steep zigzag through a gulch on the Eagle Pass trail, mounting a thousand feet or so and paralleling the Lower Yosemite Fall. At about nine o'clock I found the little artist sitting on a rock at the foot of the Upper Yosemite Fall, gave her the horse, and waited alone for friends who would soon appear afoot.

It was my farewell to the Valley and its waters—this hour in front of the great Upper Yosemite—the mighty cataract, a third of a mile high, which is perhaps the most beautiful of all. It seemed like some young Greek god, some athletic nude Achilles, standing there so slim and straight and tall, with his head in the sun and his feet on the clouds. Below me, patterned by the winding stream, was the green floor of the Valley, velvet to the very base of the gleaming lofty cliffs beyond; above me rose the vertical granite wall, shadowed and brown against the bright blue zenith; and in front of me close against it leaned this fine lithe spirit, springing from the mountain, poised on the rock, alive with a thousand leaping pulses, chanting a song of a thousand echoes. In that long hour the splendid living thing became companionable and divinely kind. My little human life grew to its stature, throbbed with its force, sang with its music. For an hour I shared in the triumph with a pagan joy, sitting there in the sun on a ledge and watching the eternal rush and rest. Those glorious waters



THE MEADOW, HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY



L'ABERT'S DOME FROM TUOLUMNE MEADOWS



washed the whole world clean; I looked down and saw its sins dashed away over the rocks, I looked up and saw its perplexities float off in those climbing mists. And below me, as I swung my feet over the precipice, the Valley lay fresh and pure, its silver ribbon of a river sparkling in the sun.

Then my friends came and I climbed with them up the zigzag trail; up, up, to the top of the wall, just above the ledge over which the exultant Yosemite takes its leap. We spread out the contents of our bandanna lunch-bags and ate in the sun and slept off our weariness; another mile then, and I found my little broncho tied to a tree, mounted him, and rode on ahead, alone. Hours and hours, miles and miles, I rode under the high pines, through the long still afternoon; up and down the slopes, into and over the little streams. Many of the Club were far ahead of me and many others as far behind; but the immense solitude of the forest made me doubt their existence and my own, until the only thing of flesh and blood left in the world seemed to be my patient horse, contentedly plodding along, shaking his mane, and munching such young leaves as he could find.

A camp-fire of huge tree-trunks shone through the twilight when I reached Porcupine Flats, our first stopping-place, and parted from my equine friend forever. And in the blessed warmth of it I spent the night, I and twenty or more other trampers whose dunnage-bags, and the laggard mules that carried them, were still miles behind. The more fortunate members lent us such blankets as they could spare, we had snatches of sleep and of talk and of walking under the dark pines; and so, between dozing and waking, I learned the beauty of the night in the High Sierras.

The days that followed were full of good fellowship with people, and of high fellowship with mountains, and mountain lakes, and lofty pines, and snow-fields, and sharp difficult summits. The second day's journey

brought us to Lake Tenaya, the "lake of the shining rocks," a little jewel set among white granite slopes polished smooth by the glacial action of long ages. This was an easy tramp of only ten miles, and all the afternoon we rested and dozed, and swam in the warm clear water. On the third day we scrambled over rough granite and melting snows and shallow streams up to the Cathedral Lakes, nine thousand feet above the sea among brown pines and drear, bleak, jagged peaks; and then on in soaked shoes through miles of forest, wading the streams and clearing the other obstacles as we could, to our twelve-days' camp in Tuolumne Meadows.

Here we made ourselves at home, and from this base-camp took tramping or climbing or fishing trips, according to individual taste. The snows had but recently melted from the green and flowered meadows; the first night we shivered until the morning sun shone in upon our sleeping-bags with penetrating warmth. So we gathered quantities of dried bunch-grass and made soft beds to take off the chill of the earth. Charley Tuck set up his flimsy stoves, and gave us buckwheat cakes at breakfast and fresh bread every day; and we even had fresh meat from the Valley, and a present of mutton from herds which the soldiers caught trespassing on Uncle Sam's domain. A deliciously cool soda spring bubbled and fizzed out of the red earth a mile away, and thither we would go with lemons and sugar to drink soda lemonade. From this camp started various expeditions, the weak or lazy idling if they chose, and the harder mountaineers climbing Dana, Lyell and Ritter, the three 13,000-foot mountains, and even—twenty of the more venturesome—cutting and tearing their way through the spectacular Tuolumne Cañon, carrying on their backs bedding and provisions for four days.

At eight or ten thousand feet above sea level, out in the open, anxieties and dangers dwindle away, and

dramatic contrasts become the most natural thing in the world. To walk over hard snow-drifts under a hot sun, for example; to burn at midday and shiver at night, and soak one's feet in a thousand rills—all without taking cold; to be a barbarian and a communist, a homeless and roofless vagabond, limited to one gown or one suit of clothes; to lose one's last hat-pin or shoe-lacing, and give devout thanks for a bit of string wherewith to tie oneself together; to make one's toilet on a slippery bank, after a brave plunge into an icy river—all these breaches of convention become commonplaces in such a life as this, part of the adventure, a whispering in the ear of nature's secrets.

Certain pictures from these nights and days are vivid among beautiful memories. Tuolumne River, which we followed to the beginning of its awesome gorge, has as many moods as an army with banners: slipping, sliding, leaping, cascading, resting in still basins full of fearless trout, leaping over ruthless precipices to a chasm piled with cruel rocks. One morning we followed the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne back toward its source in Mount Lyell's glaciers, and perched for the night on any rock we could find up the steep slope at the base of the mountain, each group having its own little camp-fire against the frost and snow. The scene was of an indescribable magnificence—an amphitheatre of snowy peaks shutting out the southern stars, the great camp-fire flaming below us and the lesser fires climbing the slope, while the pearly river slipped away northward into the soft still night.

Another picture is of Lake Mono as it lay hot and blue in the sun, among the ancient pinkish-lilac craters of barren Nevada. As I looked down from the sharp metamorphic crimson rocks of the Bloody Cañon trail, the color of this disk of water flamed like a meteor—a burning deep cerulean which may be seen but once on earth, one of the mystic impossible colors, like the purples of the Grand Cañon. And the lavender desert beyond,

scarred with volcanoes extinct for ages, looked as old and dead as a landscape of the moon.

On breaking camp at the Meadows we plunged into the wilderness indeed. The flimsy bread-baking stoves were folded away—from this time canned goods and hard-tack were our fare. And each trampler's fifty pounds of baggage was cut down to twenty, two persons sharing one dunnage-bag while the rest were packed off to await us at the village of Tuolumne. We followed the crippled old adventurous Tioga Road back for a two-days' tramp and then struck into stern, steep and half-obiterated trails. Even Chinese taciturnity was broken by these impossible little trails, which were always the longest distance between two points, and of an inexhaustible variety of roughness. One day Charley Tuck's horse—for the chief cook always rode—almost broke his leg on some precipitous rocks, and the impassive Oriental murmured, "Heap dam bad tlail—killem lady!"

But difficulties became a stimulus in that mountain air, under those lofty pines. The weak grew strong, and the strong became invincible. Men and women made knapsack trips, young girls tramped over an hundred miles in a week, and in all the company never a creature, even to the horses, was ill. So we pushed on easily about fifteen miles a day toward that lesser Yosemite, now threatened with destruction, the Hetch-Hetchy Valley; one day getting lost and straying around through the pines a weary twenty-five miles before emerging for a late supper at Hog Ranch, a private domain now just outside the Park boundary. Near noon on the twenty-third of July we walked to the edge of a large rock and saw a lovely Vale of Cashmere sparkling below us in the sun, its bright river patterning the green meadows with most intricate windings. Gray mountains on all sides walled it in, except at one narrow end where the river slipped through, and between their crevices tall slim waterfalls sprang to the grassy floor. Down

into this secret valley we marched, and wound three level miles through flowing green grasses shoulder-high—the only human things between those granite walls, where never a hut nor a spade marred the locked inviolate wilderness.

Our camp here beside the lower Tuolumne River, now broad and deep as well as swift, was the most beautiful of all. Three days were ours of enchanted wanderings—up the Rancheria Creek, back to the Little Hetch-Hetchy Valley, across the river and under the cliffs; and three nights of enchanted sleep under the high pines and the stars, with the full moon mounting late over the lofty granite shoulder of the Colonel, and looking down serenely on the human intruders in her quiet world.

Late on the third day our twenty hardest mountaineers emerged from the Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne, their flesh scratched, their clothes begrimed and tattered. The three women wore knickerbockers or close bloomers—no skirts; and all—men and women alike—carried, slung and strapped over the left shoulder, the slim seven-foot rolls of bedding and provisions which had burdened them for four days, while they were tearing through thickets and scrambling up and down vertical rocks and swimming the deep swift river. Some day the Government will cut and blast a trail through this great gorge, and give its spectacular beauty to the world.

On July 26th we climbed out of the Hetch-Hetchy for the home-stretch of five days to Bret Harte's village of Tuolumne. Two days we camped at Lake Eleanor, near the northwestern corner of the Park—a glassy sheet of pure warm water in which we dipped and swam, and whose wooded and rocky shores we explored. Then on at four o'clock one morning through forests and lovely valleys to our last camp at Reed River. By this time we had

passed the Park's boundary, and the next morning, as we marched toward the lumber-camp whence we were to take a logging-train, the great pines and cedars lay prone and stripped around us. The pain of their degradation was sharp and fresh in each of us like a wound; each felled giant seemed the victim of a separate murder. For weeks these mighty citizens had been our friends—by day companions, guardians by night; and now they lay humbled, helpless, under the staring sun. The glory of the wilderness lay behind us; once more trains and turmoil, clothes and vanities—all the foolish frenzy of civilization! It was in a mood of tragedy that we chattered gayly with the loggers, and mounted the rough plank seats nailed for us on their open cars, to ride down-grade in the burning sun to the little mining village of Tuolumne. There the citizens turned out *en masse* to laugh at our battered costumes as we trailed into the pretty inn for supper, and took possession of the special train that was to deposit us in San Francisco in the morning.

We had tramped two or three hundred miles and explored a small part of the nation's spectacular playground. We had slept under a few of its great trees, beheld a few of its thousand lakes, forded a few of its innumerable streams, climbed a few of the chain of white granite mountains which guard it by day and lock it in by night. For a month we had possessed the earth in her grandeur, beheld her in all her glory of snowy peaks and soft green valleys and vaporous cataracts. She had been still for us, she had whispered in pine-tops, she had thundered in falling waters. And we were glad that all the world and all the ages would follow us to the wonderland, but glad still more that we had possessed it before its ways are made smooth for all the world.

(The illustrations on pages 218, 219, 222, and 224 are reproduced from photographs by Mr. E. T. Parsons of San Francisco.)

# A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

## EAST AFRICA'S APPEAL TO THE HUNTER OF BIG GAME

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY



SQUEAK goes the air-whistle. One hand jerks back the lever while the other twists tight the throttle-valve. "He has seen another. I wonder if we'll ever get to the end of this."

But the wheels have stopped and the engineer pokes his head out and looks back. "Bill, see—quick! He's jumped out for this, but it's a big one. Lord, what a rug it would make! There goes his '.405'—and he's got him, too. Keeled right over! See 'em hustle for the brute. That means a half-hour stop, and it's fifty miles yet to Nairobi."

Things are stirring at the rear of the train. There's the man with the gun, a boy with a camera, men with ropes, all hustling for the tall grass at the roadside. Through a break in the grass they drag the carcass. The camera is focussed on hunter and victim, with a few natives and tourists as a background. Snap goes the shutter. "Now you fellows pick him up and heave him back into the game car—I mean van; and Heller, you and Loring get right to work on him. It's hot, and I would n't lose that skin for a good deal. My, but that was bully! Kermit, sure you had your lens stopped down? You know the light is strong."

Two squeaks from the air-whistle, and the train is again under way. Settling himself back in his camp-chair on the observation platform, the man with the gun sweeps the landscape with his binoculars, tests

the trigger to make sure it does n't catch, puts the rifle where he can seize it on the instant, and picks up "Vanity Fair" to resume his reading. A bit of a library is on the table at his elbow. Mixed in with Burns's poems, Thackeray, Browning, Winston Churchill and Conan Doyle are titles with such words as "Africa," "Lion," "Animal" on the covers; also, copies of two magazines, and two only. Beside the big gun is a ".303" and an array of smaller ones, and an assorted cartridge-belt hangs over the man's shoulder. A water-bottle in a champagne "tub" and a drinking glass complete the outfit.

This picture may be seen out on the Athi plains this spring—yes, with the lion thrown in; for they have a railroad where these brutes are fond of the track-walkers and station men—they are so tender and palatable. It is the road where headquarters sometimes gets a telegram reading like this: "Lion sitting on the station platform. Wire instructions." Now it should be said that at some of the depôts, the agent, telegraph operator and baggage-handler are all one—a big, plump, bearded Hindoo scholar. A lot of them drifted in here when the line was being built, to get some of the rupees; and when they were left in the back country to starve or turn "native," they turned railroaders. The employees of this highway of steel are the most educated of their class that any railroad can boast; but when a hungry brute from the jungles jumps upon the depôt porch and looks into the window barred to keep

him out, and the Hindoo is alone, he wants to say something. When the track-layers were putting down the steel it was a free show not only for the Bantus, Masai, Bagandas and other citizens, but for lions, hyenas and all sorts of antelopes; and even to this day elephants like to see how quickly they can yank down a telegraph pole with their trunks, or bat it to kindling wood with head and tusks.

One tusker got a dose of tangle-foot which does not come in glass. On a part of the right of way the construction gang had put up a telephone line. The elephant may have thought that the wire was a trap or a fence to hold him, but he did not think long. Charging the nearest post he broke it off, swinging it over his head with his trunk! The jerk carried about half a mile of wire with the pole, and it wrapped around the brute's neck and shoulders. Unable to shake or pull it off, he did as a dog with a can tied to his tail—started on a run. On a bee line he rushed over field and plain, through valley and even woodland, until he brought up in a cane thicket and rolled on his back in the struggle to free himself. Trained by the pathway made by the wrecked pole as it threshed about tearing up the earth and brush, he was found two days later in a network of wire, actually strangled to death.

In the Usoga country where this happened they put up armored lion-proof huts where the coolies could run if they saw a brute sneaking up on them. The keepers of these huts planted some gardens. The truck patches drew the "rhinos" out of the bush. They ate a little and rooted up the rest; but that was not the worst of it. They came around at night and tested their heads by butting cars on sidings, to see if they could knock them off. One bucked the rear end of a train of "empties" so hard that it started along the track. Faster and faster went the cars on the down grade, until they jumped off at a curve and all but

one were turned into a scrap heap in a gorge by the roadside.

Such are some of the stories Mr. Roosevelt will hear when he is not busy taking pot shots. Crossing the big Mau gorge, he may be told about the way the Yankee engineers who had a hurry call to finish up the railroad put it together in just sixty-nine and one-half hours by the watch—and it is nine hundred feet long. But it is only one of twenty-seven bridges forged of Pennsylvania steel, finished in an American shop and sent around the world to Mombasa, all ready to be set and riveted into place while guards with express rifles kept the lions, leopards and hyenas from eating the workmen. To get the British gold, the bridge company had to have the job finished in such a short time that it was simply a case of hustle, with night shifts and day shifts. They had no time to waste in thinking about the man-snatchers, and when the shift turned in with only the camp blaze between it and brutes howling with hunger, the men slept even with the scream of the hyena in their ears. Some of them were "snatched," and when the track was being laid, many a coolie tie-dropper went into the lion's mouth and, later on, down his throat. And to-day you can get many a glimpse of the creatures of the wild, through the dining-car window, as you kill time at your meal, served on a damask table-cloth, with ices and cigarettes to finish it. If the train doesn't go into a washout or roll down an embankment, the traveller reaches the shores of Lake Victoria five hundred and eighty miles from the coast, to find pony carriages to take him to the pretty hotel, or pass his grip to the porter in white duck coat who bows him to his state-room on the big steamboat at the wharf. Just like being at the Thousand Islands, on the Rhine, or at Lucerne.

Nearly ten years ago the Yankees went to Africa and did what no one else could do in the same time. Since



then, men with guns and cameras, naturalists, missionaries, the advance agents of the land boom and the mining boom, and mere settlers, have come across the Taru desert. Red coat, khaki and puttee are seen on the trains and at the stopping points, and the bugle-call wakes the sleeping garrison in the Nile province, a thousand miles from the sea. At Nairobi—where the observation car takes a side track—the party of rugged, bronzed men who greet the visitor, put him up at the club and do the honors, are types of English gentry, some in the service, some land-owners for profit or sport. While you drink the Scotch and soda after the evening dinner, you can hear the lions roar on a night hunt out beyond the town. The host smilingly leads you to his trophy cabinet—and you know that roar was not an imaginary one.

It is one of the world's queerest towns. A guardsman strolls along the street with his cap cocked on the side of his head and a cane under his arm just as at Aldershot or Southsea, and a terrier at his heels. But the bungalows have iron bars at the windows and some have iron roofs; once the bars kept lions from decreasing the population. It seems incongruous to mix up tennis, bridge whist, man-eaters, gazelles, railroading and polo in your daily talk; but that's what they do in Nairobi. There is a department store there, which sells everything from a mosquito-net to a hunting outfit for a whole caravan, including khaki suits for the gun-bearers. So here's a day's programme that the ex-President may enjoy:

Early breakfast, then off to the outskirts with the guns, and Kermit with his camera. An hour later they are actually on the Athi plains, where you can lie behind a grass tuft or hillock and watch the game you see on the horizon come within range. The rifle cracks, down goes the brute and snap goes the camera-shutter—and all in sight of the town church. After two or three more heads have

been added to the collection, time is up, and they go back for a game on the skin court, where the hunter thinks of the old days behind the White House when he swatted the ball over the net in the bouts with his Tennis Cabinet. After the mid-day meal at the clubhouse, there is a zebra race on the half-mile course, by the black troopers in the garrison, and everybody who is anybody must be there: it's an official function. Then there's the officers' dinner and reception—and the lions but five miles away! Such is a part of the civilization the traveller can enjoy here, until again the *wanderlust* seizes him.

But the Kikuyu country is easy, says the old African wanderer. Here is a good place for a man to get seasoned for the real thing. He can pick up some skins and heads, toughen himself to the mosquitoes, fleas and sun, and get used to the nightly chorus of the creatures of the forest that resounds through the streets of Nairobi. He finds out so much he did n't know and the books did n't tell him, about what to wear, what to eat and the habits of the big game and little game. A month or so of this life and he can go out into the real wild, and hear the "Ndulu"—the song of the packers as they toil along with huge bundles on their heads. A carrier costs about ten cents a day in our money, with a few red bananas and green stuff thrown in for his food. One will "tote" a load of sixty pounds through a place where a Missouri mule would lie down in disgust. Toting here means a good many things. The packers will follow an elephant road, cut their way through flags and reeds high above their heads, wade through black mud waist-deep in the marshes and ford rivers up to their necks, and when they "squat" the bundle from their heads it will be dry and clean. There are man toters in the caravan. Mr. Roosevelt is a rather heavy weight, but the Baganda carriers have back muscles like iron that will hold him above the water



unaided, for they are among the strongest men in the world, and "Ndulu" is the song in which they brag of their ability to do "stunts" like this. If Kermit takes a snapshot of his father sitting on the shoulders of a totor, his legs astride his neck, it will probably not be published; but this sort of thing is common enough in the swamps.

Some funny things go into those bundles. Not only food and clothing, dishes, bedding, even stoves; but they tie live goats and calves by their legs, curve them like links of the letter S and make a pack as snug as a blanket roll. To drive the animals on the ground gives a scent, and in many places they cannot walk, so it pays to carry them. Sometimes a pet dog or a calf will be fastened around a carrier's neck, while he balances the pack on his head.

A dozen miles a day, or a hundred miles a week: if you smile at these figures, you don't know Africa. For this hunting is not a stroll over stubble, or a woodland pathway, where you can see a mile through the forest lanes, jogging along, hands in pockets, gun in hollow of the arm. In the real wild it is push and crowd and cut and climb. For mile after mile the route is through a tangle of canes, reeds and grass reaching far above the head, and the guide has to stand on his fellow's shoulders to get his bearings. But this is easy compared with acacia scrub: bristling with hard sharp spines, the bush is as tough as hickory and so thick it hides the ground. A half day in this will tear to shreds the stoutest puttees and the thickest cloth trousers. Leather only is proof against these needle-like points. When the natives want an antelope for a change, they fasten bits of the scrub inside an iron ring and tie it near some water hole. The thirsty beast puts his foot into the ring when its spines are bent down; the points catch into the hock, and he is hooked like a fish. Pull and jerk as he may, they but stick deeper into the flesh with every move. A spear-thrust or

knock on the head adds the struggle to the camp's food supply.

As to the sagebrush, even a full-grown Louisiana canebrake is a smooth pathway compared with this "real wild." The guide says a river must be crossed. You can't see any water, but you know it is there when you plump down into the slime and ooze to your waist. Now the packers show their skill in toting as they slash away through the reeds and rush with one hand, and with the other steady their head burden. They forget to sing "Ndulu." A mile in a half day through this stuff is a good record; and the river channel may be so covered with it that not a pool of water can be seen.

And all this is just where a wild brute may show his face at any minute. It is a case of having ".303" or ".405" ready to shoot straight and shoot quick, and the Roosevelt nerve will have a chance to display itself. There's a mystery and uncertainty that's not pleasant, and if the first shot does not take the legs out from under the animal, it may be the last shot, for the rhino or the lion or even the buffalo may part the jungle unseen until he is right upon the caravan. Here is no stalking or track following, and then stealing upon the game. The stealing is all the other way, and though an African animal seldom attacks a large party, coming on it unawares, he will fight to the death to defend himself.

That's a bit of the Roosevelt life in the Rift valley, the Mau forest in the region of Naivasha—the "Lake of the Papyrus,"—sixty miles west of Nairobi. The engine whistle can be heard on the shore of this lake, but a week's travel southward are the forest and valley—a big zoological garden. On the Athi plains the hunter lies behind the hillock and waits for the game to come within range. In this garden he is like to run across anything from an elephant to a gazelle without seeing a sign until it is shoot to kill or be trampled, horned or chewed. Here not even a hut may be seen, and not a black

face save occasionally a Masai, the bravest of the tribesmen that dare to follow the beasts with spear and club.

Elgon is another place the British sportsmen say is a true hunting country. On the sides of this mountain Mr. Roosevelt can go along an elephant road. So many of the big fellows go up into the overland when the lower country gets soaked in the rainy season, that they have torn an avenue for miles through the tree-covered slopes from the foothills to their feeding grounds above the clouds, where they remain until the lower country dries out. This passage is followed by hunting parties, as it is clear of underbrush and has been trampled until it is fairly level. Every variety of big game known east of the Congo is in the country around Mount Elgon and upon its sides, but to reach it means to go north from Lake Victoria a hundred miles and then to drop out of the world along the trail followed by Speke a half-century ago.

Out in Uganda you can draw to a bigger hand of kings than ever won the jackpot in an Arizona poker game. Great Britain alone maintains four monarchs running, whose dusky predecessors sat on thrones of dried mud and bamboo almost as far back as the days of Ham. There are a hundred or so big chiefs, for this country is as large as Texas; and each king rules over a good-sized realm of his own. He has an army of strapping black soldiers that will make the ex-President wish he had had them at San Juan hill; but all the armies are under the English flag: they are the King's only by courtesy. Hoima is one of the show places, and when Mr. Roosevelt gets a taste of Andereya's hospitality, he will know why it is better to be President. Andereya rules over Unyoro from one of the biggest palaces in Africa, with walls two or three feet thick. They made an enormous mud pie, then threw in cane and reeds to thicken the porridge. As the stuff began to harden they pressed

and squeezed it into the shape of the palace, which is nearly fifty feet high, its grass roof sheltering two stories. At the corners palm trunks support the roof, but all the rest is sun-baked mud. The royal guard which will turn out to receive the guests have real guns and go through all the motions from "Order Arms" to "Aim!" They stop there—for a good reason. The guns are real, but so made that they are as apt to go off at the butt end as at the muzzle. The barrel of old gas-pipe is plugged at the rear and fastened into a wood handle with leather thongs. The recipe for loading is to fill half the barrel with powder, drive in some bark for wadding and on top of this some gravel. That's the gun of the Royal Guards. They fire it like the Fourth of July artillery of the small boy—touch it off through a hole in the breech, or by lighting a fuse of papyrus. That's why they may be seen on festive occasions, but are not allowed to be heard.

When Mr. Roosevelt seeks repose in the king's *kitanda* he will lie upon layers of bark cloth which reach about two feet above the floor, rough side up. Cloth is too precious to be used for the top, so he will try to keep warm under more bark, knowing that the gorgeous-hued blanket forming the coverlet is there for show, not for use, and is not to be removed. It reminds one of life's seamy side; and those bark seams are an inch deep and have edges.

You can change quickly from the world of the wild to the world of to-day in the Briton's Africa. Leaving the canes and forests of Elgon, a week brings the traveller to the railroad, where in a few hours he is crossing Lake Victoria to leave the boat at Entebbe. Here he is in one of the human oases not dotted on the map. From it extend wide, smooth roads bordered by gardens and plantations, while in the suburbs are the homes of the provincial officers, land-owners and missionaries. The Botanical Garden is a tropical paradise where the American naturalists

can find most of the varieties of African flowers. The "rickshaw" or dog-cart takes you out for a ride in the suburbs or to the cricket course. Bicycling is popular with the tribesmen as well as with the whites. By night the electric current lights up houses and streets. You can telephone from Entebbe to Mombasa; and for years the telegraph wire has stretched across the country, except when broken by storms or beasts.

At Entebbe the ex-President will turn the corner, so to speak, in his journeys; for when he has again boarded the steamer and reached Jinja, he is near the river he will follow until he gets to the Mediterranean. Just a few miles through the little valley in which Jinja lies is a cataract. Here Kermit sets up his camera and pictures the actual source of the Victoria Nile, which the reference books speak of as "undiscovered." Out come the rifles, for just below Ripon Falls is a patch of water which at times is turned to a whirlpool by the mass of "sacred" crocodiles with which swarms. No Nile traveller has ever seen more of the ugly reptiles huddled into a place of the same size, and every crack of the rifle may mean a hide if

the marksman knows where to hit to the death. You can shoot enough here in a month to stock a good-sized leather shop. Then it's from Entebbe to Gondokoro by the little river boats—where they can navigate the river; where they can't, the tourist can take rickshaws, or go on mule-back over the caravan trail along the Victoria Nile that existed long before the first white man saw it. At Gondokoro the traveller will find waiting a special steamer provided by Egypt's Sirdar, on which he will voyage to famed Khartoum.

All this wandering in the African forest is due to one thing more than to any other—the lure of the white rhinoceros. If ex-President Roosevelt can solve this animal mystery, he will do something man has never done, although the world's greatest hunters have sought the rare beast for a quarter of a century and more. If he gets one—and he's determined to—Harvard's Class of '80 may have a new "yell" when the hunter comes to its reunion:

Four — five — O,  
Three — O — three,  
R-o-o-s-e-v-e-l-t! R-h-i-n-o!  
Vic — to — ree!

## THE HOME-COMING OF EVELINA

By EMMA BELL MILES

SHE was aghast at this last failure of her long-nourished hope. As she plodded beside the pitiful stack of battered and rusty household gear—home-made for the most part, and the rest indescribably cheap and ugly—Evelina Kell, with her babe at her breast, found herself muttering and moaning over and over: "Oh, I'm sick of it—I want to go home. I'm sick, I want to go home—I want to go home." Tears at last blinded her eyes so that she stumbled. Her

husband turned from his team with a kindly admonition.

"Now, mother, you'd better hush that, or you'll make yourself sick sure enough, goin' on so. Ride, honey; git up an' ride—the nags can stand it. Whatever air ye grievin' so about, anyhow? Look what a sightly evenin' it is—red—we'll have a fine day to-morrow."

She listened with a bitter, discrediting half-smile. This year, what with Anselm's illness and a fire, the

stack of household goods had dwindled until there was room for her to ride beside the children. The baby was now old enough to sit by her instead of being carried—"though there 'll be one in arms before the next movin'," she said bitterly, communing with herself under her shadowing sun-bonnet. Moreover, the team and wagon, such as they were, were this time Anselm's own. "But there, we had to sell the cow to git it. Oh, I wish 't I could just go home. . . ."

She climbed submissively up. Jolting, swaying, sweltering, powdered thick with dust, the forlorn little group moved along between the ridges, stopping now and again to rest the mules or to drink of the wayside water. It was to Samples' Mill they were going this time, and with every mile the country became wilder, more heavily wooded. Evelina scarcely spoke as they rode along; the little ones drowsed, or sat in apathetic silence, only at intervals pointing out a rock or a bird's nest amid the undergrowth. Anselm, seeing the general despondency, tried to cheer his woman as he ploughed through the dust, by assuring her of the tight shack and level truck-patch he had rented, and telling her how the mill men had offered him a chance to buy both. She murmured yes and yes, without interest. From having sojourned in many shacks she knew about what this one would be like—windowless, hot in summer and cold in winter as a paper shell, filled with fleas by the stray hogs that had slept under its floor, and impossible to render clean or attractive. As for the chance of buying—that, too, was an old story.

"Anyhow, I'm glad," said Anselm, fumbling for hold on his wonted cheerfulness, "that we decided to come out here instead of holin' up in Free-fight for the winter."

The wagon jolted and rattled over the stony road. Anselm was a sun-burned, lithe fellow, with a good-humored, three-cornered face that held structurally a hint of mirth in it. His wife resented that look just now. Both the children were whim-

pering, and she addressed their father with a querulous tremor in her voice.

"I'm plumb wore out with this ridin'," she said.

He could make no headway against her disaffection; he could not warm or cheer her; he began to feel piqued, and became sulky. It was some time before he again spoke, glancing at the sun.

"Well, I reckon we 'll make hit ag'in dark," he observed. "The little fellers must be gittin' tired, too."

Again, when the shadows were flung far across the road: "Hit ain't more'n two mile further. Our place is right on the p'int o' this ridge."

All drew a deep breath, and shifted position on the creaking, clattering load. Then, without warning, the off forewheel dropped into a chug-hole. There was a lurch, a strain, a crash of splintering wood; the children shrieked, the team plunged for a moment while their driver shouted and plied his whip. Then the calamity was quietly accepted, and all began to scramble into the road.

"Haf to take this wheel to the mill blacksmith's," said Anselm, tapping the smashed rim and tire with his whip-stock.

"And us camp here!" exclaimed the woman; but that was the extent of her outcry. Oh, well; it was of a piece with all the rest. Her lips were drawn as she went about unloading the needed bits of furniture, while her man unhitched and fed the mules.

"I'll go down into the breaks yonder," he proposed, surveying the land with an experienced eye, "and see if I can find us some water afore it's too dark. You know where them matches is at?"

She set the little ones to gathering brushwood, and presently on wayside bush and weed shone the shaken brightness, as ruddy a blaze as ever graced a hearth. But while the woman sliced the salt pork for their repast she was moaning softly, under the sound of crackling and bubbling, "I want to go back home"; and, though the children raced to her in

delight over the find of a quaintly freaked box-terrapin no larger than a coin, and though Anselm appeared next moment with brimming buckets, having had the luck to stumble on a good spring not a hundred yards from the road, her heart lay like a stone.

All her life Evelina Kell had belonged to that portion of the mountain people who, sometimes through restlessness, sometimes driven by dire poverty, are continually shifting their habitations. Her father, Daniel Beaver, was not poor among his neighbors; he was only a type in which the instincts of the settler are forever conflicting with those of the rover. His way was to choose a piece of wild land, clear and fence a few acres, open a well-spring, build a cabin and a stable or smokehouse, raise his own cow-peas and truck for a season or two—and then, almost before Bess and Piedy were thoroughly assured of the whereabouts of the milk-pap, he would swap the whole for a larger piece of wilderness somewhere farther back, and begin the whole task anew. By this means he had owned, at one time or another, nearly every tract of arable ground on Sourwood Mountain, and, with the help of his strong sons and willing neighbors, built some twenty cabins. There is a tradition in the coves of Sourwood to-day that old man Beaver had a raisin' every fall and a barn-raisin' every other fall, his wife having a quiltin' on the off year. It used to be said that his dog, on seeing the wagon backed against the door, waited no commands, but ran at once to hustle in the chickens—all save one knowing old rooster whom some wag described as meekly holding up his legs to be tied.

So Beaver grew old in the full content of usefulness. In that land of pioneers he had been of inestimable service to his kind—like the historic Johnnie Applesseed of a more northern region. That the fruits of his husbandry must be plucked by others—that strange footsteps trod the punch-ions of his hewing, and the laughter of babes unnamed by him echoed

along the timbers he had mortised—this troubled him not at all. He made a good living and, with his five sons, enjoyed the almost nomadic life. But he wore out two wives in the process; and all his eight daughters had married pathetically young, hoping to escape, like Noah's dove, to the solid ground of a permanent home.

In Evelina's case the hope of haven proved a mirage. She had indeed married a man in whom the domestic instinct was dominant, but Anselm was no manager. He tried work in the mines "yon side the mount'n," and was at one time a hand on the valley railroad; he had tended the grist-mill on Caney's Creek, and there turned occasional pennies by fashioning bread-bowls of maple wood and baskets of oak splints. He had once set up a primitive jug-factory among the creek beds of pale-blue clay; and in season he helped with sorghum-grinding, cotton-picking, and fruit-packing on the valley farms. Shreds and ravelings these of any proper calling; yet Anselm was so hard and willing a worker that he always kept bread in their mouths and a roof over them. Evelina's sorrow was that the roof should be so frequently changed; for he never attained their common desire of a four-acre plot and cabin of their own. Something always happened just when they seemed about to settle—he lost his job, or learned of a better one elsewhere; the water failed, or they became convinced the place was unhealthy. Whatever the reason, the fact was that every year, sometimes oftener, they "shut the door and called the dog." To Evelina that proverb was a hateful mockery. Her part in the moving inevitably meant three or four days of hard work and exposure to the weather. The children seemed always fretful and ailing on moving day. Sometimes their scant bedding became damp with mountain mist. Often on the steepes they had to unpack the load and carry it piecemeal over a difficult pass. Once night overtook them stalled in midstream



where Anselm had mistaken the ford. If they had a cow she was sure to break loose somewhere along the route and lead them a weary and anxious chase before they could start again. The children were all so nearly of a size that, until the last two or three moves, no one could be trusted to secure another on their precarious perch atop the bedding roll. And upon their heads was the summer sun and dust, or else the cruel frost, or a searching rain that might turn at any time into needles of snow. To-day's moving, in fine spring weather, was an exception.

The sun was gone behind the woods. Azalea fragrance floated in great waves from out of the hollow, and the whippoorwills began calling. The road, white as if covered thick in meal, and printed over already with little bare reet, ran straight into the green tangle and was lost; butterfly-peas and centaury roses bloomed beside the way; fireflies sparkled in the shadow. Between the oaks was a glimpse of a blue hill like—well, she could not quite remember what blue vista, far in girlhood, was like to this one. But that blossoming chestnut tree, with its clear, vibrant hum of bees in the honeyed dusk, reminded her of the one at . . . no; again, she could not fix the memory.

"This place feels like hit used to at home," she sighed, when the supper was over and the children asleep on a pallet spread under the trees.

"Which home?" queried her husband, and awaited no reply. The moon glimmered through the boughs, and the camp-fire slowly faded to a skein of pungent smoke in the darkness. "We gotta get up early. I want to have that wheel mended at the mill forge afore breakfast, and git a soon start if we can."

So a second pallet was prepared, and on its hard, uneven length they stretched their weary limbs.

For a time she was wakeful, while the deep stillness and loneliness of the forest night took hold upon her heart. She lay breathing quietly, lapped

like a lifeless thing in a sadness too great to be altogether of a personal quality; the weight of the world's pain was in it. Dark, still and chill with dew, swept by an unknown wind from the unshapen, empty homes of the air, the vast night hung over her—Night, older than Time.

She waited, not caring ever to rise to a new day, praying only for the passion of tears that should bring relief. Then she slept. It may have been about two o'clock when Evelina awoke from a beautiful dream. She tried not to wake; her spirit strove to grasp the golden thread and follow into the enchanted country it had quitted, but roused itself in striving. However, the charm remained like a perfume round her.

"I was back home," she whispered to herself in the darkness. "That was it. I was back home." Overhead the night-wind was swaying the tree-tops slowly against the stars. She heard the whispered counsel of the leaves. "I was back home."

She tried to piece together details of the dream picture. There was a blossoming orchard, of that she was sure. An orchard all light and bloom, aquiver in the sun—the one at the old Dease place, of course. Yet it could not have been springtime, for she was picking blackberries, and a cornfield rustled beyond the fence.

Also, by the absurdity of dreams, with the rustle was mingled a drumming undertone of rain as she had used to hear it on the dear low roof by Caney's Creek, and framed by the dark entry-vista above the purple-misted range she remembered from one of her first childhood dwellings. Through the house a shadowy, beloved presence—was it her mother, or sister Lib or Em?—had made itself gently felt; yet surely she glimpsed the sunny head of her little boy that died.

Where was it, then? Where and when was it, this home, the centre, the very core, of lifelong desire and remembrance?



Suddenly, with a soft, swift, tingling shock, as of a hand laid on her in the dark, Evelina knew. She became fully awake, and saw the truth as clearly as she saw the stars. This home for which she yearned was no place to be reached by any road of earth. What she seemed to remember was no single definite locality, but the ghost of fair, perished days in many dear places—a lovely composite of all the hours, perfumes, and pictures past,—essence of all she had known of love and youth and the joy of life.

Over her head a bird broke the deep silence with a brief and delicate nocturne keyed like the falling of drops into a lonely pool. On the instant, as if at a signal, the frogs' orchestra began. From the marshy little hollow below the spring a few piped severally at first; then followed a chorus of tinklings and flutings and trillings and tintinnulations. All were bent on achieving rhythm and unison, and all, as usual among the frogs, gave up just when success seemed imminent. And then the awakened treetoads took up the strain, in long cool tones, half a dozen trilling at once in as many different minors. Occasionally a deeper note rang vibrant and heavy—the bass-viol of a bull-frog. Every little tinkle was given its full value, held separately afloat on the ocean of silence. Evelina, listening, felt the old bitterness fall from her like a broken chain. So the frogs' music had rippled, clear and merry, from so

many marshes through the summer nights of her life; wherever she had lived—in the ridges, at the foot of Sourwood, or on the Side, by the river, or on the breaks of Caney—she had heard them without fail each year. And so the thrush foretold the dawn; so the chestnuts bloomed ever in the engulfing forest; so the treetops fanned the quiet stars. And all were hers, for she loved and remembered all. These, not one particular lintel, were her home and her children's home.

She turned, and drew a deep breath. Over the oaks a rim of gold began to widen toward the zenith; the thrush's harp-note rang from the creek below. She felt her soul adrift on an infinity of perfect peace and wholesomeness. The great secret had been whispered to her in the night. And though she might not put it into words, she felt that she should put it into life—a larger life than she had ever known. At home everywhere! It was given her to perceive, in a simple way, that this frame of mind was the greater gift, outweighing the ancestral acres, the broad hearths and strong-raftered roof-trees, of women she had envied. Here was her mansion, canopied by God's blue.

Day broke through the highland forest; and, with the pacific confidence in herself and trust in the blessed everyday world of men and things which is faith in God, Evelina arose among her sleeping household, for the first time in her life a woman at home.

## ITALY AND THE BOOK-MAKERS

By CHARLOTTE HARWOOD

THE spell of Italy is more potent than ever, and year by year the increasing tourist adds to the store of books about the Woman Land. A century or more ago she was the culminating point of the young English gentleman's "grand tour"; but to-day the motor-car has

replaced the lumbering coach, and steamship companies pour hordes of Western barbarians into her beautiful gateways, Naples and Genoa. Genoa la Superba, supremely throned on her amphitheatre of hills, looking out on the sea she once queened, bids fair to become, once again, a great

Mediterranean seaport. Like all the fair cities of Italy she has a past—and a past worth looking into,—though she is usually treated as a means to the end of other more famous towns.

Perhaps a little too Baedekerian in his methods, Mr. Robert W. Carden has nevertheless told all the story in "The City of Genoa," this colorful overture to the opera "Italy"; and hence we can go to some other of the "Cities of Italy," whose varying charm Mr. Arthur Symonds feels and imparts with none of the catalogical sense that overwhelms so many sojourners in the art-saturated atmosphere of southern Europe. The special characteristic of each town is clearly shown in these pages, and although we may not agree with the author that Naples, for instance, is terrifying, we must still recognize the Naples he tells of—bright, lazy, beautiful, flea-ridden, beggar-haunted witch that she is; and we must realize that in the Capital the most impressive thing, after all, is "the grandeur that was Rome," which makes it almost impossible for a stranger to realize that it is really a small city. While it would be impossible to walk the streets of Florence unconscious of her great citizens, it is more as a philosopher than as guide and friend that Mr. Symonds accompanies us; while we float through Venice without the assistance of Titian or Aretino—though never unconscious of their influence there,—see her glorious, barbaric, glowing and yet fading splendor, inhale her mediæval breath, and listen to her silence; or wander through academic Bologna, mystic Ravenna, flower-like Siena, and even spend a day in Verona undisturbed by the shades of Romeo and Juliet.

Twenty years ago Margaret Symonds was in Italy with her father, J. Addington Symonds; and now she writes of the "Days Spent on a Doge's Farm," in the flat country around Padua and Venice. Her hostess, the Countess Pisani, was a woman whose remarkable character

robbed this country of its chief characteristic—monotony. Miss Symonds tells how she organized the farm, bought centuries before by one of the Pisani family, which has given a Doge to Venice. It is a phase of Italian life seldom seen by Americans, notwithstanding the frequent international interchange of dollars and dukedoms; and there is a simplicity and charm about it that make it seem very restful to one living what a foreign friend calls "la vie vertigineuse de New York." There is a refreshing absence of opinion as to Italian art and Renaissance culture here; as there is also in Lina Duff Gordon's "Home Life in Italy"; or rather, as she says in the preface, in a *part* of Italy; for the people in different provinces differ one from the other almost as much as do the various nations of Europe. But what a delightful picture we have here of the life of this particular little corner! Who would not love Mariannina, cook and housekeeper, who bought a rather lean turkey for seventy cents, and explained—while the turkey was warming itself at the sitting-room fire, whither she had led it: "We can stuff it with maize and acorns—there is time before Christmas,—and when I have finished washing up in the afternoon, I can take it to walk in the moat, and do my crochet." The Italian peasant is not all Mafia and Camorra, as we in America are too apt to think, though witchcraft, no doubt, still flourishes among them, and superstition and revenge. Miss Gordon tells many good stories of them. A jealous wife waited for her rival, fell upon her suddenly and cut off all her hair with a pair of shears. "Now," she said, "go and show yourself to your husband, and tell him who has done this, and don't ever dare to come near my man again or else I'll send the devil himself after you." The cleanliness of most of these peasants is dwelt on. "We Northerners have much to learn from an Italian house-frau." We Americans think we have nothing to learn from any one, but one sees

few such pretty ways as this in New York: "One day we offered a hard-boiled egg to a toothless old man, half mendicant, half casual laborer. He was delighted, but before beginning to eat it he offered us a penny and, as we refused it with much amusement, later in the day he brought me a bunch of wild flowers." There are many little incidents of this nature and, with descriptions of the way the little peasants read and recite naturally, one who does not already know may learn that all Italians are not New York "dagos." This bit of advice may be laid to heart: "The Englishman"—the author writes from an English standpoint—"finds the foreigner horribly underpaid, and is ready to treat him better; plunged into the romance of the country, it is sometimes difficult to be worldly wise. Then the Italian mistakes kindness for stupidity. . . . In every case the old proverb shows its wisdom: 'In Rome, do as the Romans do.'" As seen in these pages, the Italian peasant is, on the whole, a lovable creature, in many respects unchanged from what he was centuries ago. He has remained, but his lords have vanished, and are now but one of the brilliant memories that make the romance of Italy.

We may read of some of them in Mr. Christopher Hare's "Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance," which professes to be "a mirror of the life and times of the ideal gentleman Count Baldassare Castiglione, derived largely from his own letters and other contemporary sources." Here, like Machiavelli in exile, we may make our "entrance into the ancient courts of the men of old" and be carried away to the society of all the magnificos of a magnificent period. The Court of Urbino is the principal one here; but with Urbino were closely allied Ferraro and Mantua, and we have more than a glimpse of the Gonzagi and of Isabella d'Este, never an engaging figure, but interesting for her artistic avarice; of Ludovico

il Moro, the Constable de Bourbon, some kings and popes, and the terrible sack of Rome. To-day, it seems all a sort of Arabian Nights tale, and, with the memory of those now melancholy cities fresh in our minds, leaves the impression of unutterable sadness that no one who loves Italy can escape. It may be that the distance of centuries lends enchantment to this view; those days had their troubles, but they have left a lasting regret that their grace and beauty had to die with so much else that is happily over. An epitome of Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier," which is in danger of becoming a fad, closes Mr. Hare's picture of his times.

It is curious to note the different ways in which Italy takes hold of the traveller. One sees only her romantic Renaissance past, another her mediæval cities, some her faded present, and a few the promise of her future. Her northern churches seem to have drawn Mr. T. Francis Bumpus to her towns, and in "Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy" he writes of them with a cocksureness not always commendable. There are illustrations of all the churches and cathedrals, and the book is very well got up.

Turning from the somewhat cold architecture of northern Italy we find some recollections of "Lands of Summer"—by Mr. T. R. Sullivan—pleasant reading, largely on account of the feeling of sun-warmed leisure that it imparts. Why should we be in a hurry in Sicily? Mr. Sullivan does not think we should, and says that when allowance has been made for "a certain deliberation in methods of procedure there is no better train-service anywhere, and the absence of Anglo-Saxon hustle is refreshing." All "good Americans" will of course deny this, but in this easy way he jogged through Sicily, Greece and a part of Italy last year, and we read, almost with awe that, "at three o'clock in the afternoon of our third day, we alighted, shivering, in the central railway station of Messina. . . .

We explored her squares and byways, shopped on the Marina, and climbed her flowered hillsides. . . . Messina, on its splendid harbor, the natural anchorage of the straits, is a quiet seaport with a declining trade." All this was before December 28th! Let us be thankful that Palermo, "superbly placed on a wide sea-frontage, between mountain capes, at the foot of the Conca d'Oro," is still left us, and as much of Greece as we read of here. Years ago the author spent midsummer in Tuscany, and attended the celebration of Alfieri's centenary at Asti—when Tommaso Salvini bid farewell to the stage.

We next join Mr. Rider Haggard on "A Winter Pilgrimage in Palestine, Italy and Cyprus." The pilgrimage began very unpromisingly in many ways, including the forwarding of his baggage to Reggio di Calabria instead of to Brindisi, and that at a time when Reggio was not so sorely in need of baggage as it is to-day. These vicissitudes add to the excitement of travel, but, though I have never been farther south than Rome (by train, that is), I must admit I never lost anything in Italy—not even my temper, for the Italians are charmingly polite, even when their methods are most exasperating. But then, I never expect to write a book about Italy. Mr. Haggard found Cyprus an unspoiled Paradise. "These folk, however, are not exorbitant in their demands, and do not grumble or ask for more. Tourists have not come to Cyprus to spoil it; I never heard of an American even setting foot on the island, therefore a shilling here goes as far as five elsewhere." Americans are at once the blessing and the curse of Europe. It is a pity that most people, when they find such blessed places, immediately advertise them in a book, and thus spoil the very thing they praise God others have not spoiled for them. It would take more than one winter to accompany Mr. Haggard on this pilgrimage, so frequent are his digressions into irrelevant

side-tracks. Nor does the roughness of his style make travelling easy.

Pleasanter far is it to be "Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land" with Dr. Henry van Dyke, who took his soul with him, and has not left it out of the little volume that is the result of his sojourn in Palestine. To one who goes there filled with the mystery and poetry of the life of Christ, the tourist must be a severe test of the Christian doctrine to love one's neighbor as oneself, unless one is absolutely devoid of self-love. And what Christianity has made of Christ's country must be even a severer shock to believers. What, I wonder, would be Christ's feelings were he to arise in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its lamps and icons and ornaments of gold and silver, full of strange odors and glimmerings of mystic light, the silver star marking the place of his cross, and the brass slide over the cleft in the rock which was made by the earthquake—where "Turkish guardians of the holy places and keepers of the peace between Christians were seated," and where these same Christians fight over the hanging of a picture in His honor! Turn from it all to the open air where Dr. van Dyke finds the true Christianity, and where we may read the story of Christ's life in the fields and on the hills he trod, and possibly meet the descendants of the very peasants he loved so well. Dr. van Dyke has read Palestine aright, and shows us that it is still possible to get the best of what the past has left us, in spite of the ever-increasing destructive march of "progress" and the locust-like tourist, who bids fair to ruin the old world before he has learned really to appreciate the glories that money cannot buy, and that only other times, other peoples and other conditions could have produced. May the day soon arrive when, curiosity having given place to culture, the Old World will be regarded as a treasure-house and not as a mere hunting-ground for relics and stamping-ground for excursionists.



# The Lounger



## I

LITTLE Miss Perkins  
Much loved pickled Gerkins  
And went to the Cupboard and stole some;  
But they gave her such pain  
She ne'er ate them again,  
She found them so shocking unwholesome.



## II

Good Dicky Snooks  
Is fond of his books  
And is loved by his Usher and Master;  
But naughty Tom Spry  
Has got a black eye  
And carries his nose in a plaster.



SKETCHES BY THACKERAY

These little sketches by Thackeray would not be worth preserving were not his name attached to them; even so, their interest is not very great. But there are those among us to whom the merest stroke of his pen is worth while, and so I reproduce these two little bits, and the nonsense verses which accompany them in the Oxford edition of his works, for which they were copied from a sketchbook preserved in the British Museum.



As this magazine goes to press, the attempt of the National Academy of Design to get a building site in Central Park has received the backing of the New York State Senate. The friends and defenders of the Park are still hopeful, however, of defeating the measure in the popular branch of the Legislature.



Mr. Galsworthy, the author of "Fraternity" and other notable novels, has made a success with his two latest plays, both of which will be

seen in this city in due course. From what I read of "Strife," I fancy that it is something like Mr. Cleveland Moffett's "The Battle"; and like that play it does not take sides in the conflict between labor and capital.



The Spanish painter Sorolla must think that this is a great country and that the American people know a good thing in art when they see it. His pictures were scarcely hung on the walls of the Hispanic Society's attractive home before they began to be bought by an eager and admiring public. Within a few weeks from the day they were first seen they were all sold, and Señor Sorolla is richer by hundreds of thousands of dollars than when he landed in America. It is estimated that a hundred and sixty thousand people visited the exhibition, and yet it was away uptown and far off the beaten track. No wonder that Spain is proud of this artist, and no wonder that Valencia has named one of her streets the Street of the Painter Sorolla.



GERALD STANLEY LEE

Talk about the stock market as a "get-rich-quick" proposition—it cannot compare with art, for where will you find a speculator who, without risking a fortune, can make nearly half a million dollars within a month's time?



Jennette Lee's "Simeon Tetlow's Shadow" is as unlike "Uncle William" as if it had been written by another pen. The latter is an idyl of homely life, while the former is a study of business conditions. How the author, who is a professor at Smith College and a woman who has lived secluded from the hurly-burly, could write a book showing as much knowledge of business methods as this, is one of the mysteries of authorship. Mrs. Lee is the wife of Gerald Stanley Lee, to whom she dedicates this story. Before her marriage she was a professor in a western college;

since her marriage both she and her husband have been connected with Smith, and have lived at Northampton. Mr. Lee is a dreamer and a philosopher; he is also, what is rare in philosophers, a wit. It was he who called the Library of the World's Best Literature, edited by Charles Dudley Warner, "Warner's Safe Cure for Literary Ignorance." Could anything be neater by way of characterization than that? Mr. Lee writes essays, some of which are published in book form. He is known to a few, who revel in his work, but he has not yet come into his own. Some day he will be properly appreciated; then people will wake up and say: "Has this man been writing for the last twenty years, and we have only just discovered him?" Then they will fall upon his books and read them, and berate themselves for not having read them before. Mr. Lee is not the only philosopher who has been neglected by his contemporaries. He is in good company, but it is a pity not only to cheat him of his deserts, but to cheat oneself of so much enjoyment.



But to return to Mrs. Lee. She began by writing essays, and clever ones they were, but it was not until she took up the writing of fiction that she attracted wide attention. Her first published novel, "Kate Wetherill," was not read by a large audience, but it took what John Hay called "a mighty tight grip" on the handful who did read it. One woman told me not long ago that it had been her Bible, and had had a greater influence upon her life than any book she had ever read. "Uncle William" was the "best seller" among Mrs. Lee's books, and I imagine that "Simeon Tetlow's Shadow" will not be far behind it. This story, in shorter form, took one of the *Collier* prizes.

Perhaps if Mr. Lee should turn his attention to the writing of fiction he would get recognition sooner, but I should not advise him to. He is an



essayist pure and simple, and, I should think, must be a delightful lecturer, for he is an old hand at speaking, both in the pulpit (for he used to be a preacher) and out of it; and he has a way of looking at things that is as original as Mr. Chesterton's without being quite as eccentric.



Certain advertisements clipped from Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's *Mount Tom* read to me very much as though they had been written by the editor and proprietor of that little sheet. If you are familiar with Mr. Lee's lighter vein, you will agree with me that this advertisement bears the earmarks of his breezy style:

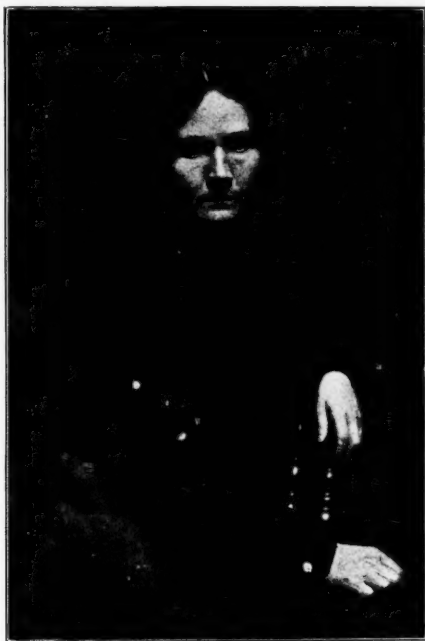
YOU WAKE WITH A TOOTHACHE  
IN A COLD DARK NIGHT

- 1st. Where is the hot-water bag?
  - 2d. Did n't it leak last time?
  - 3d. Is there any hot water in the boiler?
  - 4th. How long will it take to boil some over the gas?
  - 5th. How cold will one get while one is boiling the water over the gas?
  - 6th. Why was one born, anyway?
- And in the meantime you do not do anything, and the tooth aches and nobody cares, and the world grinds around, and it is dark, and nobody cares.

MORAL. If you heard there was a hot-water bag that you could keep hanging for months all filled and ready at the head of your bed, and if you heard that all you had to do to it was to reach over with your hand and take it down and pull out the cork in it and putting the cork back again that bag would be boiling hot, would you believe it? Would you look into it? If one remembered or thought of it in the middle of the night one would look into it probably. Perhaps it would be more convenient not to wait to look into it in the middle of the night.

The ——— Company, 174 ——— St.,  
New York.

Not less Leeian (to coin an adjective), is the following dithyramb:



JENNETTE LEE

EVERYTHING THAT IS DONE  
WELL IN THIS WORLD  
is done with a rhythm.

Playing a piano, walking, talking, breathing, even brushing the teeth—all these things fall into a rhythm if they are done well.

People who have the knack of using the F—— H—— P—— tooth-brush never use any other, because the movement of the hand and the give in the handle make it work like a spring. There comes to be a kind of swing and rhythm and beat in it—when one is using it. It seems almost sometimes as if the brush were brushing the teeth all by itself.

People brush their teeth longer and more thoroughly with a tooth-brush that sets up a rhythm. It gets to going like the pendulum and the spring in a clock. People forget they are conscientiously brushing their teeth. It's as easy as ticking.

The F—— H—— P—— TOOTH-  
BRUSH,  
F——, Massachusetts.



Photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

Why not make the birthday of Christopher Columbus a national holiday? Where should we have been had Columbus not discovered America? And yet we do not even call by his name the country he discovered. And we should still be trying to make eggs stand upon their round ends if he had not solved the problem. It is all in knowing how to do a thing! State Senator McKenzie of Illinois believes that Columbus discovered this country quite by accident. He was looking for something else when he found the land of the brave and the home of the free—like the unlucky wight in Bret Harte's poem who was digging for water and struck gold. Here is what the irate and eloquent Senator has to say:

Columbus, as a discoverer, was an accident. He was merely looking for a passage through which the Shylocks of the Old World might get easier access to the trade of the Orient. Columbus represents the commercial idea. That is all. He was working in the interests of the merchants and Shylocks of the Old World. He sailed out of port and the winds of destiny drove him to a new land. He was looking for a short cut to the markets of the Orient and he stumbled across a new world. Accident! Accident! Pure accident! Why should we honor any man in this way, simply because he met with an accident?

A pathetic interest attaches to Elinor Macartney Lane's novel, "Katherine." Mrs. Lane was formulating the story in her mind for several years before she wrote it out. It was at least five or six years ago that she talked the plot over with me and it was not hard for me to see that it had taken a deep hold upon her heart and her imagination. Notwithstanding ill health she found time to write the story and it was published only a few days after her untimely death. She saw the bound book, however, and that comforted her. If she could know how enthusiastically her own opinion of it has been backed up by the public she would be even more comforted, for she believed in

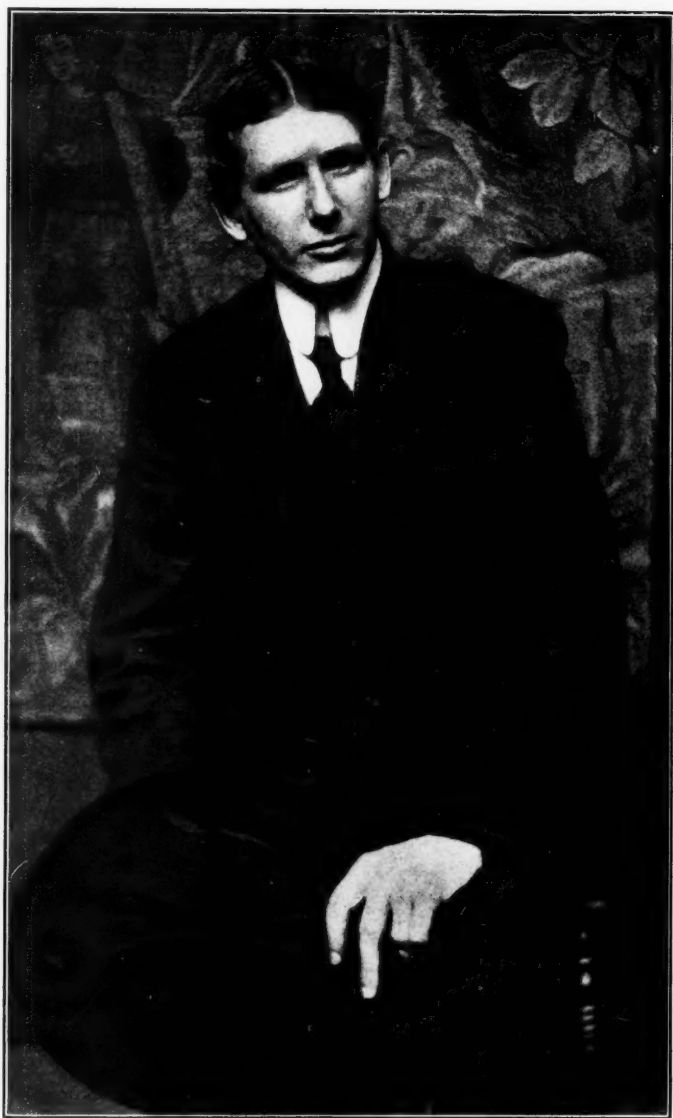
it and one likes to be sustained in one's beliefs.



Mr. Rowland Thomas is a lucky man. Not so much because he won the *Collier's* \$5000 prize with his story, "Fagan," as because he can live in the country and do his writing there. Two years in the Philippines studying social, political and other conditions; and then back to his farm in Duxbury, Mass. His book, "The Little Gods," which was put into shape on the farm, has "Fagan" as its first chapter. His neighbors seem to think Mr. Thomas a better farmer than writer, but he says that he has to write to make farming pay. This, I imagine, is his jocose way of telling his neighbors that he is not as clever as they are in their specialty. It is, in my experience, the intelligent outsider who makes farming pay. One reason for this is that he is not hampered by traditions. The average New England farmer is set in his ways. His father's methods are good enough for him, he thinks, and he goes on as his ancestors did before him. He won't even sell a fraction of his uncultivated land if he gets a good offer, for he says to himself, "If anyone wants it, that shows that it is worth having, so I will hang on to it myself"; and he does so, missing an opportunity to improve his condition and the condition of his farm.



The farms of New England are only half cultivated. I have travelled in a motor over miles of country not crossed by railroads, and have found the shiftlessness of the farmer really appalling. Not only are his fences in bad repair, but his house and barns are in many instances tottering to their fall, and he does not even take the trouble to keep under cover such farming implements as he may own. The despised "city man" comes along and with his book farming makes glad the waste places. He builds anew, or rebuilds; he houses his tools, takes proper care of his live stock and cultivates the soil in a scientific



ROWLAND THOMAS

manner. He may not make farming pay the first year that he tries it, but he will in time, if he sticks to it and gives it the attention he would give to any other business. The modern farmer, the man who makes farming pay, is a scientist. The old-fashioned

farmer got a living, such as it was, out of the farm, but the new-fashioned one gets more than a living out of the soil, and finds time to cultivate his mind as well as his acres. I can imagine few more enjoyable combinations than that of farming and

authorship. The farmer's busy season is in the spring and summer and the early fall. The long winter evenings he can devote to writing, and by an occasional run to town keep himself in touch with men and things.



Perhaps Mr. Thomas chose Duxbury for his home because of the literary atmosphere given that town by the *Duxbury Standard*, of which Miss Floretta Vining is the editor and proprietor. Miss Vining has nine papers to her credit, among them the *Nantasket Beach Breeze* and the *Hingham Bucket*. Her guiding hand holds the helm of each and all of these journals; she writes their editorials and directs their policy. Miss Vining passed through New York in March on her way to Washington to assist at the inauguration of President Taft. From her notes from New York I glean that Mlle. Bernice de Pasquali of the Metropolitan Opera Company is a native of Hull, Mass., and that "her father, William James, is as good-looking a man as you would see anywhere." In Washington Miss Vining found that "all seemed to be glad that Roosevelt is going away, and I cannot understand it. Everybody is mad with everybody else." Miss Vining listened to the "oration of Governor Hughes" which she pronounces "fine," adding that "he appears a quite inoffensive and kindly man." It is pleasant to know that Miss Vining while in Washington "went to all the things and enjoyed the day much." I am sure that Mr. Thomas is a devoted reader of the *Duxbury Standard*, for Miss Vining's name as an editor must have reached him before he settled in that town. I am told that her fame has stretched across the ocean, and that her writings are well-known in literary circles in England.



I do not like the name of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel of American life now running in *McClure's*. "Marriage à la Mode" is too suggestive

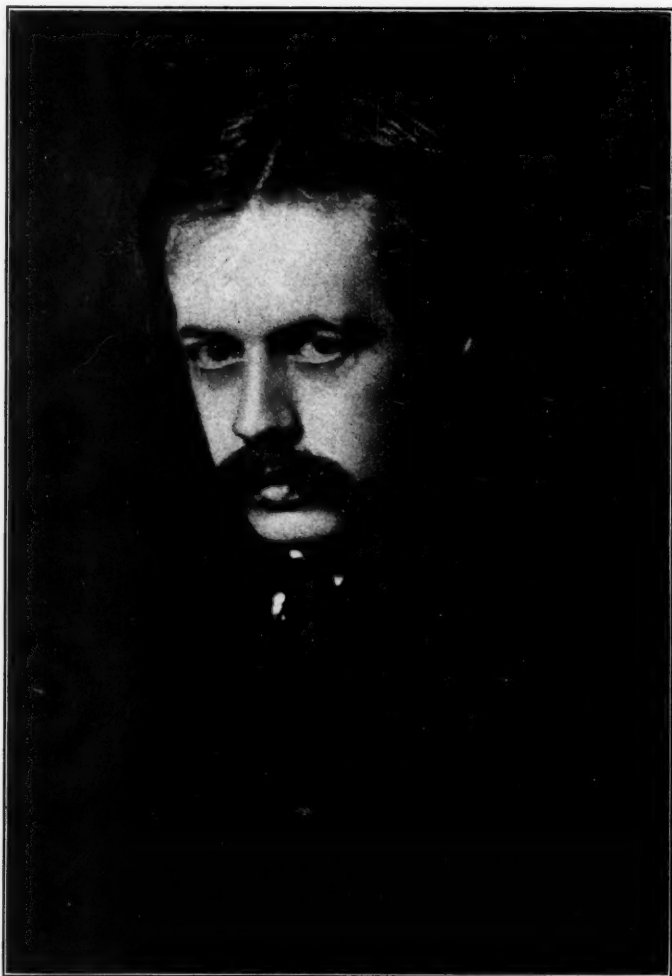
of Hogarth's sordid pictures. When the book is published in London during the present month, it will be called "Daphne," after the heroine, with "Marriage à la Mode" as its sub-title. Mrs. Ward's next novel will run serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.



One of the most attractive-looking buildings at the Seattle Exposition, of which Mr. Willey writes on another page, is the Emergency Hospital shown in the accompanying picture. One might almost be willing to endure a slight illness, or undergo a minor operation, for the sake of being housed for a while in so pleasant a home. (See page 254.)



An unusually interesting and picturesque review of the late Josiah Flynt's autobiography that appeared in the *Evening Post* inspired me to send for a copy of the book, which I had happened to overlook at the time of its publication, to see if it was really worthy of the reviewer's extended notice. I find that it was. It is a much more remarkable book than I had reason to expect it would be, and I have given it a permanent place in my library. I have also placed Mr. Stuart P. Sherman's review between the leaves, for it is as notable in its way as the book itself. Josiah Flynt (Willard) was a curious study. It is not often that we find a man with a birthright such as his, throwing it away to become a tramp. Nine hundred tramps out of a thousand are born of the tramp class. Flynt came not only of good people, but for generations his family has stood for education and reform. It was not as though he had gone into tramping as Professor Wyckoff of Princeton did, to study a sociological question. He went with tramps because he liked their society. He did not mind their dirt; he did not mind even their debasement: he liked it. I have met him in drawing-rooms where, it is hardly necessary to say,



ARTHUR SYMONS

he knew how to behave himself; but it was easy to see that he did not like being there. He preferred the filthy rags of the tramp to the "glad rags" of society. When in London he associated with men-of-letters, but they were men who were imbued with the spirit of Vagabondia. Arthur Symonds was one of his most intimate associates; he and Flynt had much in common. And where is poor Symonds to-day? Better had he died as Flynt died, before he

touched forty years. And Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson, his other English companions? Dead both of them, and better dead, for they found little or no happiness in life. Mr. Sherman sums up this autobiography very tersely when he says that its value lies "in the clear, unrefracted light which it sheds, not only over civilization on a romantic truancy, but over a civilization going quietly, furtively to the dogs."



My pride was very much taken down the other day by an out-of-town publisher and editor who said that the editors and publishers of New York were away behind the times in their methods. He suggested that they go away for a while and look at themselves from a distance. They are all working in a rut, according to this publisher, who I may say has a right to speak, for he has made a great success of his business. There is no independence of thought here. We watch each other, instead of opening up new lines. We are afraid to do things because no one else has done them. We are hedged in by custom and say it will not do to follow such and such a course, because it is not the way other publishers have done. The publishing business is conservative, they argue, and must not be exploited as you would exploit a soap or an automobile. "You want readers for your books and magazines," says the out-of-town publisher; "then the thing to do is to get them." To his mind the surface of the reading public has only just been scratched. With over eighty million people to cater for, what is a paltry million, or even two million, circulation? He may be a little extreme in his views, but at the same time it must be admitted that the publishing business has not advanced in its methods as has almost every other business. He does not believe in sensationalism any more than I do; but he believes that there are thousands of ways of pushing the circulation of books and periodicals that are yet to be tried.



There are two young men engaged in a branch of the book business here in New York who have hit upon new methods for selling the wares of publishers. They rent the plates of books that have had big sales in their day, and they get them out in very much the original style; but they sell them for less than half of the original cost. They print large editions—a hundred or two hundred

thousand—and sell them all. This introduces the author to a new audience, and brings him in a tidy sum of money after he has ceased to expect anything of consequence in the way of royalties from this particular book. You may think that this is an easy thing to do, and that you will try it. Don't. The field is too well covered, and you would probably have your labor for your pains. There are other things, however. The publishing field is still capable of bearing new crops.



I have read with much interest an article in the *Book Monthly* of London on South and Central America as opportunities for the English publisher. The article, which is called "A Spanish Main," is written by Mr. Percy F. Martin, who has been over the ground and knows whereof he speaks. That is, he knows that there are opportunities in those countries which the English publisher has neglected. The demand for British books, he knows by what he has seen, "is real and progressive, but it is satisfied through American houses." This vexes the soul of Mr. Martin, who wants to know if it is the right thing to stand aside for this "keen competitor." He then continues:

As to the magazine and newspaper section of the bookselling trade, the Americans have by sheer pluck and audacity stormed and taken the markets of the Spanish-American Republics, flooding the book-stores with their huge, ungainly Sunday issues and their lumbering, heavy magazines which, *faute de mieux*, and in sheer despair of getting anything less forbidding, the general reader perforce purchases. Far different should be the position of the principal British magazines, such as *The Strand*, the *Wind-sor*, *Pearson's*, the *London*, the *Pall Mall*, and others of this class.

Mr. Martin has a real grievance; and so have we, for never before have we heard our magazines called "lumbering" and "heavy" as compared

with those of England. If he refers to their physical weight, our magazines are certainly heavier than those of England, for they carry quadruple the amount of advertising; but American advertisements are set forth in such attractive style that some people think that they are the most interesting part of the magazines. It would not surprise me if our South American neighbors were among those who felt that way.



In this same number of the *Book Monthly* I find an interesting paper by Mr. Albert Dorrington, an Australian, showing how he came to London to play "the literary game" and won seven hundred pounds the first year. Mr. Dorrington's article is a good advertisement for the literary agent. He says:

I lost no time in securing the services of a first-class agent. The inexperienced young author writing at large, in London, is very much in the position of a soldier firing in the dark. He pots away blindly, hoping to make a hit with one of the hundred cartridges in his bandolier. Now, the agent is the proper person to attend to the firing, and all that he asks of the author is a little up-to-date ammunition.

This will be as balm to the feelings of the literary agent, which have been wounded by the jibes of Mr. Munsey and Lord Northcliffe. Mr. Dorrington's experience, I imagine, is exceptional. That he broke new ground was his salvation. The experiences that he knew how to turn into literature were not of the common sort, and there he had the advantage of others, though he says that he found the British editor hungering and thirsting for short stories. In this respect he is like his American *confrère*. There is nothing that the magazine editor hungers and thirsts for as he hungers and thirsts for short stories. Why, then, is not every one selling short stories? Why? Because they are not just the ones the editor wants. It is the exceptional ones that do not often materialize for which he is seeking.

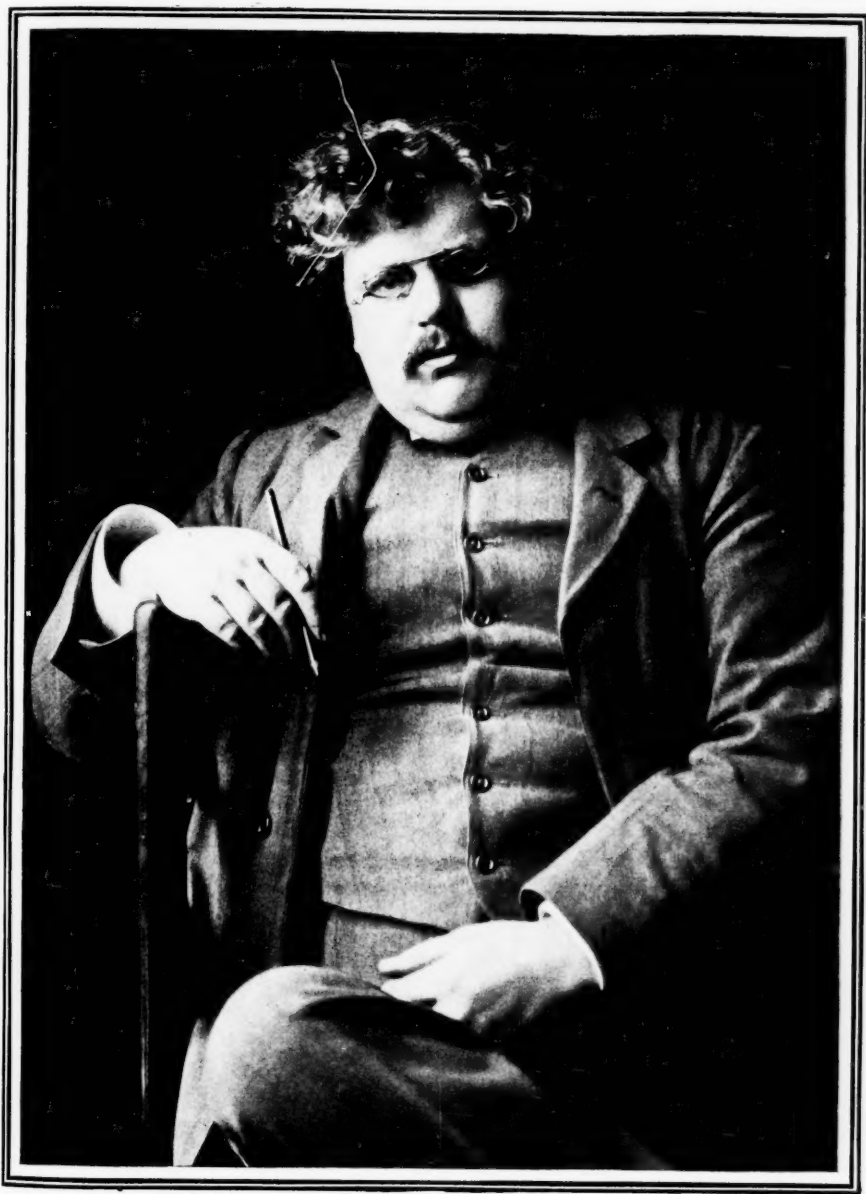
A writer in *Cassell's Magazine* says of G. K. Chesterton, George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells that

More than any other men of the new time they have touched the imagination of the public. They are the Three Musketeers of our prosaic day. They swagger through life challenging the world to intellectual combat. Mr. Shaw is, of course, the D'Artagnan of the trinity, swift and fearless and debonair, and Mr. Chesterton is the Porthos, carrying a huge battle-axe, and hurling at the enemy great blocks of granite as if they were pebbles off the beach. Perhaps Mr. Wells is not subtle enough for Aramis. You cannot fit that gay and irresponsible philosopher into the stealthy part.

There are (says this writer) not three men in the land who get more joy out of life than Shaw, Chesterton, and Wells. They are all so immensely in earnest that they cannot be serious. They are like heirs who have come into a splendid heritage—the heritage of this amazing world—and cannot keep from exultant shouts as their delighted vision discovers new horizons.

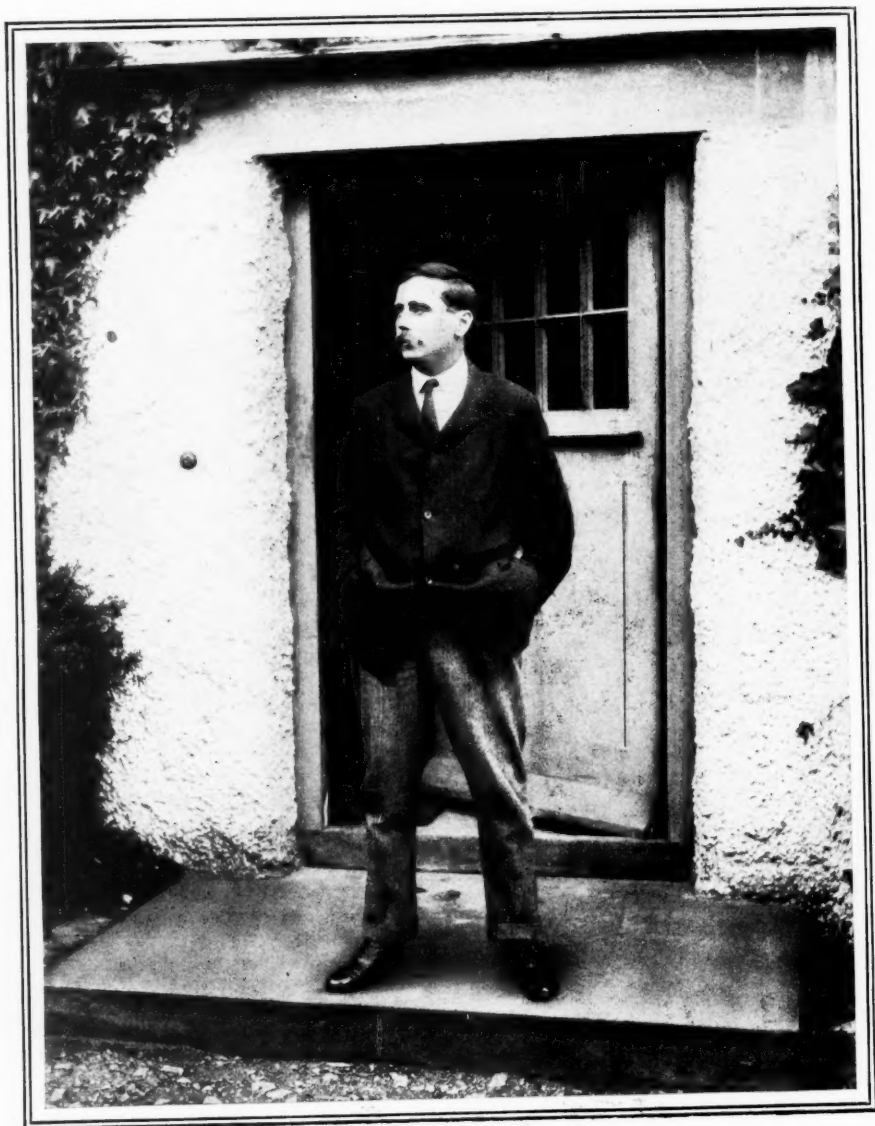


The Memorial Edition of Ruskin, of which George Allen & Son are the English publishers, consists of thirty-eight large volumes, at twenty-five shillings each and not to be had separately. The editors, Messrs E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn, have been working on this edition for ten years, giving virtually all their time to it. It contains much new material and is filled with footnotes and cross references. Each volume is preceded by an introductory essay which adds greatly to its value. Those who regard Ruskin merely as a man who wrote art-criticisms will be surprised to find that he was as many-sided as Gladstone, or even our own Roosevelt. The last two volumes of this edition are devoted to Ruskin's correspondence. He seems to have corresponded with all the well-known men and women of his time—Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Darwin, Lowell, Kate Greenaway, Miss Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) and hosts



Courtesy of *Cassell's Magazine*

G. K. CHESTERTON  
(Porthos)



*Courtesy of Cassell's Magazine*

H. G. WELLS  
(Aramis)

of others. Some of his best letters were written to his father, with whom he kept up an active correspondence. Of Samuel Rogers, "the banker poet," he wrote:

We had a very pleasant breakfast, and he himself was very lively and happy, talking much about Homer and much about himself, quoting himself with great enjoyment, and saying naively, "How sublime people would have called that if they had found it in the Iliad." The worst point about him is the envy of other poets. I never knew anyone conceal it so little. He cannot bear to hear Tennyson so much as named.

There is one letter to Thackeray, but none to Dickens, whom he is said to have admired sincerely, although on his death he wrote to Professor Charles Eliot Norton:

I knew you would deeply feel the death of Dickens. It is very frightful to me—among the blows struck by the fates at worthy men, while all mischievous ones have ceaseless strength. The literary loss is infinite—the political one I care less for than you do. Dickens was a pure modernist—a leader of the steam-whistle party *par excellence*—and he had no understanding of any power of antiquity except a sort of jackdaw sentiment for cathedral towers. He knew nothing of the nobler power of superstition—was essentially a stage-manager, and used everything for effect on the pit. His Christmas meant mistletoe and pudding—neither resurrection from the dead, nor rising of new stars, nor teaching of wise men, nor shepherds.

Ruskin visited Gladstone once, but fearing that he might not enjoy himself he made arrangements to be sent for by telegram if he gave the word. His visit must have been pleasanter than he expected, for the telegram was never sent. On another occasion when the two great men met Canon Holland was present, and of this meeting he says:

I shall never forget Mr. Gladstone's look of puzzled earnestness as Mr. Ruskin expounded at length a scheme he had for enforcing our social responsibility for crime. We all of us are guilty of the crimes

done in our neighborhood. . . . How good then would it be if London were cut up into districts, and when a murder was committed in any one district, the inhabitants should draw lots to decide who should be hanged for it. Would not that quicken the public conscience? How excellent the moral effect would be if the man on whom the lot fell were of peculiarly high character! . . . Mr. Ruskin conceived that even the murderer himself would be profoundly moved as he silently witnessed the execution of this innocent and excellent gentleman, and would make a resolution as he walked away that he would abstain from such deeds in future. What was Mr. Gladstone to say to this? Was he to confute it, or show the difficulties of its practical working?



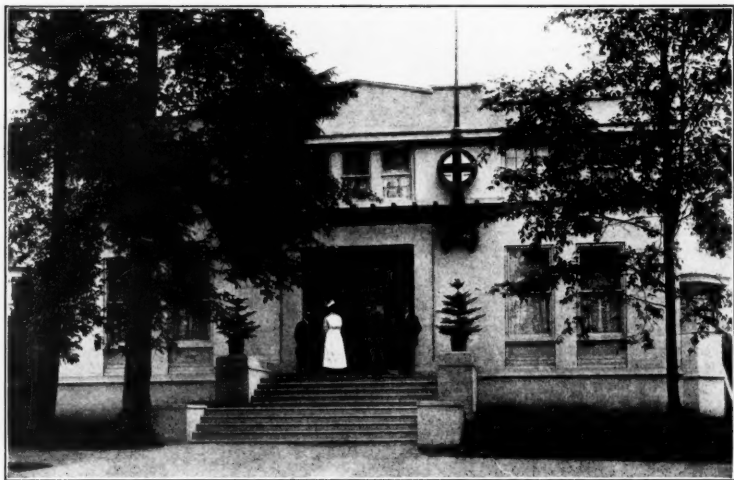
Messrs. Allen have in this edition of Ruskin's works erected a fitting memorial to a man who is honored not only in his own country but wherever the English language is read or spoken. Of course it is too expensive ever to become a popular edition, but it can be read in libraries, and perhaps some day it may be brought out in cheaper form. Messrs Longmans, Green & Co. are the fortunate publishers in this country, and they are selling the edition by subscription, and not through the usual trade channels. The price here is nine dollars per volume.



A writer on social topics says that the old-fashioned dinner is passing away. The manager of a hotel not a hundred miles from Times Square is responsible for this statement. He is quoted as saying:

In the last ten days we have had a wide variety of table decorations. At one dinner the centrepiece represented a complete Japanese garden. Last night real-estate men had miniature houses for dinner favors; while the sportsmen had imitation monkeys, whales, porcupines and snakes on the menu.

I am afraid that if I sat down to a dinner with imitation "monkeys,



SEATTLE EXPOSITION HOSPITAL

(See page 247)

whales, porcupines and snakes" on the menu, my appetite would desert me. I should feel suspicious of the food itself and wonder if real, rather than imitation, snakes, porcupines, whales and monkeys had been served, instead of turtles, eels, snails and frogs. After all, there is something in what one is accustomed to. Coon and possum are said to be palatable when washed down with cider; and in some countries they like rat-steaks served with a bird's-nest salad; but I should rather eat something else, if it were all the same to my host.



It was a large and fashionable audience that witnessed the performance of Mr. Henry James's comedy "Disengaged," at the Hudson Theatre, a few weeks ago. The performance was given for the benefit of a deserving charity, St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, for which it earned the tidy sum of \$3000. Miss Dorothy Donnelly and an excellent company of actors appeared in the piece, which ran as smoothly as though it were intended for a long run and had been in rehearsal for many weeks. Mr. James is not a playwright—there are

those who contend that he is not a novelist; and his comedy, which was very near the borderline of farce, had every possible fault in its dramatic construction. Nevertheless, it was interesting and amusing. The lines were good—not all of them, perhaps, but many; and the situations were diverting, if not particularly new. I doubt if the average playgoing audience would care for it for any length of time, but for special occasions it would not be without value. I should think that in Boston, for example, it would be a good drawing card for special matinees, even if it did not find a place on the night bill. Do not ask me what the play was about, for I should be put to it to tell you; but then I should be equally put to it to tell you, should you ask me, what Mr. James's later novels are about; and I sometimes think that so would he.



As its title indicates, Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Votes for Women," which the Actors Society of America produced at Wallack's Theatre in March, is a plea for woman suffrage; and all the suffragists, rich and poor,



who could squeeze into the theatre were on hand at the play's first performance in this city. The Socialists were out in force, too; for I believe that Mr. Socialist Hopps was one of its promoters. Mrs. Clarence Mackay was there, also; and it is said that her money went far to aid and abet the production. The boxes not occupied by Mrs. Mackay's immediate party, were occupied by her friends, and the front rows of the balcony were filled with members of the Suffrage Society of America, among whom I noticed Mr. Norman Hapgood of *Collier's*, with a quizzical expression shining through his spectacles, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, poet and editor, who viewed the situation with a more serious mien. Fashion, not to say frivolity, was well represented; but the majority of the audience was composed of "the real thing." A young woman paraded the lobby and the aisles with a smile on her lips, eyeglasses on her nose and a large placard on her breast calling upon New York to fall in line with four other states and give votes to women. It was a great night for woman suffrage—and for Socialism.



"An Impression of Mr. Taft," by Mrs. Campbell Dauncey, appears in a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. It was "during one of his several progresses through the scenes of his former reign as Governor of the Philippine Islands," that Mrs. Dauncey saw Mr. Taft. She notes that he was even then ticketed for the Presidency. She tells us what sort of man he must be who would be elected chief magistrate of this country, and we are interested to know just what is before us:

Their President must look to the bawbee; shout "hoch" for his "heimath"; dance a jig and crack a joke with the best; administer impartial justice; be full of ready, cheerful courtesy to all men, as each of these nations would expect. The marvel is that such beings are found, for Mr. Roosevelt was certainly one of them,

and, if I may judge by my own impressions, Mr. Taft is his worthy follower.

On one occasion she tells us that an arm-chair provided for Mr. Taft, "into which he wedged himself with infinite trouble," broke down under his weight. At this *contretemps* "everyone laughed," Mr. Taft "most heartily of all." When the noise had subsided he exclaimed, "in a jolly, good-natured way": "See here, some one give me a chair I can sit down on. I guess I'm tired of standing round." It is a dangerous thing to try and quote idioms. We Americans do use the word "guess" differently from the way it is used in England. We might say "I guess you're tired of standing round," but we should never, in our wildest guessing, say "I guess I'm tired of standing round." I guess we make worse mistakes when we try to employ English idioms, and that is one reason why I avoid using them.



I have been amused and also indignant that the man who writes to the New York *Herald* over the name of "American First-Nighter" should say that there is a feeling in London that Mrs. Fiske would not be successful in that city with her new play, "Salvation Nell." Who, I wonder, expressed this feeling? for who without seeing either could know what the play was like and what Mrs. Fiske's acting was like? I have "a feeling," and a very strong one, that both Mrs. Fiske and her play would make a great success in London, and I hope that she will be seen there before very long. "Salvation Nell," as is well known, is the first play of Edward Sheldon, a young Harvard graduate, who was very fortunate in having his work taken up by Mrs. Fiske, who is not only a very clever actress, but a very clever producer. She knows how to get hold of young talent and to develop it. She is one of the few stars who concern themselves with getting a good company, and it may be said to her credit that she never pushes herself forward. It is the *ensemble* that she is interested in.



# Noteworthy Books of the Month



## History and Biography

- |                                |   |                    |
|--------------------------------|---|--------------------|
| Berry, W. Grinton.             | France Since Waterloo.                          | <i>Scribner.</i>   |
| Carpenter, George R.           | Walt Whitman.                                   | <i>Macmillan.</i>  |
| Fowler, W. Warde.              | Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero.       | <i>Macmillan.</i>  |
| Maspero, G.                    | New Light on Ancient Egypt.                     | <i>Appleton.</i>   |
| Ross, Janet, & Nelly Ericksen. | The Story of Pisa.                              | <i>Macmillan.</i>  |
| Sanborn, F. B.                 | Recollections of Seventy Years.                 | <i>Poet Lore.</i>  |
| Stubbs, William.               | Germany in the Later Middle Ages,<br>1200-1500. | <i>Longmans.</i>   |
| Williams, Jesse Lynch.         | Mr. Cleveland : A Personal Impression.          | <i>Dodd, Mead.</i> |

## Poetry and Belles-Lettres

- |                              |                             |                           |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Harper, J. M.                | Champlain.                  | <i>Lane.</i>              |
| Huneker, James.              | Egoists.                    | <i>Scribner.</i>          |
| MacKaye, Percy.              | The Playhouse and the Play. | <i>Macmillan.</i>         |
| Maeterlinck, Maurice.        | The Blue Bird.              | <i>Dodd, Mead.</i>        |
| Moody, William Vaughn.       | The Great Divide.           | <i>Houghton, Mifflin.</i> |
| Otis, William Bradley.       | American Verse.             | <i>Moshat, Yard.</i>      |
| Swinburne, Algernon Charles. | Three Plays of Shakespeare. | <i>Harper.</i>            |
| Wharton, Edith.              | Artemis to Actæon.          | <i>Scribner.</i>          |
| Whiteing, Richard.           | Little People.              | <i>Cassell.</i>           |

## Fiction

- |                           |                            |                           |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Bachelor, Irving.         | The Hand-Made Gentleman.   | <i>Harper.</i>            |
| Barr, Amelia E.           | The Hands of Compulsion.   | <i>Dodd, Mead.</i>        |
| Danby, Frank.             | Sebastian.                 | <i>Macmillan.</i>         |
| Grant, Robert.            | The Chippendales.          | <i>Scribner.</i>          |
| Harland, Henry.           | The Royal End.             | <i>Dodd, Mead.</i>        |
| Kelly, Florence F.        | The Delafield Affair.      | <i>McClurg.</i>           |
| Kingsley, Florence Morse. | The Glass House.           | <i>Dodd, Mead.</i>        |
| Lane, Elinor M.           | Katrine.                   | <i>Harper.</i>            |
| Mackay, Helen.            | Houses of Glass.           | <i>Duffield.</i>          |
| Marks, Jeannette.         | Through Welsh Doorways.    | <i>Houghton, Mifflin.</i> |
| Nesbit, E.                | The House With No Address. | <i>Doubleday, Page.</i>   |
| Rideout, Henry Milner.    | Dragon's Blood.            | <i>Houghton, Mifflin.</i> |
| Rinehart, Mary Roberts.   | The Man in Lower Ten.      | <i>Bobbs-Merrill.</i>     |
| Thomas, Rowland.          | The Little Gods.           | <i>Little, Brown.</i>     |
| von Hutten, Bettina.      | Kingsmead.                 | <i>Dodd, Mead.</i>        |

## Miscellaneous

- |                              |   |                  |
|------------------------------|---|------------------|
| Carlyle, Alexander (Editor). | Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and<br>Jane Welsh. | <i>Lane.</i>     |
| Cooley, Charles Horton.      | Social Organization.                              | <i>Scribner.</i> |
| Eucken, Rudolf.              | The Problem of Human Life.                        | <i>Scribner.</i> |
| Kalischer, A. C. (Editor).   | Beethoven's Letters.                              | <i>Dutton.</i>   |
| Twain, Mark.                 | Is Shakespeare Dead?                              | <i>Harper.</i>   |

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

# "THE TELEGRAPH OF THE FUTURE"

EFFICIENCY, ACCURACY AND ECONOMY OF THE NEW  
TELEPOST SYSTEM



**A** YEAR ago comparatively few people would have understood what any one was talking about had the word "Telepost" been heard in a casual conversation. Now, however, there is probably not a community in the country reached by Uncle Sam's mails that does not know something definite about this new and really wonderful system of automatic telegraphy that sends messages whizzing over the wires at the speed of a thousand



INVENTOR DELANY AND CHIEF ENGINEER LARISH READING  
FROM A TELEPOST INSTRUMENT WHICH HAS BEEN  
"SLOWED DOWN" TO A SPEED TO PERMIT  
READING BY SOUND

words a minute. The Telepost is the perfected result of many years of scientific effort to achieve what electricians regarded as the inevitable outcome of the telegraphic art, the mechanical transmission of messages. Several inventors devised machinery that would automatically transmit messages at high speed, and as early as 1879 one of the systems was put into experimental operation. Unfortunately for those earlier inventions, the electricians were unable to cope with their arch-enemy, the "static" charge of a telegraph wire. Therefore, while the system worked splendidly in favorable weather conditions, it was "put out of commission" by atmospheric changes, induction currents, and other disturbances and rendered impracticable. Other automatics were brought forward, but in each instance the "static"

interfered so persistently with their operation that continuous service could not be maintained. After these futile experiments electricians in general came to the conclusion that, ideal as automatic telegraphy was in theory, it could not be realized in successful practice. But Mr. Patrick B. Delany, an expert electrical engineer and the inventor of many telegraphic improvements, announced to his friend and associate, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, that he was going after "static," as he believed the problem could be solved by patient effort.

He devoted himself with determined energy to experiments which he hoped would make him master of the principle. He devised new mechanisms and applied new theories to the working-out of a system that occupied him for fifteen years before he finally discovered how to deal with "static" (which may be described to the lay mind as the excess electricity with which a wire is saturated, and which must be "cleared" before signals can be sent. It is a very tricky element). In 1903 he obtained from the United States government a basic patent on his invention for the control and use of the "static"—a patent that gives him, and through him the Telepost Company, the exclusive right to the only method by which rapid automatic telegraphy is possible. He succeeded where many earnest and brilliant predecessors failed, for the Delany System of Rapid Automatic Telegraphy, known as the Telepost, has conclusively demonstrated its reliability and efficiency in every kind of weather, under the most exacting conditions, and sends its one thousand words a minute through when storm influences make hand transmission impossible.

Remarkable as Mr. Delany's achievement is from a scientific view-point, its real importance lies in the fact that it clears the way for the almost inestimable boon of cheap telegraphy. The ability to send telegrams at the rate of one thousand words a minute means that the Telepost can transmit over one wire as many messages as ordinary telegraph companies can transmit over seventeen wires, and with four wires can do all the business that other companies can do with sixty-eight—which is assuming that the methods at present in use permit the sending of sixty words a minute on an average.

## PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

But as the president and general manager of the principal telegraph company says their average rate is but fifteen words a minute, the Telepost could accomplish with two wires what the hand-operated systems obviously would require one hundred and thirty-three wires to perform.

With such a very great economy in the matter of construction, maintenance, etc., the Telepost can operate very profitably with low tolls; and, however gratifying it may be to a public that has long paid the very highest rates in the world, it is not surprising that the Telepost sends messages at the charge of a cent a word, half a cent a word, or one-quarter of a cent a word, according to the character of the message. But even this low rate is minimized by the fact that distance makes no difference in the cost of a Telepost message, the charges being the same between any two points. The saving to business men communicating between New York and Chicago, or St. Louis, or St. Paul, or San Francisco, etc.,

to transport a postcard between the two cities. As the "telecard" service carries ten words for ten cents it will undoubtedly soon be a very popular means of communication in cases where messages are urgent, though not of enough importance in the matter of time to necessitate delivery by special messenger. The supremacy of the Telepost system does not rest on a theoretical claim; continuous operation through the severities of the past winter, over a line stretching from Boston to Portland, Me., demonstrated anew the previously fully established claims of the Telepost as "a means of furnishing rapid and uninterrupted telegraphic communication."

The Company is preparing to open several Western lines in a few weeks, and in the course of the year expects to have a profitable commercial service in operation. It will not take many years to extend the Telepost throughout the entire country.

Popular appreciation of the Telepost is shown



The illustration above shows the perforated tape used by the Telepost for transmitting, and the one below shows the electro-chemically printed receiving tape. The clearly defined Morse characters, recorded perfectly at the highest speed of transmission, allow of none of the errors made in transcribing from sound as practised by the old companies. This insures accuracy. An ordinary typist, with two days' training, can translate these tapes into typewritten messages in half the time a skilled operator can write the message from sound. This means cheapness—25-word telegrams, or 50-word teleposts, or 100-word teletapes for 25 cents, or 10-word telecards for 10 cents, regardless of distance.

T E L E P O S T

will be enormous in the course of a year, and they will heartily welcome the extension of a system that offers them such practical benefits.

There are many notable interesting features about the Telepost besides its speed and cheapness. It has, for example, three quite unique services in addition to that of transmitting regular telegrams. One of these is "telecarding," which is sending a postcard by wire. Though this is not done literally, it is in effect thus: the writer fills in a "telecard" (the same size as a postcard) and hands it in to the Telepost office (or he can drop it into a post-office box to be delivered in due form by the letter-carrier), and the Telepost will wire the message to the point of destination or to the nearest Telepost office to that point, where it will be typed on to a similar card addressed to the person for whom it is intended and delivered through the mails. By this means "telecard" messages could be written in New York and be delivered to an address in Chicago in two hours, instead of in the twenty or thirty hours required

in the desire to secure stock in the enterprise, the whole of Series A and a large proportion of Series B having been subscribed. The remainder of the latter series is going rapidly.

The Telepost has already done enough to give practical significance to the descriptive phrase used a few months ago by a distinguished Congressman in describing it before the House of Congress, as "the telegraph of the future," for it is certainly on the way to a command of the telegraphic field.

The fiscal agents of the company, the Sterling Debenture Corporation, Brunswick Building, Madison Square, New York City, will give full particulars to any one desiring special information concerning Mr. Delany's system, which represents the greatest advance made in the telegraphic art since the original discoveries of Morse. Write and ask them for their illustrated booklet No. "T. 12" which contains all the facts, and which will be sent without charge to any one who is interested in this latest development of improved telegraphy.

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